THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1963 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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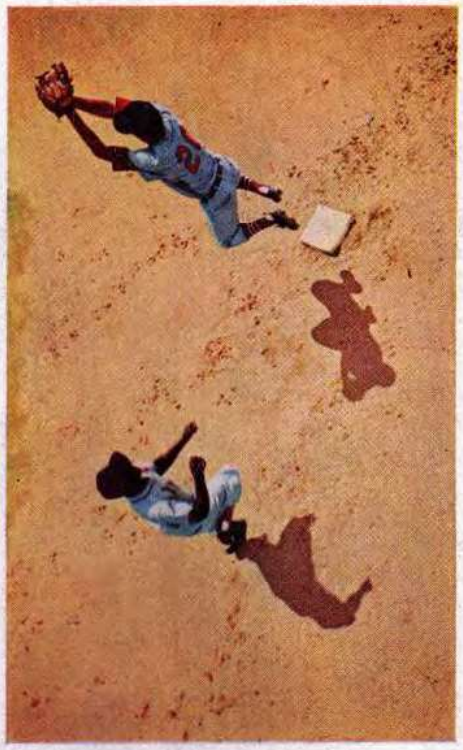
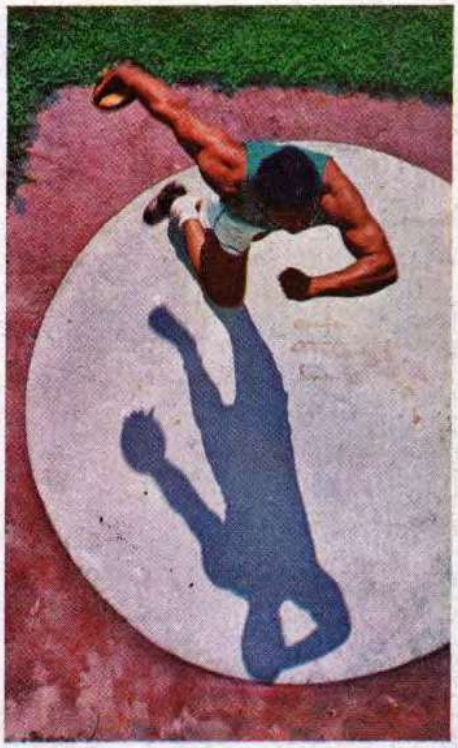
TRUE

©

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA:

The Mystery Man Who Triggered World War II



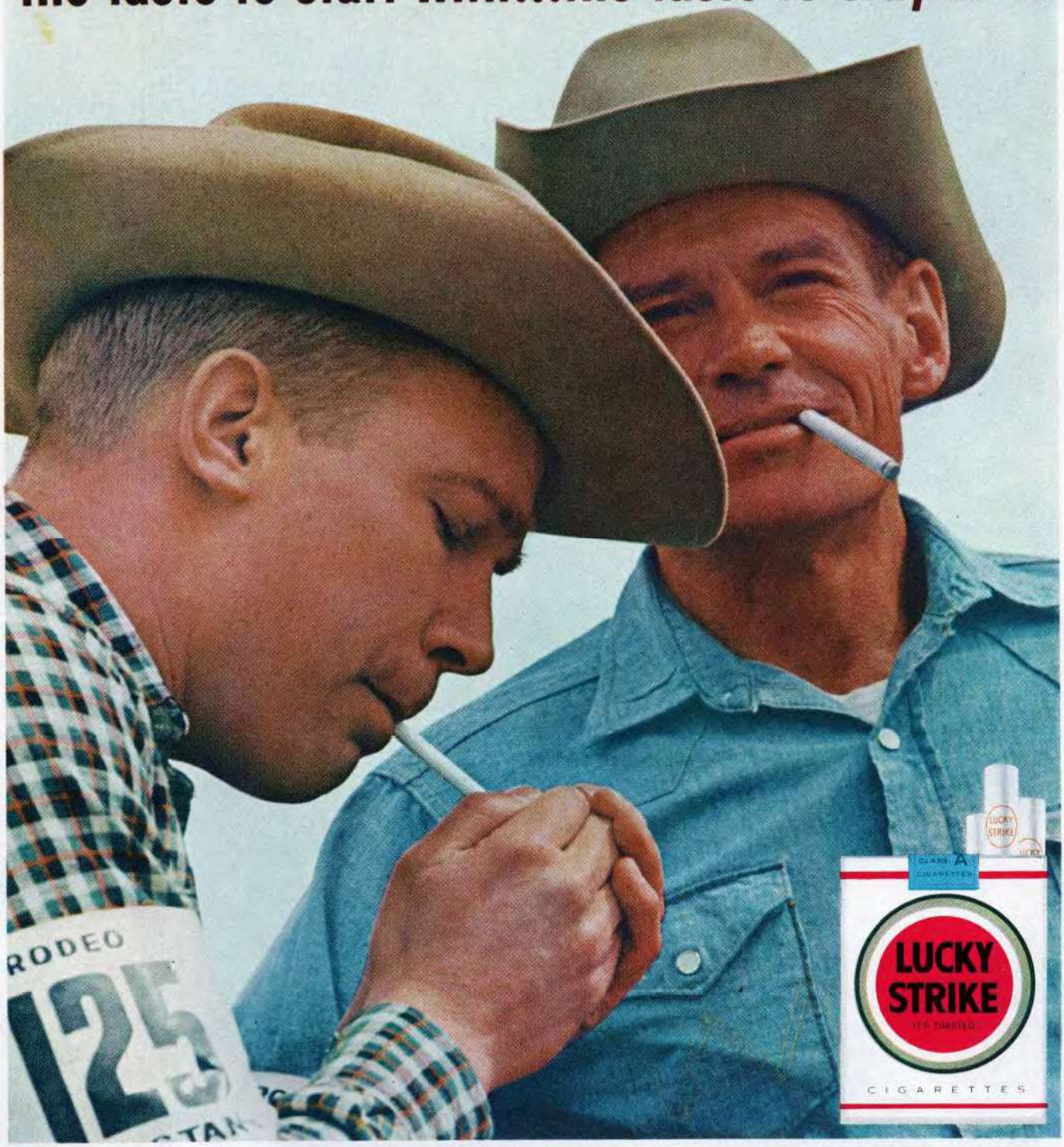


"By Quentin Reynolds"
NEW BESTSELLER CONDENSED

MEN BEWARE:
Bad Laws Can Make Your Wife Your Warden

Get Lucky

the taste to start with...the taste to stay with



The taste of a Lucky spoils you for other cigarettes. This famous taste is the best reason to start with Luckies...the big reason why Lucky smokers stay Lucky smokers. How about you? Get the taste you'll stay with. **Get the fine-tobacco taste of Lucky Strike.**

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ANOTHER REASON WHY: MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

GOODYEAR

TRUELY YOURS

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Pills For Reluctant Pops

This birth control pill for men (*Birth Control for Men Only*—June) is the best news to come along since the invention of the Martini. Two cheers to TRUE for bringing the happy announcement to an expectant (pun intended) male world—and a third when you can tell us that they're on the market and where to buy 'em. The ladies, poor things, often have the best of intentions, but, addle-brained as they are most of the time, they frequently lose track of these vital details under the influence of impending dalliance. Man by nature has the mental equipment to enjoy what he's doing and still make sure it's done right. The scientists who developed these pills should be acclaimed national heroes at the very least.

—Gus Hanrahan
New York, N. Y.

Just finished reading *Birth Control for Men Only* in your June issue. Please tell them to hurry. My doctor refused to give me "the pill" all the girls are taking because of a pathological reason, and now I find myself seven months pregnant. We have an Rh factor and have lost one child, had one born at 6½ months, and one born full term but with epilepsy. A pill such as this would be a blessing to us. Thank you so much for bringing us this news. It gives us hope.

—Mrs. Don E. Phillips
Romayor, Tex.

Backbreaking Bust-Ups

Thank you so much for publishing Max Gunther's divorce story in the May issue (*Divorce: The Swindle That's Breaking Men's Backs*). I am in the middle of a divorce (no interlocutory decree). I am still completely dumbfounded that my wife could: 1) bar me from the house; 2) get $230 a month support; 3) get custody of the children on request.

—Laird B. Schmidt
North Hollywood, Calif.

This article is the most comfort and hope I have had in two years, during which I have been fighting—or trying to fight—constant threats of divorce and finally a divorce action, filed more than a year ago in Chicago. In all this time I have felt absolutely alone—and I have been alone. Lawyers take your money but do absolutely nothing except advise you to give in. Friends shrug their shoulders and don't want "to get involved." My wife has the children, alimony, support, and has driven me from my own house and family and made it next to impossible to earn a livelihood. It is the most cruel, insane, impossible situation imaginable, but everyone seems to take it for granted. After all, it is not happening to them. Chicago attorneys charge $40 to $50 an hour, and they don't hurry. It could easily cost $10,000 to go through a trial.

—Henry Marshall
La Crosse, Wis.

Various organizations issue printed contractual forms, many of which have been achieved through years of diligent effort. The issuance of such contractual forms inclines toward clarification and avoidance of confusion. It would appear the problem presented by Max Gunther could be alleviated in the same manner by a simple premarital contract. Signed, of course, in the presence of witnesses and notarized. Recorded if possible. Such a contract could be an inspired piece of work. Written, of a certainty, by the many wounded ones—the Brotherhood of the Burned. If such forms, patented, were issued in sealed envelopes by marriageable males to marriageable females with a request they be perused diligently in solitude, one of several results, all highly beneficial, could occur: 1. Never hear from her again. 2. The phone would melt with a

vituperative flow of blasphemy and caustic fish-wife shrilling. 3. A happy voice, cheerfully stating, "I have read the agreement and I am ready to sign." All of this, of course, contingent upon the legality of such a premarital contract. In brief, the contract would set forth the terms of the divorce prior to the marriage.

—Pierre Allinio
El Cerrito, Calif.

Premarital contracts stipulating the divorce settlement, if any, have been tried, Pierre. Whether they're binding or not depends on individual state laws.

About an hour after I finished reading the divorce story, I ran across the attached article in the paper, which proves only too well that what Mr. Gunther said in his article is the sad truth.

—K. A. Fiorillo
Queens, N. Y.

DebtPrisoner Bought Out

Owensboro, Ky., May 4 (UPI)—Charles Burns Moreland, 40, who spent the last three years in jail her because he couldn't pay a $30.25 debt, was free today and enroute to Indianapolis, where he hoped to regain his job as a truck driver.

Moreland was set free Friday after employes of the Daviess County jail and court house officials took up a collection to pay the bill which sent him to jail Feb. 19, 1960. County employes also raised enough money for a bus ticket to Indianapolis and food and lodging.

The man was jailed indefinitely when he could not meet the $30.25 court costs for the divorce his wife got.

Many sincere thanks are due to TRUE, the only men's magazine, to our knowledge, with the guts to discuss the unjust and warped divorce picture of our time. However, one point in Mr. Gunther's text, to our way of thinking, requires definite clarification. Citing the different attitude toward marriage and divorce in other parts of the world, he mentions Lebanon, where a man can discard his wife merely by repeating three times, "I have divorced thee," and with grounds as flimsy as her going to places of entertainment secretly or against his orders, or associating with certain persons of whom he may disapprove, etc. The inference here would seem to be that we men are advocating a return to the days of yore when woman was merely man's chattel and the divorce laws were stacked against her. In actuality, no objective-thinking man—and certainly not United States Divorce Reform—wants to turn back the clock to an era which was just as lopsided as the one now going on.

—David R. Moss, Secretary
Los Angeles Chapter
United States Divorce Reform, Inc.

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[*Continued from page 2*]

Naturally we in USDR, Inc., and United States citizens everywhere are deeply indebted to you and your staff. It takes courage to take a stand against something so fashionable as the divorce racket. We estimate that divorce fees amount to not less than $3 billion each year.

—*Jay Burchett, Vice President*
United States Divorce Reform, Inc.
Los Angeles, Calif.

How does one get in touch with Reuben Kidd of United States Divorce Reform?

—*G. T. Harrison*
Helper, Utah

Write to United States Divorce Reform, Inc., P.O. Box 6222, Sacramento 21, California. For more info on USDR, see *It's a Man's World* in this issue.

All power to USDR and everybody else who wants to see these legal relics heaved into the trash can. If anything very effective is accomplished within this generation or the next, though, we'll all be able to believe in miracles. Trying to get politicians of the present breed to buck Big Mama (and a few creatures badly disguised as men) on an issue so dear to their spidery hearts will be like asking a stone Caesar to shuck his toga for tweeds.

—*Oren A. Willis*
Enterprise, Ala.

I divorced my husband five years ago after battling other women for six years. Got it on grounds of adultery, uncontested because it was true. I was awarded alimony and child support of $100 a month for *two children*. I refused the alimony—I can *work* myself.

—*A Girl*

I would like to ask, in view of the fact that some of the divorce settlements are so one-sided, are there any cases on record where the woman receiving the settlement, etc., ever had the honesty to protest the size of the settlement or to return a portion of it afterward to her former husband?

—*George G. Mathews*
Oakland, Calif.

See previous letter signed "Girl." There are other instances.

After reading Max Gunther's article, I firmly resolve to classify TRUE as an arrogant and narrow-minded magazine. What about the women with four children and are married to A-1 louses? (Which there are plenty of.) Office jobs are not available to women without complete school training, and there are many who were given a line a mile long at the tender age of 16. Care to take a census? Slinging hash for the rest of your life in order to put your kids through school takes away that school-girl complexion. In most cases alimony should be doubled.

—*M. J. M.*
South Lyon, Mich.

On that female yelp, "In most cases alimony should be doubled," the defense rests. Such an attitude on the part of women, aided by unrealistic and archaic laws, results in the unfair burden put on the male member of a busted marriage.

Buried Death

We thought the article (*The Search for Old Man River's Buried Death*—June) was excellent, and consider it extremely important in helping the general public become better acquainted with the work of the Office of Emergency Planning.

—*John M. Patterson*
Director of Information
Office of Emergency Planning
Washington, D. C.

I was appalled to read the article which told the story of the sunken chlorine gas in the Mississippi River. To think that it took the government approximately 17 months to do something about it in spite of the fact that the situation was deemed extremely

[*Continued on page 8*]

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange —stranger than fiction. Byron

AUGUST ◆ 1963

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A long-awaited publishing event. The action-filled autobiography of one of America's greatest journalists. It's a story he lived from the bloody beaches of Dieppe to the desert battlegrounds of North Africa; from a blitzed London to the U.S. courts, where he fought one of the century's most celebrated cases. No other chronicler of our times could have written such a narrative.

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dangerous to some 80,000 people. This is just another indication of how preoccupied the present administration is in outer space and foreign aid, that it cannot effectively handle the interior affairs of our country. Had this happened in a foreign country, we no doubt would have offered aid immediately. As an additional thought, where were the state governments of Louisiana and Mississippi at this time? Possibly they were too involved in stirring up the race problem to cope with a "minor" thing such as this.

—Warren C. Fordham
Virginia Beach, Va.

Civilized Safaris

In connection with the article *Safari, U.S.A.* in your May issue, I must say that I am completely disgusted with the philosophy represented. The author talks enthusiastically about "tents with separate bedrooms, living rooms, screened kitchens, rugs on the floor" containing "fluorescent lighting, heat without fire, TV, a portable bar," etc., etc. This in my opinion creates an artificiality that not only detracts from the wild, natural beauty of the wilderness but recreates half the reasons why a person leaves the city in the first place. How can one escape "today's harried world" when he drags most of it with him? We are not raising a nation of men; we are raising a nation of pansies who can't survive without an automobile, transistor radio, or a communal toilet nearby.

—Rick Wilson
Oakland, Calif.

The ability to ignore hardships is masculine; but to deliberately court discomfort is masochistic.

Fonck Funk

Authors Wolfsohn and Herndon (*The Man Who Was Almost Lindbergh*—May) state that René Fonck was killed in a plane crash while trying for the Orteig prize. Not true. Actually the World War I air ace survived the crash and died many years later. Right?

—Hank Brummer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Right, Hank. René Fonck, French flier officially credited with 75 World War I kills and claiming 52 more, died in Paris on June 18, 1953 at the age of 59. To make amends for prematurely burying him we are prematurely burying one editor.

Fonck's plane was an especially built twin-engine Sikorsky. In a cabin behind and below the pilot's seat there was a navigator and a radio operator whose names I cannot

quite recall. Witnesses of the attempted take-off at Roosevelt Field, New York, stated that one of the several wheels of the landing gear came off and hit the tail section causing the crash, and the plane burst into flames. Although the tips of the rotating propellers were quite close together, Fonck somehow managed to jump between them and escaped uninjured while the navigator and radio operator lost their lives in the flames. For its day this Sikorsky was a huge airplane, and some experts attributed the crash to Fonck's never having flown anything larger than the small World War I fighter planes. Two of the largest financial backers for this $100,000 plane were John B. Jameson and Robert Jackson of Concord, New Hampshire. These two Concord businessmen and John G. Winant, then governor, later backed me, then a struggling barnstormer, for a Wright Whirlwind Waco with which I received $10,000 from Pathe News for flying in the first pictures of the *Bremen* crack-up at Greenly Island, Labrador.

This story of the last of the big newsreel scoops appeared in your May issue of 1950 entitled *Get Them Pictures* by Paul Gallico.

—Bob Fogg, Sr.
Major, Retired
Newport, N. H

P.S., My son, Major Bob Fogg, Jr., is a jet pilot assigned to our USAF mission, Lima, Peru.

Language Lesson

Mr. Wayne Knight Ball of Orlando, Florida (*TRUEly Yours*—June) might be pleased to know that the Russian word *Pravda* means "truth."

—Dykes Christensen
Layton, Utah

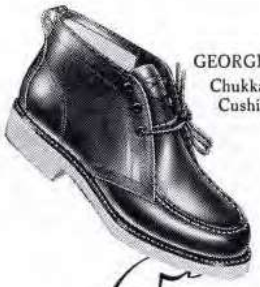
True's truth is stranger than fiction; *Pravda's* truth is strange *and* fiction.

Gentlemen Prefer. . . ?

Indeed enjoy your magazine each month. Being a woman, I like to know how men think, react, also what they really think of females. A great deal has been said about shapes and sizes, blondes and brunettes, brainy and dumb, career girl and homebody. To each his own, yet it would be interesting to determine what particular type is most popular.

—Mary Anne Flanagan
Santa Clara, Calif.

Our guess: a genuine girl-type girl, ready to be the kind of female her male prefers, and on one-second notice.



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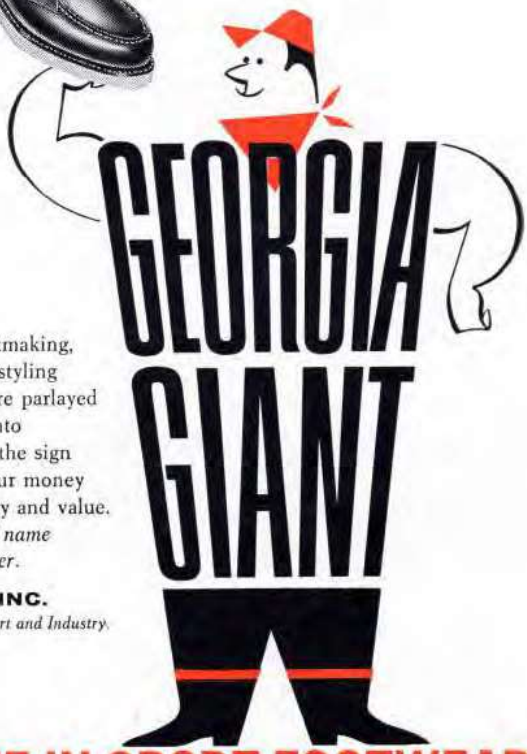

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

MISNOMER

An airline's promotion of a "wife vacation plan" is not what it seems. They mean, take her with you.

SCHEDULE YOUR SLEEP

How much sleep does a man need to do his best work? Edison reputedly got along on a couple of hours of sleep, but he took many catnaps, a form of cheating comparable to that of George Bernard Shaw who was a vegetarian but took liver extract. Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, who has devoted all his waking hours to sleep studies for many years, gives a practical rule of thumb: You get all the sleep you need if you wake up spontaneously at your usual getting-up time and are free from drowsiness in the afternoon. How many hours of sleep? That depends on the individual. Studies show that work performance increases sharply and proportionately after sleep of one to six hours' duration. There's very little improvement in efficiency if sleep is increased from six to eight hours, and no improvement at all after eight hours' sleep.

VIVE LA DIFFÉRENCE

You can quit worrying about the population explosion. If something called the "kid brother look" in sportswear fashions for females, or non-men, takes hold, propagation is on the way out as an avocation. The repulsive look, described in a sinister advertisement that threatens the perpetuation of the race, is pure Huckleberry Finn couture—"hogwasher pants," suspenders, ragamuffin stuff that gives a girl all the erotic appeal of a rummage sale. A male kid brother is endurable as he grows up. A female kid brother, not of kin, is a barefoot girl with squeaks of man, plainly counterfeit and altogether too ambiguous for allure. Susceptible girls who know nothing of male psychology will not be led astray, but to disaster, by a tongue-in-cheek copywriter who asserts that "men'll love it" if they dress like their kid brothers. It isn't so, Mabel, and it behooves us to warn gullible women before irreparable harm is done. Give us a female dame with cleavage, sleek stockings, high-heeled shoes, combed hair, a faint whiff of Swoonel No. 17.6, and femininity that stirs us

to uncongenial chivalries such as lighting her cigarettes and opening doors. Give us a phony female kid brother and we'll hand her a quarter to mow the lawn or trade her for a used pinochle deck.

LIFE, LIBERTY AND LOTTERIES

For a nation that professes to offer equal opportunities to all, we practice an obnoxious form of discrimination that ought to have the Civil Liberties Union in a lather. We restrict legalized gambling, on abhorrent class lines, to select citizens who can get up bus fare to Las Vegas or the nearest pari-mutuel track. It is impossible to extirpate the gambling instinct and the least we can do is to democratize it. A small step in this direction has been taken in New Hampshire, a state of granite morals and rock-ribbed thrift. Legislators have authorized a state lottery, with the profits earmarked for school aid, than which nothing could be more noble, unless it be support of unwed mothers. Many people believe that education of the young is desirable and even possible.

Nevertheless, cries of acclaim for the gusty New Hampshire legislators have been muted by moralistic splutter. The lottery law has sprinkled itching powder into the psyches of strangely assorted groups. These include the saintly, who are driven to proscribe frailties that do not tempt them; legislators of neighboring commonwealths who fear that iniquity is exportable across state lines and hate to see home industry imperiled; priggish lady bingo-players; and some of the clergy who seem unaware that contributions which support their good works sometimes imply a gamble on the part of the donors that they may avert brimstone in their futures.

As for the morals of lotteries, we can do no better than return to the Spirit of '76. The Continental Congress set up a U. S. lottery to pay for the Revolution. The lottery flopped financially. Nobody considered it immoral. It just didn't pay. Back, we say, to sterling principles of the Founding Fathers. We hold that the common man is endowed with certain unalienable rights, and that among these are life, liberty, and the reasonable pursuit of turpitude. Nothing in the current lottery ruckus strikes us as being immoral—just hilarious.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL PART

Malevolent medieval minds ooze from the wainscoting to block divorce reform whenever some modest measure of fair play is proposed. The British male is no less victimized than the American male by hypocrises of divorce. Witness what happened recently to a measure presented to the House of Commons by Leo Abse, MP. The bill was smothered by what the Manchester Guardian, hardly a journal of low morals, called "a long piece of episcopalese" from shrill groups of viewers with alarm. They condemned the "dangerous new principle" in Mr. Abse's bill. What principle? Merely a proposal to allow divorce by mutual consent after seven years' separation. Not one-sided action, but mutual desire after a seven-year lapse that can scarcely encourage impetuosity. The vindictive mind that gets sadistic pleasure from the squirmings of unhappy people is hard to combat and nothing will put it down but organized reasonableness. United States Divorce Reform, Inc., a non-profit group with the avowed purpose of "making America safe for marriage," operates from P. O. Box 6222, Sacramento 21, California, and welcomes enlistees from any state.

THE GROOM TURNS

Those monotonous society page squibs announcing that Tillie McSwingle has captured a mate and the knot will be tied on St. Swithin's Day have been grievously upset by one groom who

(Continued on page 12)

You've heard about it!

The blade that lasts and lasts (for more shaves than you dreamed possible - each one a smoother, more comfortable shave)

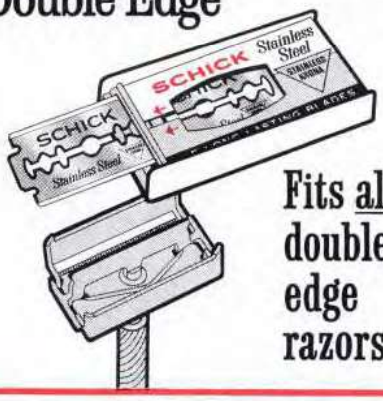
Now it's here-

Schick Stainless Steel

in your choice of TWO GREAT BLADES:

STAINLESS KRONA

Double Edge



Fits all double-edge razors

Injector

Fits all Injector razors

SCHICK SAFETY RAZOR CO., DIVISION OF EVERSHARP, INC. *Schick Quality Around The World* Factories in Halmstad, Sweden; Toronto, Canada, and Milford, Conn.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)
dared to turn. Oh, the injustice of printing an engaged girl's photo but never the fiance's! This rankled Laurie Belger, a college football and wrestling star, who sent his photo and the following announcement to the Inglewood (California) Daily News to indicate who's going to wear the pants:

"Laurie Belger, dapper, wealthy playboy of fine lineage, has announced his engagement to Pamela Ann Smith of 419 Magnolia, Inglewood. Laurie, presently in law school at UCLA, is the disinherited son of world reknowned (sic) bridge player and instructor Ruth Zillgitt. Miss Smith is currently employed at the Aerospace Corporation. The wedding has been set for June 11, after which the couple is leaving for a summer-long honeymoon in Tahiti."

No photo of Miss Smith was included. Move over, Ann Landers.

QUOTE, UNQUOTE

Feline competition between flat-chested and super-busted dames was refereed years ago by Diamond Jim Brady in a remark about jewels: "Them as has 'em, wears 'em."

CONDITIONER ON THE ROCKS

A release from the American Medical Association should have reached us 20 years ago. All this time we've thought that booze heats a fellow up. Not so, says the release. Alcohol can't warm you up, and in fact may cause body temperature to drop. Below his skin, a tippler is just as cold or colder after tippling as before. Come on, hot weather! We're planning an experiment that bodes ill for the air-conditioning industry. . . .

QUEENS OF THE ROAD

Courtly as we always are in addressing the ladies, we hasten to attribute the following description of the typical woman driver to Dr. H. Laurence Ross of New York University and Dr. Robert F. Winch of Northwestern University, who made an in-depth study of her aberrations:

"She drives as though she were at the helm of the 'Queen Mary' on the high seas. She cannot be trusted to give correct signals and her obliviousness to other vehicles and what other drivers may regard as their rights is conspicuous and as infuriating as the delay she causes with her overcautiousness. Her lack of skills may cause far more accidents than statistics suggest."

Thar she sails, boys—a regal, insulated helmswoman, and you'd damn well better be ready to take evasive action.

GERONIMO!

A tradition of the Old West, that you can't sell firewater to Indians, has been shattered by progress. So many Apache braves cracked up their cars while weaving homeward from saloons outside the Dulce, New Mexico, reservation that the tribal council sought approval for a community bar. Now, for the first time in history, they have a dispensatory within the reservation that should keep the boys from straying among palefaces.

THE UNPASSIONATE LATIN

We are happy to bury and put a stake through the heart of the myth of the passionate Latin male. Some 500 students at the University of Texas and the National University of Mexico checked lists of words in a questionnaire expressing their ideas of what love is really like. Four times as many Mexicans as Americans equated their love feelings with "deceit," "sin," and "betrayal." On the other hand, many more Americans checked words aglow with romance and passion, such as "kissing," "desire," "exciting," "hunger," and "melting." We don't know how the canard that American men are unromantic ever got started. Maybe from old movies of Valentino cracking a bull whip. Stylized hand-kissing and ritualistic flatteries which dissipate a man's energies can delude a lot of women.

DADDY STOOLS

On the principle that a man who was there at the beginning should be there at the end, many hospitals now encourage husbands to be present in delivery rooms with their wives during the arrival of a tax deduction. In case such a joint endeavor may attract you, you can get excellent preview of goings-on in an article in Medical Tribune by Dr. Robert A. Bradley of Porter Hospital, Denver.

The husband, like the wife, is expected to attend prenatal classes, studying, we surmise, pamphlets on the order of The Compleat Amateur Accoucheur. The trained wife will not do business with an anesthetist. In the latter's place, at the head of the delivery table, papa sits on a "daddy stool"—as arch an expression as we have encountered in months. During labor the husband contributes jovial, humorous remarks (all we could think of was "nice pushing, honey") which create an atmosphere of wholesome joy.

Women who choose to be doped to the ears with anesthetics are denied the husband's presence and wouldn't recognize the trouble-maker anyway. However, "trained obstetrical athletes [women for whom parturition is ecstatic and no more trouble than a pole-vault or 100-yard dash] are so beautiful to behold that, in the total absence of anesthesia machines, husbands are even allowed to bring cameras and take pictures of the first meeting of baby and mother."

We do not jeer at a richly shared experience, and indeed wish that we had a natal photo of a certain offspring to demonstrate the immense improvement that results from association with a brilliant father, but a few quibbles may be raised about excessive share-the-labor training of men. There is something minatory in Dr. Bradley's statement that "yesterday's **useless** father is being replaced by today's **useful** trained labor coach." He notes, too, that husbands run errands, rub backs, get ice chips, apply cold cloths, and save doctors' and nurses' time. Sounds a little like slave labor of a delivery boy without a union. Cabals of women have already made sinister intrusions upon a husband's time, in seemingly innocent instruction in diaper-changing, formula boiling, burping, baby-sitting and the like. A man who spends all his time being a father will fall behind in his work and his little woman will perforce become a breadwinner.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

Aerosol bombs that fire cayenne pepper are being furnished by the government to mail carriers in some cities, to protect themselves against yipping dogs.

The requirement that everybody have an identification number so banks can report interest on savings to the government has put some women in a pickle. They've been stashing away dough that their husbands don't know about.

Americans will spend $580 million on pet foods this year.

—THE EDITORS

Mennen Speed Stick also available in Canada

HOLLYWOOD'S $40 MILLION CRAPSHOOTER

On her ample chassis rides the fate of Zanuck's millions.

By RICHARD GEHMAN

HOLLYWOOD

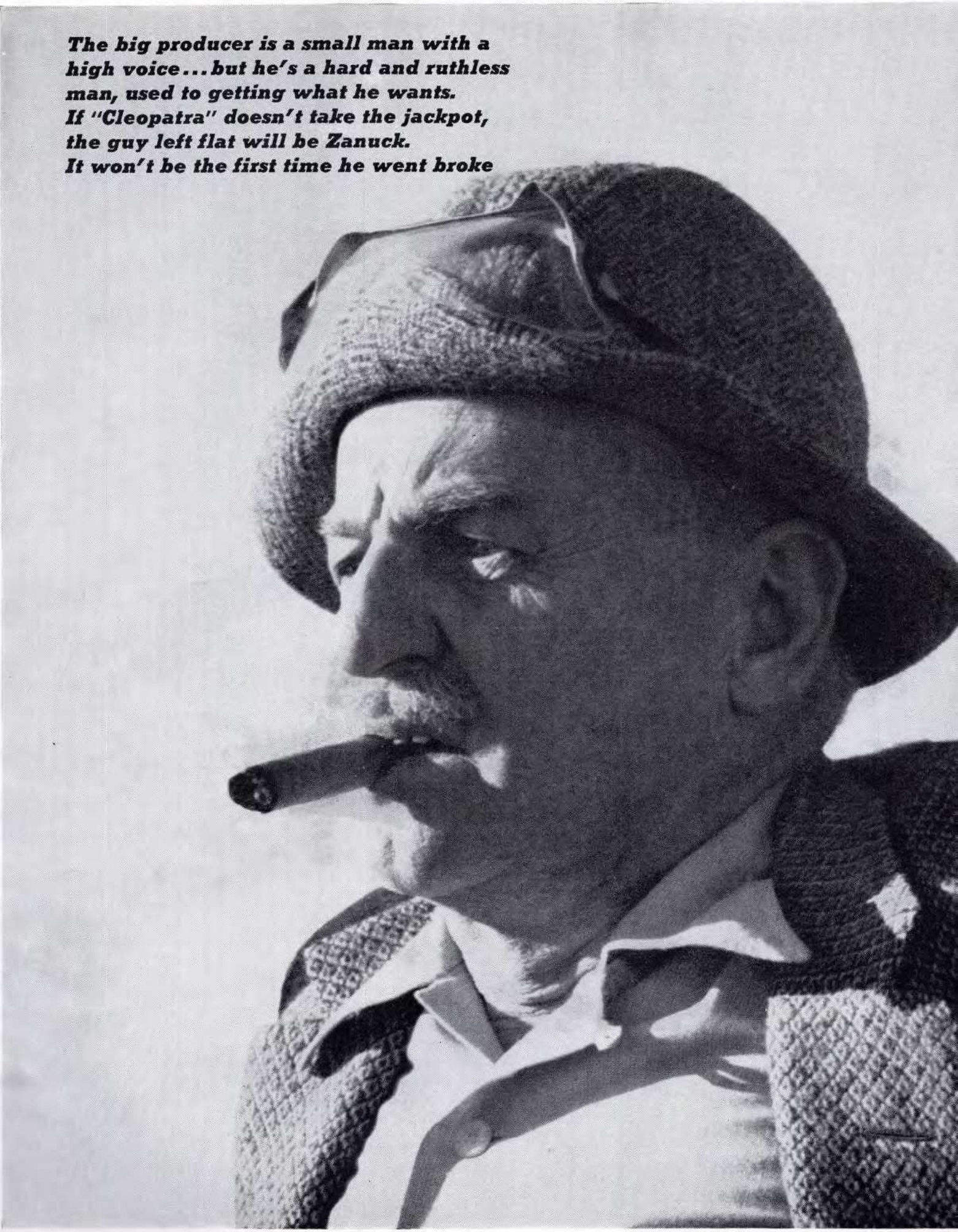
■ *Cleopatra*, starring those Bobbsey Twins of the Boudoir, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, "living and loving the way you like them," as they used to say in old movie advertisements, has an excellent chance of going down in history as one of the most remarkable films ever manufactured. Not because of its content. Forget that. Not because it took over two scandalous years to film. Forget that, too. Both are important factors, but both must give way to the simple fact that the fate of a man, a company, and indeed the whole film industry, symbolically speaking, hangs on its success or failure.

The man is Darryl Francis Zanuck, and the company is Twentieth Century-Fox, which he helped found, forged with the fierce heat of his own energetic intensity into one of the leaders of the industry and then more or less abandoned to go off on adventures of his own. The year before last, Fox lost $22 million-odd on its film operations; it managed to make a profit of $3 million because its directors decided to sell off most of the property that constituted its vast back lot. Last year, Zanuck says, it lost around $39 million. Yet this did not stop him from pushing the cost of *Cleopatra* to a figure unheard of in Hollywood history: $40 million. Nor did it deter him from announcing that this year Fox would film 14 more pictures at a cost of $50 million. As he made this announcement there already were several other Fox projects in various stages of completion, here and in Europe, amounting to around $10 million. One does not need an automatic calculator at hand to realize that Zanuck now is engaged in a $100 million gamble.

For him personally, it is more than that. He owns 104,000 shares of Fox stock. At this writing—late May—it is worth $35 a share, having climbed to that figure from $18 after he returned from Europe and recaptured control of the company he built. The stock went up, presumably, because of his trumpeted determination to put Fox back in the black. All over the country there was a buying wave. But if *Cleopatra* should be a failure, Zanuck will be left with 104,000 worthless bits of paper in his safe-deposit box. Apart from his salary, around $150,000 a year, he has little else to his name. He always has lived right up to the limit of his income, and even on occasion a little beyond it. If the $100 million gamble does not pay off, the company will fail and Zanuck will be left only with the satisfying, but by no means edible, knowledge that he was in his day one of the picture business' most colorful figures.

That does not really tell his story. It is like saying, "Rita Hayworth's life hasn't been altogether happy." The fact is, Zanuck is the first and last of his kind. No other producer has so many firsts to his credit or set so many trends. In 1928, when he was at Warner Brothers, having started out as a scenarist for Rin Tin Tin and having worked his way up to the position of producer, he talked his employers into using spoken dialogue as well as songs in *The Jazz Singer*, starring Al Jolson. This is acknowledged to have been the first talking picture. He was the first to take stories off the front pages and convert them to film material; he capitalized on the gangster era by making *Public Enemy*, *Little Caesar*, and *Five Star Final*. There had been musical films before Zanuck began turning them out, but he was the first to make

The big producer is a small man with a high voice... but he's a hard and ruthless man, used to getting what he wants. If "Cleopatra" doesn't take the jackpot, the guy left flat will be Zanuck. It won't be the first time he went broke



extravaganzas: *Forty-Second Street, Gold Diggers of Broadway*, and others. With *The House of Rothschild* and *Cardinal Richelieu* he started Hollywood making elaborate costume biographies, and with *The Grapes of Wrath* he set off a series of explosive socially-conscious pictures. His *The House on 92nd Street* was the first American film to use a documentary technique to tell a story. After World War II he became the first producer to speak out against prejudice, with *Gentleman's Agreement* and *Pinky*. There were other memorable, and money-making, films: *Jesse James, How Green Was My Valley, A Letter to Three Wives, All About Eve, Laura* and, in current release, *The Longest Day*. All told, Zanuck personally has produced 49 films, but as executive, or supervising producer, he has had a hand in more than 1,500.

At the same time he has found room on his schedule for other activities, most of them strenuous. He was an enlisted man in World War I, an officer in World War II, and wrote a book about his experiences in the latter. He fought 26 bouts in the AEF and had a brief career as a prize fighter just after he was discharged. He was a two-goal handicap polo man and a first-rate skiier. He introduced croquet to Hollywood and became recognized as one of the game's most skillful and vicious players. Every year he would knock off for a month or two to go big game hunting; he filled his office at Fox with hides and skins and heads of wild creatures he had hastened into animal heaven. Cy Feuer, the Broadway producer *(Guys and Dolls, How to Succeed)*, had a look around it one day and remarked, "Zanuck shot himself an office full of furniture." The room also was full of pictures of Zanuck in various valorous poses—playing polo, consulting with field officers, standing with one foot on a felled beast and, in short, being Zanuck, for none of the stars who shone in his own private galaxy had more vanity than Zanuck himself, and none had more esteem for him than he. When he left his duties as production chief at Fox in 1957 he simply walked out of the office and left it as it was. When he returned early this year to announce his plans for pulling the company into a position of profit, he found that no one had touched a thing. No one would have dared.

Actors and directors jump at Zanuck's command. He is respected for his ability; disliked by many for his arrogance.

Zanuck is a commanding and fearsome man, albeit at times a somewhat ludicrous figure, a perfect example of the historical and mythological propositions that strength is often in the hands of the small: witness David, Napoleon, General Tom Thumb and the fact that it was not the Watusi who attacked Pearl Harbor. He is only 5′ 6¾″ tall, but Sonny Liston would start nervously and jump to obey if he were working in a Zanuck picture (not too fanciful an idea, considering some of the hollow trees Zanuck has carved into actors in the past). When he was head of the old Fox factory he walked around carrying a sawed-off polo mallet or a croquet club; he once told me he carried these civilian swagger sticks to strengthen his wrists ("I used to grip them to develop the wrist muscles"), but most of his underlings suspected he thought of them as symbols of power. Today he carries a cigar instead, an *immensa*, which he alternately chews and lights, and waves to make points in conversation or to give orders. The head atop his 145-pound body (three pounds less than he weighed 20 years ago) is thatched with gray, but his blond-red moustache is thick and bristling and his blue eyes might have been made from razor-blade steel. The voice that comes out of it is not one that might ordinarily be associated with leaders of men. It is twangy, almost high-pitched, sometimes breaks, and is none too careful in pronunciation (for "ruthless," a word Zanuck admits can be applied to himself, he says "wruthless," sounding the "u" as it is heard in "dud"). Yet the voice carries the genuine authority of a man who knows precisely what he wants and has no intention of ever being stopped.

In some mysterious way, Zanuck's voice also makes everything it utters sound grander and more ambitious than it really is. "Dad is a great showman," says his son, Richard, an independent producer before Zanuck set him in the chair of studio head in Hollywood. So he is. The only man in recent years who was remotely like him was the late Mike Todd. Zanuck has a Barnumlike ability to ballyhoo and blow up the most ordinary accomplishments. In January, 1962, I went to Paris to watch him making the final scenes of *The Longest Day*. He was telling me about the "tremendous difficulties" he had had in locating World War II equipment. "We had to build our own gliders for our invasion, we had to rebuild Spitfires we found and put new Rolls-Royce motors in them. Messerschmitts we were a little luckier on; we had to rebuild them but not too much. Our big guns, cannon, we had to assemble from all over Europe, from stockpiles, from museums. We had to find vehicles, German and Allied. We had six men going all over Europe for six months digging up authentic equipment!" he said. I was properly impressed at the magnitude of this undertaking. In his invasion beach scene Zanuck had 97 vehicles. Waiting off shore was most of the Sixth Fleet, commandeered through arrangement with the U.S. Navy (a maneuver that later brought him some criticism from Congressmen). But then I remembered such pictures as *Ben-Hur, The Vikings*, and *Spartacus*. The producers of those films had not, after all, had access to museums and stockpiles. They had to build everything from scratch. They had not bragged about it, for film companies nearly always have to build everything they use. Zanuck craftily had failed to mention that.

Similarly, in telling me about the cast he had assembled, the seams on his weather-beaten face became prideful as he said how he had "searched" for young men to play soldiers. With enormous effort he had located Fabian, Paul Anka, Richard Beymer and Sal Mineo, as fine a collection of caterwauling horrors as ever thrilled the heart of a subteen bobby-soxer. Zanuck's search [*Continued on page* 20]

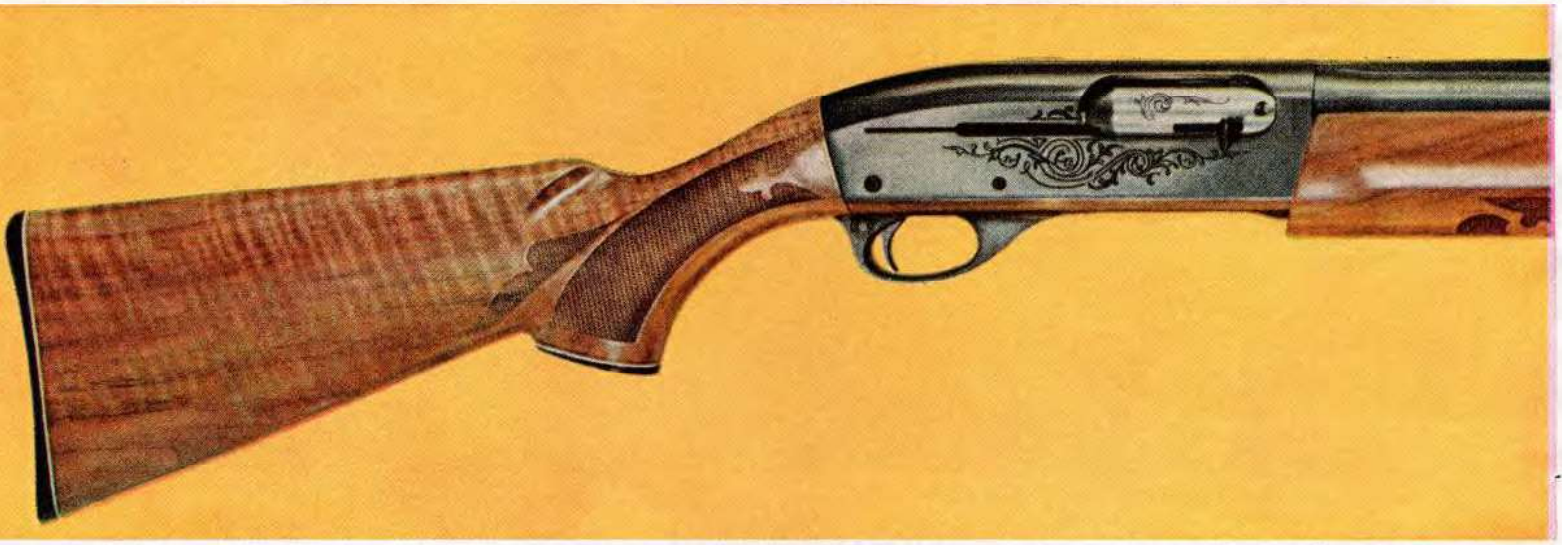
When a cigarette means a lot...

get Lots More from L&M

more body in the blend
more flavor in the smoke
more taste through the filter

It's the rich-flavor leaf that does it! L&M has more rich-flavor leaf than even some unfiltered cigarettes. **And L&M's filter is the modern filter** —*all white*—inside and outside—so only pure white touches your lips.

L&M's the filter cigarette for people who really like to smoke.



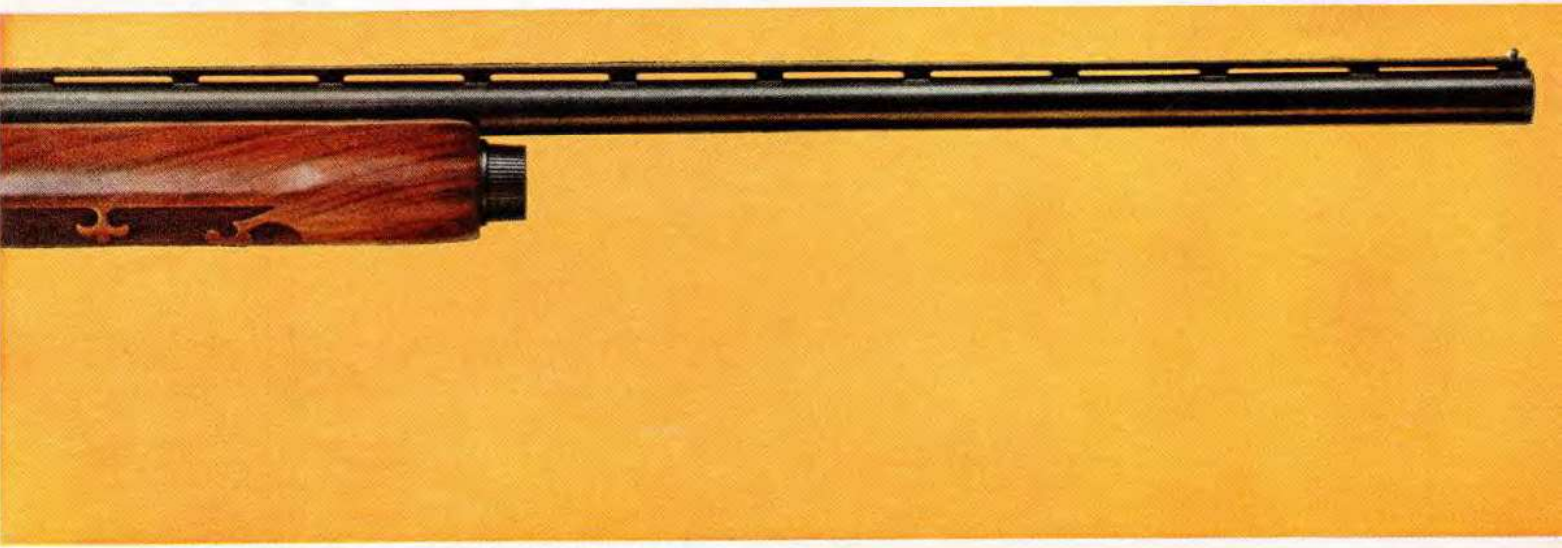
This is the new Remington Model 1100 automatic–the shotgun

We have good reason to believe that the new Remington Model 1100 is the finest automatic shotgun ever made. Comparative tests prove it rates first in durability, first in over-all performance and first in shooting comfort . . . far less "kick" than other shotguns! Here are the facts:

Up to seven times longer shooting life. For these solid reasons: The action of the Model 1100 is stronger. Key parts have been "beefed up" and others have been highly polished to reduce friction and wear. Finally, the areas of greatest impact have been given special buffering cushions. Even the exterior of a Model 1100 is more durable. The new metal finish is extremely rust-resistant. And the rich American walnut stock is protected by a specially developed wood finish—toughest ever put on a gun!

Gives up to 40% less "kick" than any other automatic . . . and up to 55% less than any other shotgun action. What does it? A completely new system of gas operation. Instead of socking your shoulder with one, hard, fast wallop, the Model 1100 handles its recoil slowly and evenly. All the power is still there, but you feel it far, far less.

Outstanding performance. A Model 1100 holds five shots, handles all 2¾-inch loads without adjustment. It can go 5,000 rounds without a cleaning. We shot up half a million shells developing and proving the reliability and positive



everybody is excited about.

action of the Model 1100. We poured 37,000 consecutive rounds through one without a hitch. That's performance. **More reasons why it's a standout in any company.** We could describe the superb balance and swing of a Model 1100. And the beautiful, fleur-de-lis checkering. And the delicate scrollwork. But you can appreciate these qualities best with an 1100 resting snugly against your shoulder. Put one there today, at your Remington dealer's. *Remington guns are better because they're made better.*

Remington Model 1100 now available in 12 gauge (16 and 20 next year); plain and vent rib barrels; all standard chokes and barrel lengths. Holds five shots; handles all 2¾" loads without adjustment. Trap, skeet and magnum models. Prices from $144.95.*

Remington DU PONT

Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited, 36 Queen Elizabeth Blvd., Toronto, Ont. **Prices subject to change without notice.*

[*Continued from page* 16]
had consisted of a stroll across his hotel room to pick up the telephone and call the oatmeal-faces' agents. And he had chosen them not for their acting ability—even Beymer, the best of the lot, has admitted in print that he is no actor—but solely for their appeal to the young girls who would not ordinarily go to see a re-creation of World War II.

On many occasions Zanuck has staged scenes to ballyhoo his own image. During the old days at Fox he once called in Julian Blaustein, a producer, and began dictating a new story-line for the picture Blaustein was making. "It was nonsensical," Blaustein later told me. "I couldn't believe my ears. I began to get mad. Pretty soon I blew my top and began to shout back at him. I yelled my head off . . . and then, to my surprise, he began to nod and agree that I was right. 'Yes, yes, I see your point, Julian,' he said, 'I was wrong about that. You're right, Julian.' " Still fuming, Blaustein left the office. On his way out he remembered that he had seen a man sitting in an anteroom at the opposite end of Zanuck's office. He had thought nothing of it, believing the man might be a doctor (Zanuck never goes to the doctor; the doctor always comes to him). But he began to wonder who the man had been, and asked one of Zanuck's five secretaries. She told him it was a correspondent from a news magazine who was writing a story about Zanuck. Then it dawned on Blaustein why Zanuck first had made the proposals and then changed his mind. He had set up the scene to demonstrate to the reporter how democratic and reasonable he could be.

Zanuck is tractable only when he wants to be. Once he makes up his mind, he cannot be shaken. He and Otto Preminger, another filmmaker who is insistent upon his own way, quarreled over a film Preminger was making at Fox. Preminger had spent nearly a year on the film, but Zanuck promptly took him off and did not speak to him for another year. Later when a picture on the lot was in trouble, Zanuck abruptly called in Preminger to try to save it. Preminger devised an ending that Zanuck liked but nobody else did. "We'll use Preminger's ending," Zanuck said, flatly. The picture—*Laura*—was a smash hit. Preminger and Zanuck have been good friends ever since.

It is doubtful if Zanuck and Franklin Schaffner ever will be friends. Schaffner is the only television director who has won four Emmy awards, the highest honor in the TV industry. The late Jerry Wald hired him in 1961 to make a film called *A Woman in July* for release by Fox. Wald died two weeks before the picture was completed, but Schaffner and his cast went on to the end. Zanuck then returned from finishing *The Longest Day* and again took over Fox. One of the first moves he made was to look at Schaffner's finished film and make arbitrary changes. Schaffner flew from New York to Hollywood to look at the edited version, and promptly became ill. "He took out an attempted suicide by Joanne Woodward, possibly the most important scene in the film," Schaffner said afterward. "Without that pivotal scene, nothing that follows in the picture makes much sense. Then too, there was a balloon dance that he altered so that the whole character-developing point of it was lost." Schaffner argued; Zanuck remained adamant. He also changed the title from *A Woman in July* to *The Stripper*, on the grounds that the latter title had more mass appeal. "I'm so sick about the whole mess I'd rather not think about it," Schaffner now says.

Zanuck's high-handed autocracy is so deepset that even his yes-men used to have to speak their word on cue. The most famous story concerning this is told about the day he was addressing a meeting of producers and suddenly shouted, "For God's sake, don't say 'yes' until I'm finished talking!" Everyone who goes to work for him resigns himself to a partial loss of his own individuality. One old Hollywood joke has a writer saying tearfully to his wife, "Good-by, dear, we may never see each other again—tomorrow I start with Zanuck." George Jessel, who worked for Zanuck as a producer for a time, said at a commissary lunch on a day when Zanuck had been especially overbearing, "When I die, I want to be cremated and have my ashes spread over Zanuck's driveway so his car won't skid."

COMING . . .

Bonus Book Condensation

THEY FOUGHT ALONE

The bloody, 4-year ordeal of Philippine guerrilla fighters who refused to surrender to the Japanese. . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

In his Fox heyday Zanuck worked almost as hard at practical jokes as he did at grinding out films. One producer had a bad stomach and could not stand the taste of any kind of cheese; Zanuck used to brighten his day by putting limburger in his ice cream. "He dispensed thousands of rubber bonbons," Niven Busch once wrote of him. His friendship with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., began when both discovered they loved practical jokes, and the first thing they did together was wire up a harmless, but shocking, electric chair for one of their friends.

This kind of bumpkin humor may stem from Zanuck's early childhood, which was spent amid simple townsfolk in the frontier town of Wahoo, Nebraska. He still has a certain respect for those whose intellect is well below that of J. Robert Oppenheimer. "Why do you keep so-and-so on the payroll?" a friend once asked him, referring to a producer with a markedly low forehead. "He's very valuable to me," Zanuck said. "If he understands a story, anybody will." At one time he seemed to believe that most of the moviegoers in America were just as stupid as his stupid producer. An associate questioned a situation in *Richelieu*, declaring it was historically inaccurate. "Don't worry about it," Zanuck said, "most people think Richelieu was Rasputin anyhow."

Zanuck had little enough formal schooling in Wahoo. He quit for good in the eighth grade. The accident of his birth occurred in that Nebraska town on September 5, 1902. His father, Frank Zanuck, was the local hotelkeeper; he was Iowa-born, of Swiss descent. Zanuck's mother was Louise Torpin, a native Nebraskan who was of English stock. Zanuck does not like to discuss his childhood. It was an unhappy one; his parents did not get along well. They moved to Los Angeles when he was 6, presumably because his mother did not want to endure the embarrassment of a divorce in the small community of Wahoo; they separated soon after they arrived in the land where little Darryl was to become one of the rulers. His mother had custody of him but soon turned that over to a school called Page Military Academy. Today Zanuck often acts more like a general than a producer; he directed both *The Longest Day* and the closing scenes of *Cleopatra* high above the action in a helicopter, shouting down through a transistor megaphone or a walkie-talkie like the Deity. But in childhood he had no taste at all for the life of a soldier, not even the watered-down variety at Page Academy. He played hooky whenever possible.

One of the pleasantest ways he found of pursuing this boyish pastime was also one of the most profitable. Companies shooting films at the Essanay lot in Glendale paid extras a dollar a day. Zanuck signed on whenever he could. He might have become another Jackie Coogan if it had not been for the director's annoying habit of casting him as a little Indian girl. One day he was playing this part in a scene with the oldtime siren Bessie Barriscale. Her wig did not fit. The director looked around, saw Zanuck's wig, grabbed it from his head and gave it to Miss Bessie. Then he sent Zanuck off by trolley to get another wig for himself. Unfortunately, his mother happened to get on the same car. She routed him back to the military academy, and his movie career was over.

Mrs. Zanuck remarried soon after that. The boy was none too fond of his stepfather. He looked forward eagerly to spending the summer in Wahoo with his grandfather, Henry Torpin. The old man had been an early pioneer and entertained his grandson for weeks with tales of Indian raids and bear hunts on the plains. That fall, after riding by train back to Los Angeles to rejoin his mother, Zanuck sat down and wrote his grandfather a long letter telling what he had seen on the trip. The old man gave the correspondence to the Norfolk, Nebraska, *Sentinel*, which must have been extraordinarily hard up for material. It printed the first of The Letters of Darryl Francis Zanuck, and from then on the boy was determined to be a writer. Zanuck still thinks of himself primarily as a writer, he says. He insists on supervising each script he plans to make, has long conferences with his writers and sums them up in memos that sometimes

[*Continued on page* 93]

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE NEW MICRONITE FILTER

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SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE

TRUE
AUGUST

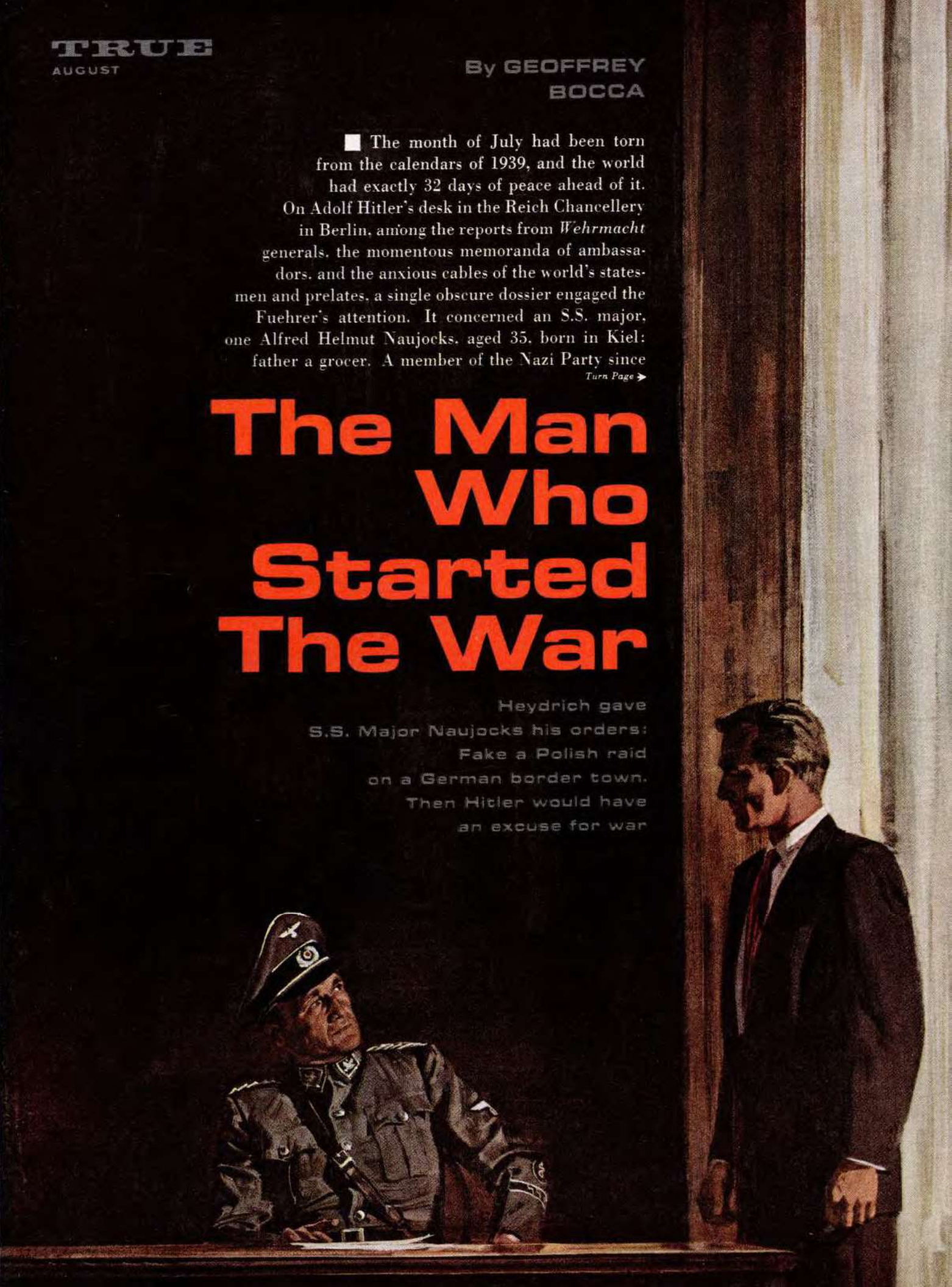
By GEOFFREY BOCCA

■ The month of July had been torn from the calendars of 1939, and the world had exactly 32 days of peace ahead of it. On Adolf Hitler's desk in the Reich Chancellery in Berlin, among the reports from *Wehrmacht* generals, the momentous memoranda of ambassadors, and the anxious cables of the world's statesmen and prelates, a single obscure dossier engaged the Fuehrer's attention. It concerned an S.S. major, one Alfred Helmut Naujocks, aged 35, born in Kiel: father a grocer. A member of the Nazi Party since

Turn Page ➤

The Man Who Started The War

Heydrich gave S.S. Major Naujocks his orders: Fake a Polish raid on a German border town. Then Hitler would have an excuse for war



The Man Who Started The War

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JOHNSON

1931. It said that he had distinguished himself in smuggling arms to the Sudeten Germans, that he was an ardent, loyal Nazi who would stop at nothing.

Of course the same could be said of many young Nazi freebooters, but from all the band of ruthless thugs and adventurers that formed the inner elite of the S.S., this man had been selected for one special, grisly mission, which was nothing less than to start World War II.

Literally to start it. To light the fuse of the war that would cost more than 3 million German lives alone, and bring the Third Reich down in chaos, a raving Hitler to a lunatic's death, and punishment to Germany such as no other great country in modern times has suffered. It would all begin with Alfred Helmut Naujocks, the grocer's son from Kiel.

A copy of the same dossier was on the desk in the Prince Albrecht-Strasse headquarters of Reinhard Heydrich, head of the S.S. He was studying it when a knock sounded on the door. "Come in," he called, without looking up.

"Heil Hitler," said the man in civilian clothes who entered. His arm extended in the Nazi salute.

Heydrich looked up and smiled. "Heil Hitler. How are you, my dear Alfred? Do come in and sit down."

Naujocks (pronounced Now-yocks) found a chair facing his chief. He was a big, intelligent-looking man with fair, wavy hair going prematurely gray. His strong good looks were enhanced rather than impaired by a severely broken nose which he had sustained in a rumble with Communists in Kiel as a youth.

Heydrich's greeting had made Naujocks uneasy on two counts. For one thing Heydrich had smiled. Heydrich never smiled. For another, he had addressed Naujocks by his Christian name, and had used the word *Du*, meaning "thou," a more familiar and intimate term than the ordinary *Sie* or "you." Heydrich was no friend of Naujocks. What was he up to?

Heydrich—"Hangman Heydrich"—was the most feared man in Nazi Germany, more feared even than his superior, Himmler. A long-nose, thin-lipped sadist, he was also a snob. He had once been a regular naval officer in Intelligence, and had been cashiered for refusing to marry a girl he had made pregnant. He was a considerable athlete and something of a scholar, and he tended to despise grocers' sons as a matter of principle.

"Alfred," he said, "we have a commando job for you, the importance of which it would be impossible for me to exaggerate, so vital for Germany that failure is not to be thought of."

Naujocks said nothing.

Heydrich went on. "It is August the fifth. Reasons of state make it imperative that we go to war against Poland as quickly as possible, by the beginning of September at the latest. We can then wipe out Poland in a fortnight. If we delay the attack too long, then the rains may call the Polish mud to their rescue. World opinion, however, makes it impossible for us to attack unless we are provoked, and apart from a few minor border incidents, the Poles are doing nothing to provoke us."

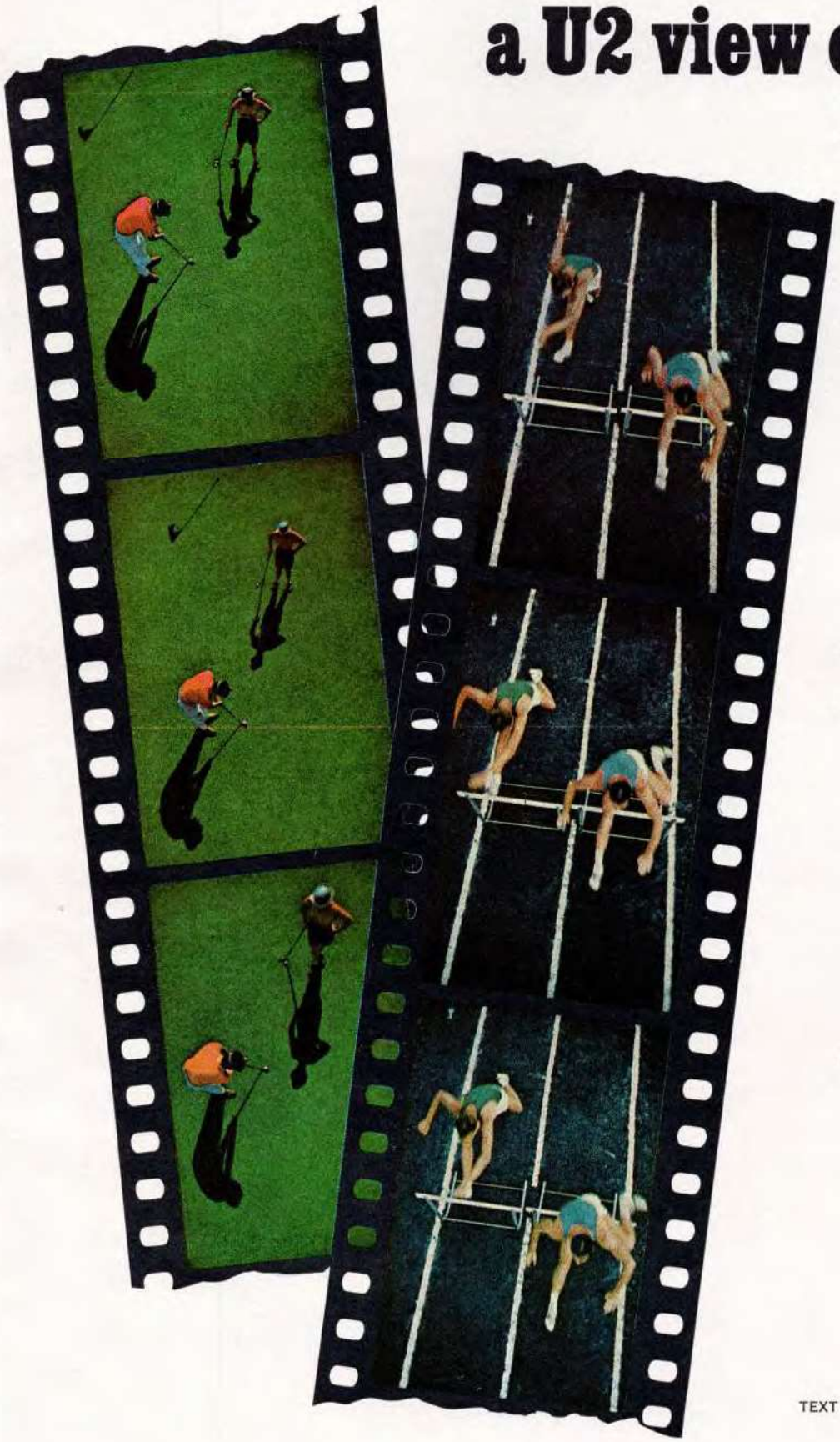
Heydrich paused and looked carefully at Naujocks, but Naujocks remained silent, waiting.

"Let us suppose," Heydrich continued, "that a band of Polish soldiers crossed our frontier, seized one of our radio stations, and broadcast an inflammatory speech against the Fuehrer, that would be provocation indeed, would it not?"

"I suppose it would," Naujocks [*Continued on page* 88]

As they dashed for the cars, the men saw a body in front of the radio station. Naujocks stopped to look at it.

a U2 view of US sport



Sports are well and frequently photographed from ground level but a new or exciting photograph is rarely made. From a bird's-eye view every frame is a revelation. My chance to try a "bird lens" experiment came when I met a Florida engineer who had perfected a portable hydraulic lift on a weighted truck bed. We anchored the base with jacks and I soared in a bucket seat 125 feet up in the air. From aloft the interaction of players and their shadows at the Cardinal training camp, and the powerful action of the discus thrower's arm as he works out for the University of Miami track team are new and exciting. We share the satisfaction of the tennis pro at the Coral Gables Country Club as he makes clean, firm contact with strings against the ball. And golf, which is all form and control, is revealed, at Miami Springs, to have some tense action in one of its quietest moments. In a close Miami hurdle race, my aerial perch shows how close and how hard the competition really was. ■

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

BY REAR ADM. HAROLD B. MILLER, USN (RET.)
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

THE VIOLENT DEATH OF AMERICA'S LAST DIRIGIBLE

THE USS MACON WAS COLOSSAL—THE BIGGEST MAN-MADE MACHINE THAT EVER HAD FLOWN. BUT WHEN SHE CRASHED INTO THE OCEAN, NO ONE COULD SAY WHY OR HOW

■ At 4 p. m. on a winter day in 1935, I flew a tiny Curtiss F9C-2 open-cockpit biplane, aboard the United States Navy dirigible, *Macon*, off the California coast. It was the last airplane landing ever made on her—probably the last on any airship for all time to come. Two hours and 20 minutes later the *Macon* lay crumpled, all metal shards and rent fabric, at the bottom of the Pacific.

It was the close of an era. After more than a decade of experimentation with dirigible aircraft, and three major disasters, the United States would never again build another.

By any yardstick, the *U.S.S. Macon* was colossal, the biggest man-made thing that, up to then, ever had flown. Germany's *Hindenburg*, bigger and equally ill-fated, was yet to come. The *Macon* was almost as long as three football fields and as high as an 11-story building. Her skeleton was a maze of aluminum forming rings, longitudinal girders and taut steel stabilizing cables. Twelve great balloons, captive within her framework, lifted her. Fully expanded at altitude, they contained enough gas to run an ordinary kitchen stove for a thousand years—6,500,000 cubic feet of it—

"A bubble the size of a barn" was all that remained of the great airship.

except that the *Macon's* gas was non-flammable helium. Eight engines of 560 horsepower each drove her at three to four times the speed of a surface ship. Wrapped around it all were more than a dozen acres of thin, aluminum-painted fabric skin.

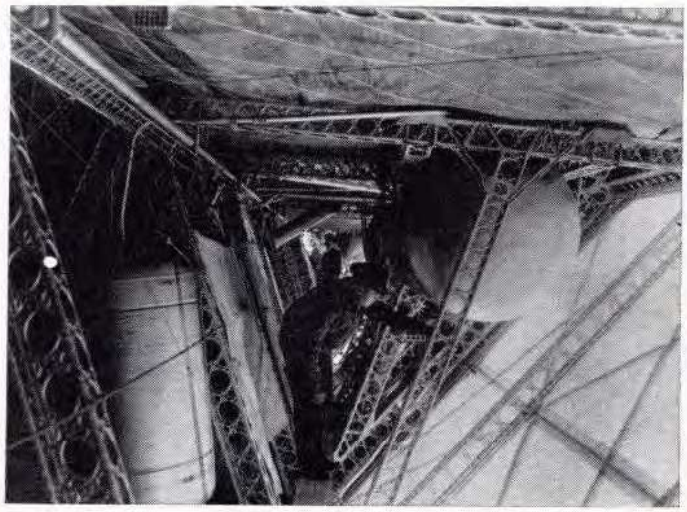
Two horizontal and two vertical stabilizing fins at the stern were equally gargantuan. The two main surfaces of the dorsal fin alone contained enough area for three tennis courts. Where it attached to the airship's main framework the fin was 11 feet thick. The lower fin was sufficiently capacious to house an emergency steering and watch station.

Aloft, the normal complement of 99 officers and men lived snugly in the *Macon*, mostly in her belly. They steered and navigated her from a spacious control car—a bridge—clipped to her underside 200 feet from her bow. Partitioned, the control car also was a smoking and off-duty room. Machinist mates kept watch in eight separate engine compartments. The crew ate steaks from an electric kitchen and slept in fabric-walled bays strung along two ventral keels. There was a third, a dorsal, keel. Each keel had a narrow walkway. The crew's inspection tours were made on a half-mile of these and other catwalks and ladders, snaked bow to stern, top to bottom, among the rustling gas cells.

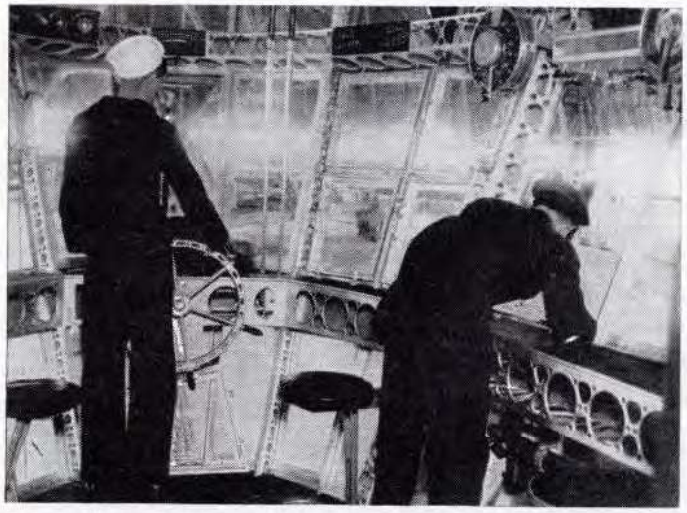
Incredibly, this motorized leviathan gas bag was an aircraft carrier, with launching and recovery gear and even a hatch that swallowed airplanes for stowage in an internal hangar. The *Macon's* planes always flew aboard her after she was aloft. That was to save her the burden of lifting almost 15,000 extra pounds at the command, "Up ship!"

All this the *Macon* was and more. To those of us assigned to her, she was a haven. She was home. She was elegant. She was a queen of the air.

It was February 12, and the *Macon* had just completed two days of maneuvers with the Pacific Fleet. We had only 83 crewmen, 16 under complement. Lt. (jg) Jerry Huff and I, returning from patrol in our scout fighters, swung into tandem formation off the *Macon's* beam. Rain stung our faces. A squall.



A Macon *officer checks one of the many gasoline tanks strung along the airship's narrow lateral catwalks inside the hull.*



From this vantage point in the Macon's *control car, Capt. Herb Wiley conned the ship, which was nearly 300 yards long.*

The USS Macon, *built at a cost of $2,450,000, had her maiden voyage in April, 1933.*

which was tattered at its base, sat athwart the *Macon's* course.

Huff was first on the trapeze. As officer in charge of the airship's heavier-than-air unit, I always went aboard last. With a technique learned in hundreds of airship landings, Huff jockeyed stick, rudder and throttle until a hook atop a pylon on his upper wing closed on the *Macon's* trapeze bar and locked in place. An electric motor hoisted the plane into the hangar bay. There, on its hook, it was shifted to an overhead rail and spotted in a corner of the fabric hangar.

When I had completed my own landing, I headed for the bridge and reported the squall to Lt. George Campbell, officer of the deck.

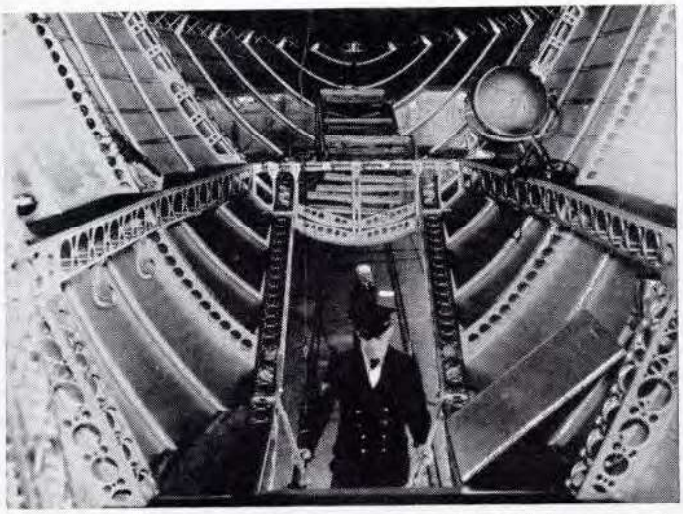
He nodded. "I've got it spotted," he said.

In the smoking room the world's oldest airborne acey-deucey game was in progress. I lighted a cigarette and accepted a cup of coffee from Edquiba, a diminutive Filipino mess attendant. He and his fellow mess boy, Cariaso, were close friends, hailing from the same part of the Philippines.

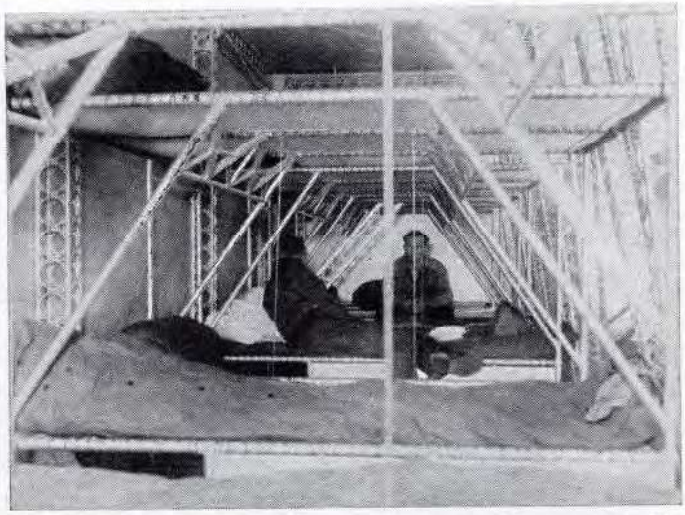
The *Macon* was at 1,200 feet, doing a standard 60 knots. To starboard, murky under the cloudy sky, were the spires of the Santa Lucia range. Waves were laying a ruff on the shore. Ahead, on Point Sur, a lighthouse winked. It was gusty. Now and then the airship wallowed.

In an hour and a half we would be moored at the Naval Air Station in Sunnyvale, our base 35 miles south of the Golden Gate. At the forward end of the smoking room an open door looked out on the bridge. Fog whipped by the windows. Lieutenant Commander Wiley, the *Macon's* skipper, altered course slightly to move us farther out to sea. In this soupy weather, he was taking no chances on drifting off course and colliding with a mountain.

Everyone aboard the *Macon* was weather-conscious. There was good cause. The Navy airship *Shenandoah* had broken up in a storm over Ohio in 1925. The *Akron*, the *Macon's* sister ship, had fallen prey to weather off Barnegat Light, New Jersey, less than two years earlier. [*Continued on page* 60]



A ladder in the control car's after section led down to the smoking room where Macon *officers passed their off-duty hours.*



At full complement, the Macon *had 99 men. The crew lived in fabric-walled bays, slept in aluminum double-decker bunks.*

From BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS by Quentin Reynolds. Published by McGraw-Hill. Copyright © 1963 by Quentin Reynolds.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY MARVIN LICHTNER

By Quentin Reynolds: a long-awaited publishing event. The action-filled autobiography of one of America's greatest journalists. It's a story he lived from the bloody beaches of Dieppe to the desert battlegrounds of North Africa; from a blitzed London to the U. S. courts, where he fought one of the century's most celebrated cases. No other chronicler of our times could have written such a narrative

■ The Brooklyn I grew up in was the world. It had everything. When we wanted to go fishing, we had the whole Atlantic to try. We'd go to Sheepshead Bay and for a dollar get a place on a fishing boat, and within an hour we'd have our haul of flounder. We had the Navy Yard, and whenever one [*Continued on page* 34]

[*Continued from page 33*]

of the battlewagons was tied up there, our schools arranged for us to visit it. We had the theater. When plays finished their Broadway runs, they crossed the East River to Fulton Street, their first stop on the road. Mom took me to the Orpheum or Majestic to see William Gillette playing Sherlock Holmes and Walter Hampden playing Cyrano, and like everybody else I knew, I fell in love with Maude Adams as Peter Pan. Later, when we studied art at Manual Training High, our teacher took us to the Brooklyn Art Museum, and there we learned to appreciate what made a great painting great. The zoo at Prospect Park was our lab when we studied natural history, and we learned about plants and flowers not only from books but from the live exhibits at the Botanical Gardens.

Still later, we learned that there were great law and medical schools in Brooklyn, that 40 percent of New York City's population lived in our borough, that Brooklyn's 4,500 industrial plants made it one of the largest manufacturing centers in the world. All this we took in without surprise, for to us Brooklyn was *it*. When I entered high school, I started earning my first pay as a reporter, doing night assignments for the *Brooklyn Eagle* (which, of course, was *the* newspaper; only foreigners read the *New York Times* or the *Evening World*). Covering Bar Mitzvah celebrations, Polish weddings, and Burton Holmes' travel lectures at the Academy of Music, and raking in the heady sum of a dollar a story (some nights I turned in three items), I was carrying out the precept of the *Eagle's* editor, H. V. Kaltenborn, over whose desk appeared the slogan: A DOG FIGHT IN BROOKLYN IS BIGGER THAN A REVOLUTION IN CHINA. That pretty well summed up our provincialism, but another name for it was pride in our community.

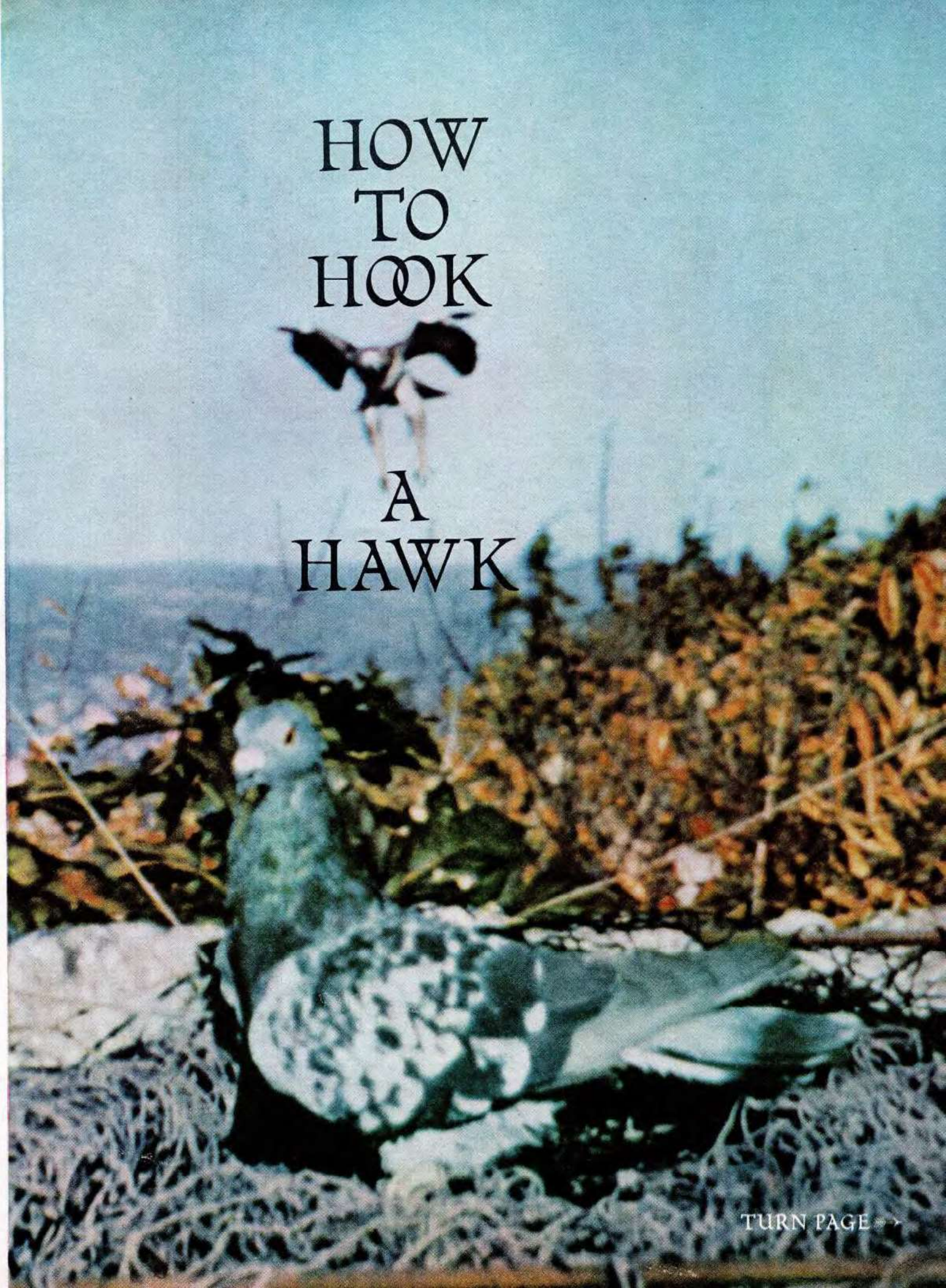
There was wealth in Brooklyn, and there was poverty, but I myself had little experience with either. Pop's salary as a school principal during our childhood was $5,000 a year—if it sometimes left him short, it was at least adequate for a family of seven, and he had an additional source of income as a writer of textbooks in math, English, and American history. His publishers, Noble & Noble, sent Pop his royalty check in December, and the value and number of our Christmas gifts depended on the size of that check. Mom, like all the mothers we knew, was a good manager. She baked her own bread and cakes, of course, and even in France I've never eaten better homemade bread than hers. She raised us on meat and potatoes, with roast beef or chicken and apple pie every Sunday. On holidays and birthdays we churned ice cream in the back yard.

Over the years we lived in two homes. Our first, at 732A Jefferson Avenue, Bushwick, was a comfortable three-story brownstone bounded on the north by the Stuyvesant section, mysterious and forbidding; to the south by Highland Park; to the east, Brownsville; to the west Williamsburg. Only rarely did we children venture from our neighborhood into these strange territories, and then only in the security of numbers. When the first snow fell, I remember, those of us who were altar boys at Our Lady of Good Counsel on Putnam Avenue would stage a quick foray to Gates Avenue, five blocks distant. There we would joyously pelt the boys and even the girls entering or leaving P.S. 26. The cops drove us off only when we loaded our snowballs with lumps of coal.

Of all the sounds that came down our street none beat the breathtaking excitement of the clanging fire engine. Drawn by three pounding Percherons, the shining silver pump with sparks and flames belching out the top was like all hell on wheels. Surely Ben-Hur and his chariot dashing into the Colosseum could not have presented a more thrilling sight. If you were lucky enough to be outside the firehouse on nearby Quincy Street when the alarm sounded, as I was one day, you really lived! Down the brass pole came the driver and the firetender, and out of their stalls, without command, came the great horses to their positions under the harness. The harness dropped into place by the pull of a rope as the driver sprang into his seat. Fire burning, harness fastened, bell clanging, the engine was on its way in less than a minute, and as it shot into the street the boy who didn't quake with excitement must have been the cold-blooded son of a Republican from Flatbush.

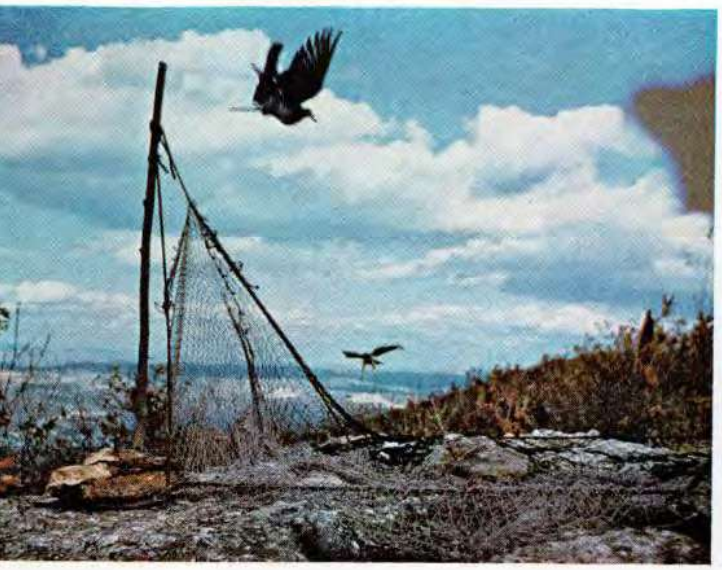
The butcher, the grocer, the ice-cream man—we loved them all. They were not impersonal figures; they were friends and neighbors to whom we would give Mom's order for a "lean steak and please trim off most of the fat," usually adding, "and Mom wonders if you happen to have a nice soup bone." We never asked Mr. Schu- [*Continued on page 98*]

HOW TO HOOK A HAWK



TURN PAGE

HOW TO HOOK A HAWK



Rough-legged hawk (first three frames), soaring on rising air, swoops in on tethered pigeon lure, which is protected by leather vest. At far right, red-shouldered hawk subdues pigeon but is itself caught in swiftly closing net.

Hooking a hawk for banding is a pastime only for a brave, bird-loving man. The best way to keep track of the numbers and movements of the world's bird population is to band the birds and record their seasonal flights. Reasonably simple for bobolinks or even ducks, but banding a hawk is a bit like belling a tiger. The trick is to catch the hawk unharmed, keep it from harming the catcher while it is being banded, and get it safely back into the air—all the while keeping out of reach of fierce beak and sharp talons.

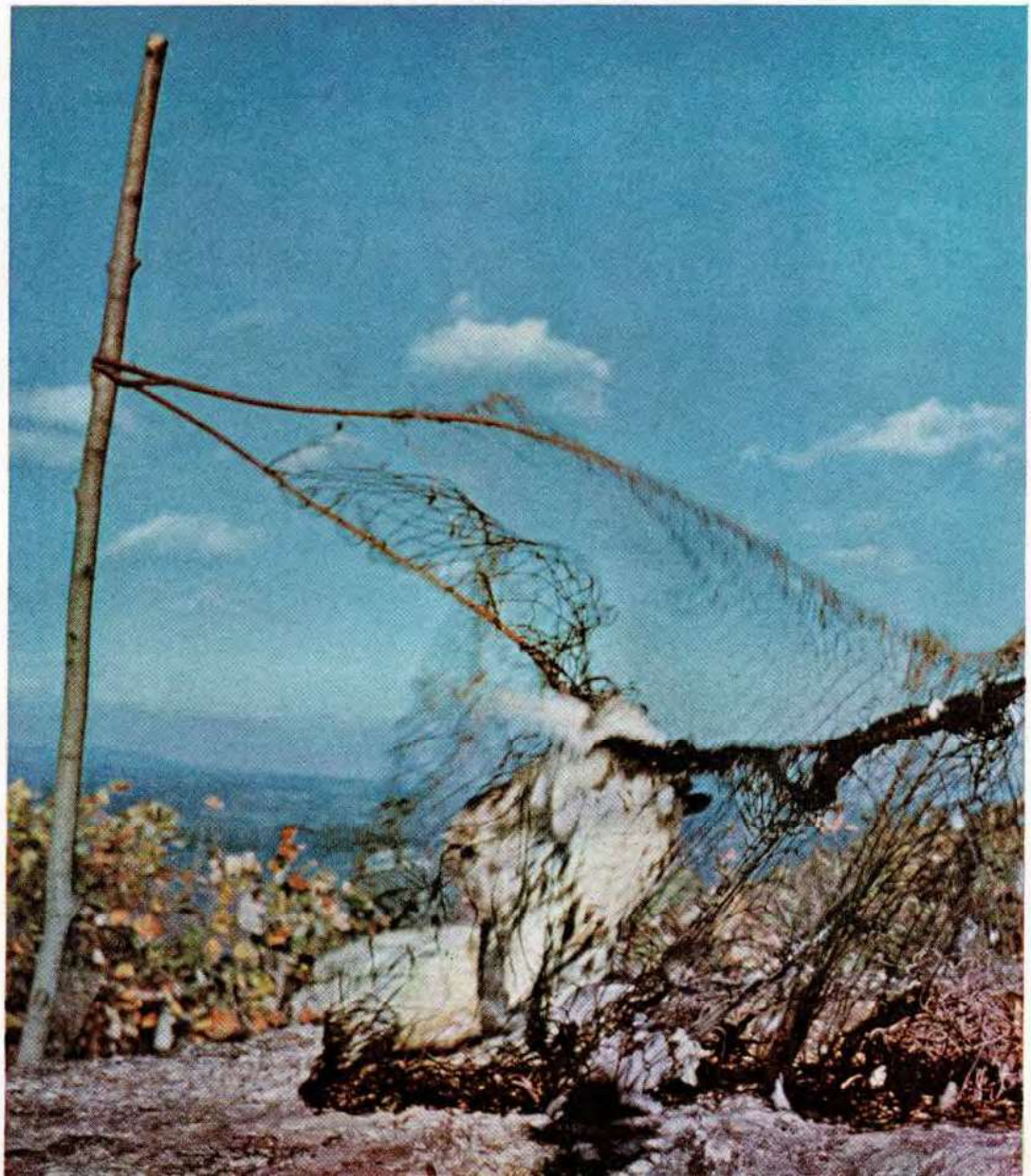
Photographer David Goodnow has been hooking hawks for a number of years, and he has worked out a fairly successful technique for this precarious hobby. Hawks migrating down the eastern seaboard like to laze along on the warm updraft of the lee side of the eastern mountain ranges. Goodnow sets up a station near the junction of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. His trap is a coarse net rather casually strung on ropes and his lure is a pigeon, wearing a kind of life preserver—a leather vest. As the photographs on these pages show, the hawk spies the pigeon fluttering on its tether and swoops in for lunch. As the hawk hopefully settles down, Goodnow, who has been concealed in a depression behind a rock, pulls the ropes that close the net around both hawk and pigeon.

So far there's nothing to it. But now the hawk must be gently released from the net with its talons safely secured, its strong wings and quick beak out of reach of hands and eyes. Goodnow manages this by slipping a nylon stocking over the hawk while he fastens an identifying aluminum band on one leg. Then he holds the bird firmly by the feet, slips off the stocking, and sets the hawk free to sail off into the sky.

Sail, of course, is what a hawk does. There are two types of hawks: the accipiters such as the Sharp-shinned,

PRODUCED BY PAT GRAVES

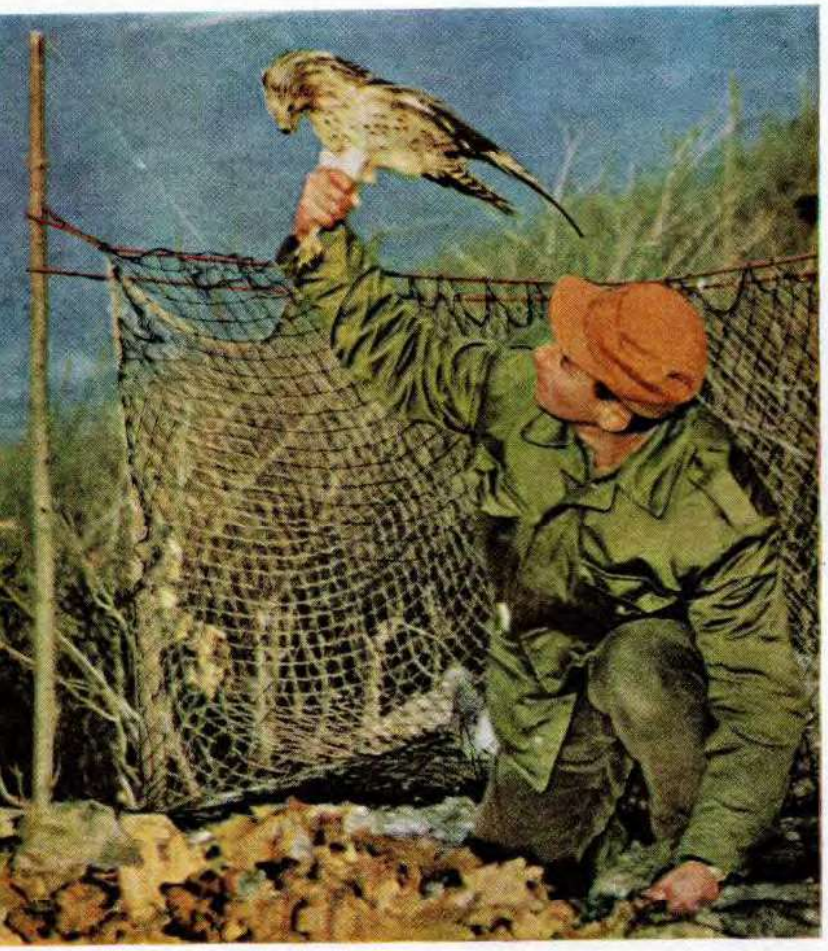
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR **TRUE** BY DAVID GOODNOW



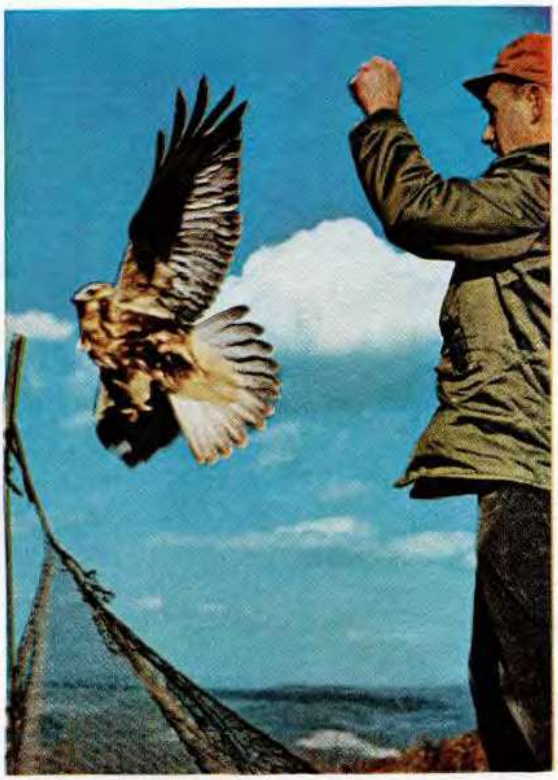
Cooper's and Goshawk and the buteos, or buzzards which include the familiar large Red-tail, often called the chicken hawk, the Red-shouldered, Rough-legged and Broad-winged hawks.

Accipiters have short wings and long tails; they are primarily woodland birds. Slim and startlingly fast, they can sweep through dense forest growth with incredible speed and accuracy. The buteos are slow soarers that glide in great, easy circles high above the earth. The loss of buoyancy in the thin upper air is not a problem for large hawks whose wing surface is relatively great in relation to their body weight. Of all the birds, hawks have probably taught men the most about how to fly. Some hawks are now protected in most states from the indiscriminate slaughter that once killed all types as poultry and game destroyers. It has been finally recognized that hawks have a place in the balance of nature and in the prevention of overpopulation of a few species. Consequently, nowadays there is less wholesale hawk shooting.

Once, great flights of migrating Red-tail and Rough-legged hawks used to speed across the plains. In the East, flights of Sharp-shinned and Broad-winged hawks are still seen. Hawks migrate in loosely formed flocks



Red-tailed hawk is cautiously lifted for banding by photographer.



Banded hawk is released to continue migration.

High-soaring Red-tail may have 56-inch wingspread. ▶

Broad-winged is smallest and tamest of all hawks.

HOW TO HOOK A HAWK

following their own flyways. They usually migrate in the daytime even if it means going without food—to birds of prey a day's occasional fast is no hardship.

While their speed varies, hawks have been clocked at 25 to 27 miles per hour. It has been estimated that they can make up to 200 miles a day in a long day's steady flight. The Red-tail, for example, flies very high and as far as from Alaska to Central America.

When hawks are migrating, there are points in the U.S., such as the famous Hawk Mountain in Pennsylvania, not far from where our photographs were taken, where it is possible to watch thousands of them during a 12-hour period as they go sailing down their narrow flight lanes.

Those who go to watch migrating birds are part of a long chain of observers that goes back almost 3,000 years. Centuries of banding and observation by bird-watchers all over the world have established definite migrating routes and habits for nearly all species of birds. This is a long way from the 18th century theory that birds hibernated or migrated to the moon; or the belief that still persists among some Indian tribes that broad-winged birds such as hawks carry small birds as freight on long migrating journeys. ■

Wherever you go these days, men are talking about the Hong Kong suit. Whether custom tailored in plush Kowloon shops or ordered by mail from the U. S., it is supposed to be a wonder of fit, a marvel of 48-hour needlework and a bargain to be smug about. Here are the facts, Mister

THE HONG KONG SUIT:

Instant Elegance for the Adventurous Male

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

■ The story is told, with hundreds of variations, about a Hong Kong tailor who meets the arriving traveler at Kai Tak airport, tape measures him while he stands in line to clear customs, has a basted-up suit ready for the first fitting before sundown paints the nine hills of Kowloon with gold, then turns the job over to a squad of inscrutable Chinese needle swingers who work the night through and deliver the finished product to the astonished tourist in the morning. Of course, the story also goes on to say that the suit looks and fits like $200, but costs only $25, complete with embroidered initials, scarlet lining and a secret money pocket.

Or, if you please, there is the legend of the tourist who decides to take a rickshaw from the docks to his hotel. Throughout the ride he notices that his rickshaw boy keeps turning around in the traces to study the man he is pulling. Curious at last, the tourist asks what is so interesting.

"Excuse please, Mister," says Rickshaw Boy. "I am just taking your measurements in case you want a suit."

Alas, the only flaw in these yarns is that they are largely myth. The custom-tailored Hong Kong suit may be the British Crown Colony's most famous export after slit-skirted Suzy Wong (tailoring takes 37 percent of all tourist dollars; the figures for Suzy are unavailable) but it is not made by Oriental magic, nor should it be bought for coolie prices. Even in the Mysterious

From arrival to good-by, beauty and bargains tempt the hunter at every step in Hong Kong.

Selecting a suit fabric can be a gracious and promising event for the adventurer. A fitting room, with all those mirrors, is a good place to take the measure of a figure.

East, where the impossible doesn't take as long as you think, the making of a man's suit is a demanding art and cannot be rushed to perfection. It is remarkable enough to say that a Hong Kong suit can be as well made, in less time, for less money than any other suit in the world.

A few months ago, full of curiosity, we decided to find out more about this shopper's wonderland that lies half an earth orbit away. With a new visa in our passport, a couple of deftly-stabbed cholera and typhus shots in our arms and two nearly empty suitcases ready to be filled, we began the long journey. Our doctor said, "Hong Kong, eh?" when we presented ourselves for immunization and then added the seemingly inevitable question. "Going to buy some suits, I suppose?" We had been getting the same comment for weeks before we left: suits, suits, suits. Hong Kong began to seem like a gigantic garment factory. We would see. . . .

The big BOAC Rolls-Royce jet swept us up and westward from Idlewild in great arcs of time and space, a luxurious capsule seven miles in the sky. Even as we left the towers of smoggy Manhattan below, our first glimpse of the Orient greeted us—a kimono-clad stewardess passing hot *oshi-bori* towels to soothe palm and brow. The menu promised other delicacies of the East soon to come: hors d'oeuvre Mizushima, smoked Mahi Mahi, Kobe beef, sake, green tea. Another pert stewardess, this one Chinese, brushed busily by, her flirtatious *cheongsam* catching every male eye. Although the Pacific was yet to be bridged, I was sure I could hear temple bells faintly mixed with the jet song.

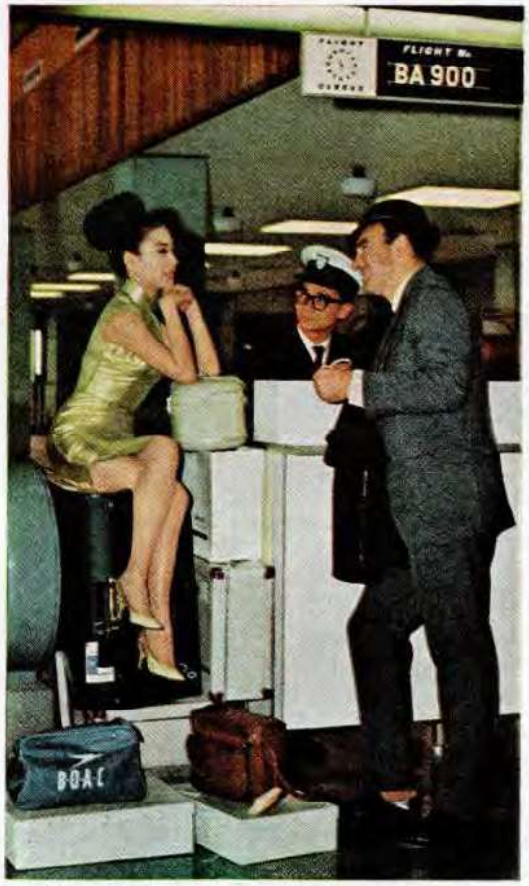
No one can be sure how many men's suits leave Hong Kong each year—on the backs of their owners, folded into luggage, or mailed to absentee buyers in the U.S. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America (and we'll hear more from *them* later!) says it is close to 50,000 suits, counting ready-to-wear. The Hong Kong Tourist Association guesses only that most of the adult males of the 90,000 American tourists who came to Hong Kong in 1962 bought at least one suit. The tailors themselves roll almond eyes to heaven and say only that business is *velly* bad—especially since the U.S. and its two-button-suit President reduced the traveler's $500 duty-free allowance to a mere $100. Things can't be too disastrous, however, because at least 200 tailor shops cater to the tourist trade and some of the busier ones admit to making several hundred suits a month.

We began our quest for truth one sunny afternoon on what is known as "the Kowloon side." The Colony is divided, roughly, into three areas: Hong Kong Island itself, an adjacent peninsula named Kowloon and a large agricultural area leased from China and known as the New Territories. Until 1963, all of Hong Kong's large hotels were in Kowloon. Therefore most of the tourist tailors are centered there, too. Now, two new luxury hotels —the Hilton and the Mandarin—have opened on Hong Kong island and, as a result, large scale economic shifts are currently taking place.

The shopping district of Kowloon is, for all its far-flung fame, a small, gaudy area. Whether you seek a suit, camera, shoes, recording equipment, shirts, carved ivory, rosewood furniture or a lady of the evening, you can find them all within walking distance of the venerable and historic Peninsula Hotel. Most shops are open seven days a week and only close their doors and shutter their windows against the night when the last browsing customer has left.

Main-stem Nathan Road, its immediate tributaries and countless arcades are hung with so many [*Continued on page* 72]

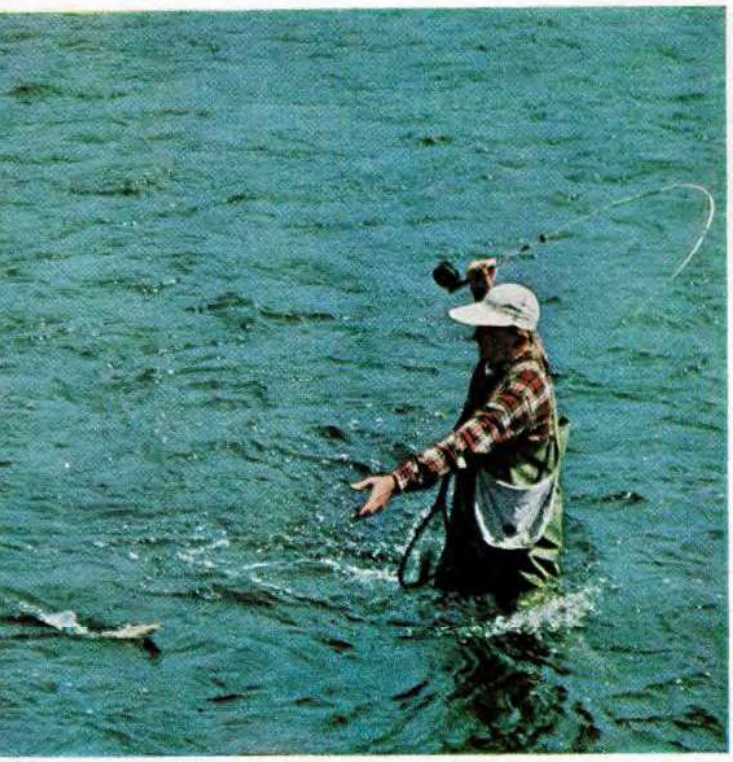
Sometimes a dozen tailors will work around the clock to make a 48-hour suit for the jet-set male.



Baggage allowance be damned, a man with true collector's instincts brings home what he likes.

While tailors work, the hours between fittings should be enjoyed. Hong Kong's heart is its harbor— a place to cruise in elegance and good company on the Hilton brigantine, Wan Fu.

An angler casts at twilight on a British Columbia river for whitefish, which range southward throughout the Rocky Mountain West.



Author lands a whitefish on Madison River, Montana, then . . .

. . . shows its small, tough mouth which makes it hard to hook.

Natives scorn the Rocky Mountain whitefish and go for trout. But visiting anglers find this plentiful fighter challenging—and sometimes so wily that trout experts can't catch them

the booby fish that takes the prize

BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

■ Whatever was hung at leader's end had snatched my wet fly with a jolt and bolted hell-bent downstream. It stayed deep, shaking its head, moving inexorably with the heavy current of the high-country Madison River.

"It doesn't *feel* like a trout," I shouted loudly upstream to Paul Young.

"How do you know what a trout feels like?"

He had a point. We'd driven four days to get here, 2,000 miles from our Texas homes. We'd now fished for brown and rainbow trout almost a week with barely enough result to use one strip of frying bacon, thin sliced.

Gingerly, because of the light leader, I worked on my mystery fish, won back a few turns of line. Suddenly it whooshed to the surface and wallowed wildly. I caught quick identifying glimpses, instantly recognized a Rocky Mountain whitefish. Then it was off again, stubbornly streaking downstream, forcing me to give more line.

"These are the fish the natives call *trash!*" I called. "How ridiculous can you get?"

While I was working on my battler, Young cast far across against the opposite bank and just before his line came straight he gave a muffled grunt. By then I was unhooking the fly from my husky whitefish and I saw his rod bounce quickly down into a snug arc.

With elation he bellowed, "Let's go get us a trash can and fill it with these and to hell with the trout that won't hit!"

Thus began a day that was saved, as numerous other troutless days have been saved for me, by a fish that over much of the high-country West dwells in the same waters as trout, and is the best understudy, stand-in and substitute for trout that the good Lord ever let live.

It is also a fish least known and understood by fishermen of any sizable fresh-water species on the continent that can be considered *game*. And the reason I italicized "game" is that, amazingly, throughout angling literature it is almost impossible to find the word used in reference to the mountain whitefish. It is, in fact, difficult to find *anything* but the most meager reference to the species, except from anglers in its range who often dub it a "trash" species.

This is a paradox of real substance. When Paul had corraled his fish, we waded to the bank to shoot a few pictures. The mountain whitefish is a silvery, long and fairly slender species, prominently scaled, not as flat sided as a trout. These weighed almost two pounds apiece. Once on the West Coast, in Oregon, I had caught one weighing three. That's about maximum. Average is closer to a pound. They have the fleshy adipose fin of the trout family, and also like the trouts, all their fins are spineless.

Paul said, "Have you ever noticed the tab of flesh at the base of each ventral fin? It's an identification mark."

I could hardly see how anyone could confuse this species with any other in the same waters, even though I'd seen many anglers new to mountain-whitefish country do so. "Once," I told Paul, "I was fishing in Colorado and a fellow showed me a creelful of 'grayling' he'd caught. They were whitefish."

Paul held his whitefish up so I could get a close shot of its small, toothless mouth. "No wonder they're difficult to hook even on medium-sized flies," he observed. "Their mug's not built for it."

Small it is, but tough—built for picking nymphs from the rocky bottoms of swift streams. Several of the other whitefish that I have caught in Canada and around the Great Lakes easily tear loose from a hook, but when you hook a mountain whitefish it is seldom lost. I remember a session one year on a Montana stream that was a regular torrent. Had the mouths of the mountain whitefish I caught been tender, not a one could have been landed. [*Continued on page* 70]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ARIE DE ZANGER

BY JOHN S. TOMPKINS

When supplies of World War II carbines (rifle at top) ran low, four companies were formed to

■ Most ex-GIs have long since caught on to the fact that a lot of the clothing sold in war-surplus stores—Army tanker jackets, Navy shoes, paratroop boots—isn't surplus anymore, but newly made stuff. But if you've bought a carbine or an M1 rifle recently for 70 to 90 bucks, you may not realize that the chances are good it wasn't real surplus either.

The reason for the growing business in all merchandise made to look like Government Issue goes back to the oldest law of economics: supply and demand. A lot of guys think surplus GI clothing and equipment is a bargain—they *know* it's good quality and it seems cheap. But many of the fastest-selling items ran out a long time ago or rarely get sold off by Uncle Sam. So they're copied.

In the case of guns, the demand is huge and the supply small. The result is that at least four small factories and a score of firearms dealers are currently in the business of making up "GI" firearms.

The 5.5-pound .30 caliber M1 carbine started and remains the most popular GI weapon being copied. As anyone who ever carried one will remember, it was the only service firearm that looked and handled like a sporting rifle. During World War II the government bought more than 6.1 million carbines of all types from eight different manufacturers. This total included not only the semiautomatic M1 carbine but the M1A1 with a folding wire stock for airborne use, the M2 which was capable of full-automatic fire and the M3, also full auto but minus the rear sight and designed for use with the infrared night-sighting gadget called the Sniperscope.

Of all these millions of carbines only about 60,000 to 70,000 ever legally leaked out into civilian hands (though on May 1 the National Rifle Assn. began selling carbines "as is" and without magazines to N.R.A. members for $20). The former were sold shortly after the war to various police forces and to several major gun dealers. No one has any real idea of how many thousand other carbines were souvenired by returning GIs or purchased by officers being separated from the service. But at the outside it's believed that no more than 5 percent of all the carbines made have wound up in the hands of collectors or sportsmen. The rest are still in use, have been given away to friendly foreign countries or have been chopped up and sold for scrap.

Starting a few years ago, the GI carbine went back into unofficial production at the rate of about 25,000 a year, a figure that's expected to be greatly exceeded in the near future. Until recently most of the new GI carbines were sold through war-surplus stores and ads by dealers in gun magazines. Now, all of the major mail-order houses handle them and a couple of large department stores are planning carbine promotions in their sporting-goods departments.

Recognizing the trend, Remington Arms Company early this year decided to add .30 caliber carbine ammunition to its line. The company is cagey about revealing the size of its production but an official said it would be "quite substantial." The Reming-

THE HONEST GUNMAKERS and THEIR COUNTERFEIT CARBINES

make "genuine surplus" guns. And some say the copies (bottom) are better than the originals

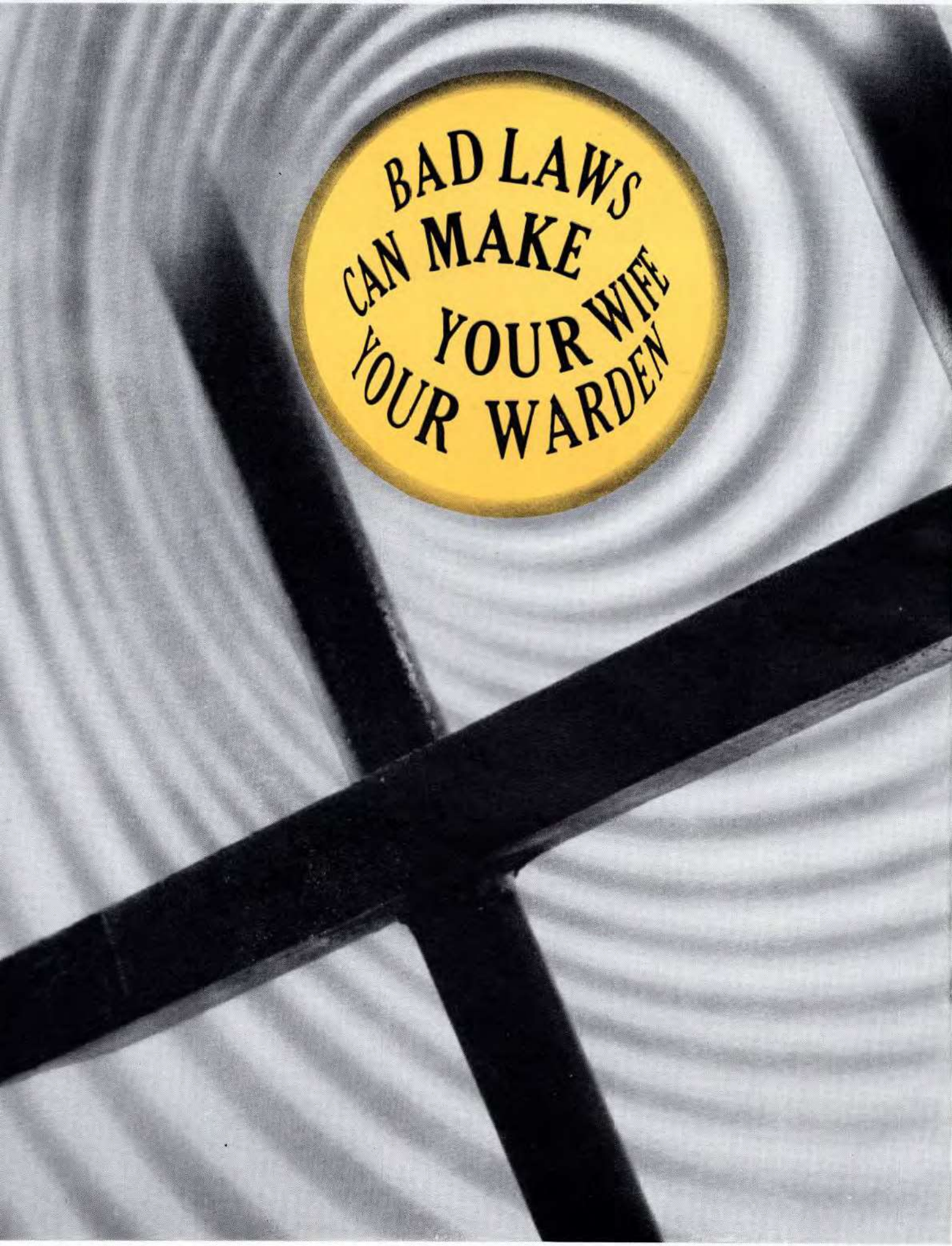
ton carbine ammo will carry 110-grain soft-point bullets and retail for $7.50 a box of 50. Until now, carbine owners either used GI surplus cartridges with 111-grain metal-jacketed bullets (forbidden for hunting by some states), bought soft-point ammunition from Norma of Sweden, or loaded their own. So, 18 years after World War II the GI carbine is finally a popular rifle despite all the government could do to keep it out of civilian hands.

The new-carbine business started with surplus spare parts. In the first few years after World War II government installations all over the country were auctioning off billions of dollars' worth of military hardware from bombers to barbed wire at junk prices. Mixed in with all the other gear and often identified only as steel scrap was millions of dollars' worth of gun parts—carloads of new carbine barrels, trucks full of bolts and slides, magazines, firing pins, etc. Some of it was bought by firearms dealers and gunsmiths but most of this treasure trove was scattered across the country in the hands of junk dealers, speculators, hobbyists and others.

The only part that never was sold was the receiver—the frame or action of the carbine into which the barrel is screwed. It carries the serial number and is the only part classified as non-expendable for which no spares are ever available (the same is true of any firearm).

Naturally, it wasn't too long before some surplus dealer or gunsmith with a warehouse full of carbine parts began to think about how much money he could make if those parts could be turned into finished rifles. The only thing he needed was receivers and these couldn't be found anywhere. The first man to try making his own is not recorded, but four of the present-day carbine makers got their start this way. The Plainfield Machine Co., Dunellen, New Jersey, and Erma's Firearms Manufacturing Co., Inc. of Steelville, Missouri—were asked by surplus dealers to make receivers as they would be to take on any other piece of contract work. Another, Rossford Armory Supply in Waterville, Ohio, was set up specifically to make receivers. The fourth, Universal Firearms Corporation, Hialeah, Florida, was connected with a Miami gunshop. Two of these carbine makers moved from producing just receivers to doing the whole thing when the surplus dealers they were subcontracting for left them holding the bag for a big finished order. They almost *had* to go into the gun business to save their financial lives.

Typical of the new carbine makers is Plainfield Machine, a 10-man shop about 40 miles out of New York City, run by William H. Storck and William A. Haas. As Bill Storck, 43-year-old ex-Navy fire-control specialist and restaurant owner, puts it: "I had no idea we'd ever wind up in the gun business, but one thing leads to another." Storck and his brother-in-law partner Willie Haas, 41, an experienced machinist and toolmaker, started a machine shop together in 1950. Storck knew nothing about machine tools, but he'd just sold a restaurant in Lake Mahopac, New York and was looking around. [*Continued on page* 85]


BAD LAWS
CAN MAKE
YOUR WIFE
YOUR WARDEN

Because of shocking legal loopholes, a perfectly normal man can be falsely accused, judged insane, imprisoned in a mental institution and even be sterilized. All of this can take place today – not in some foreign police state – but here in America. And the victim can be you

By MAX GUNTHER

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LESTER KRAUSS

■ You've committed no crime. You're an ordinary citizen going about his ordinary business. But suddenly, one day, you're ordered to appear at the county courthouse. You find yourself at a nightmarish kind of trial. You're the defendant, but you're without legal counsel or anybody else to help you. When you ask what you're accused of, you get evasive answers. One lonely guy, you're facing a platoon of doctors, lawyers and judge.

The doctors and lawyers talk. The judge nods somberly, signs an order. You're hustled into a police car between armed guards, and the car speeds out of town. It pulls up at a big, lonesome, barred-windowed building far out in the woods. You're pushed into a room. The door closes. A key turns.

You've had it. You get no chance to appeal. When you ask what's going on, demand to be set free, the guards laugh or shrug or pretend they didn't hear you. You aren't allowed near a phone. Your mail is censored. You're a forgotten man, doomed to rot here until somebody's whim lets you out—maybe months from now, maybe years, maybe never.

Where does this macabre procedure take place? In Soviet Russia? An imaginary police state in some terrifying tale of the future? No. The place is America, the time is today, and the barred-windowed building is a mental institution.

And, more easily than you think, the victim could be you!

Every year in the United States, some 200,000 people are locked up against their will because they are judged insane. The legal procedure is often bewilderingly quick and alarmingly lacking in safeguards for the victim. Any determined acquaintance or relative—your wife, for example—anybody with a grudge against you or a reason for wanting you out of the picture, can set legal machinery in motion to have you put away. You can be as sane and solid as a telephone pole. But don't count on proving it. If somebody really [*Continued on page* 65]

THE GREAT FLYING BANK ROBBERY

or

How Not to Succeed in Crime By Getting Loaded

By M. L. COLLETT

1. The caper was planned in a cut-rate saloon.

4. and carefully planned all details.

5. Picked up as drunks, they captured the sheriff.

8. Airborne getaways create problems,

9. but what a handy way to dump evidence!

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KAUFMAN

TAMPA, FLA.

■ An unsuccessful bank robber is one of the most unsuccessful men in the world. You can go broke at some occupations, and about all that happens is you get a little hungry. But fail at robbing banks, and you go broke for good.

Bugs Thompson and Tommy Suits should never have tried bank robbing in the first place. They were comedians, not criminals, and their attempt to join the proud, sinister company of Jesse James and John Dillinger was much more like an old Marx Brothers movie than an *Asphalt Jungle*.

It seems impossible to believe their claim that they spent two weeks planning the job. But once you swallow that, you must accept a logical choice: they were both nuts, or they never meant to go through with the caper. They could never have entertained the slightest hope of success. You may be

2. Our two flying drunks picked out a bank,

3. stole a plane in broad daylight,

6. It's tough to snarl through a stocking,

7. but anybody can understand a gun.

10. Unfortunately, human bloodhounds found the loot,

11. and our heroes are sadder but wiser men.

able to succeed at business without really trying, but robbing banks takes a little effort.

If this slapstick scheme could be said to have a "brains," he was an ex-thrill-show pilot named Donald "Bugs" Thompson. Even other stunt pilots will tell you that Bugs was the best in their precarious business. He did all of the usual stunts: beautiful slow rolls, double snap rolls on top of loops, Immelmanns. But his specialty—the stunt that earned him his nickname—was to snaproll a North American T-6 on take-off, 25 feet above the ground. He did this from sheer high spirits, out of the joy of living. He did it for cash, too, in air shows, but he did it mostly because it made him feel good inside to be that close to death and still outwit it.

He was chubby, cigar-smoking [*Continued on page* 52]

and short, and dogs followed him around and children begged to sit on his lap. Teen-agers worshiped him, and little old ladies called him "son." Even after his conviction you couldn't find anybody who didn't like him.

But though he flew like an angel and had the charm of a Southern senator on election morning, Bugs had all the practical business acumen of an Australian red-beaked whingding. There hadn't been a day in his 32 years that he hadn't been in some kind of financial hot water. No matter how much he made, and sometimes it was quite a lot, he always managed to spend just a little bit more.

Bugs was born in Detroit, Michigan, on February 19, 1925. His father worked in an automobile factory, and while the family wasn't exactly poor, four boys and a girl made money kind of scarce. So Bugs sold papers and dreamed of the day he would become an electrical engineer. When World War II started, he joined the Army Air Force and became a pilot instead. He never got overseas, because the government kept him here to teach other guys how to fly there. Stationed at MacDill Air Force Base in Tampa, Florida, he met a pretty girl named Barbara and married her.

Things got rough after the war. Bugs had already made up his mind that all he wanted to do was fly, and spare pilots were overpriced at a dime a dozen. He was 5 foot, 5½ inches high, just one-half inch too short for an airline pilot, so he tried teaching. Some weeks he made all of $40; others he wasn't that lucky.

He had a reputation as a hot pilot, and flew a T-6 in the Biscayne trophy race at the All-American air maneuvers in Miami in 1947, coming in fourth. He stunted in air shows all over the country, becoming famous for his snap-roll on take-off. It was good money when he made it, but it wasn't regular enough. A wife with rheumatoid arthritis and doctor bills and a baby daughter with a yen for food and diapers need a pay check coming in every week.

When he landed a job flying executives for the Winn & Lovett grocery chain, Bugs figured he had it made. But having money in his pocket was so nice he kept asking for more. And more. When he was getting $700 a month and still asking for more, the W. & L. people figured they'd have to raise the price of groceries to pay him, so they let him go.

He got a job teaching ground school at Garner Aviation in Bartow, Florida, but he couldn't quite bring himself to obey orders and was asked to resign. After that he flew for Woolf & Son, hauling finny denizens of the deep in tank airplanes to northern markets. It wasn't that he didn't like the work, but all those fish sloshing around in back weren't much company. When he heard about a job flying executives for the Jim Walters Corporation, which built houses, he ditched the fish and took the executives.

Along about this time a gent showed up from the Internal Revenue Service with the bad news that since a lot of the expenses Bugs had been claiming weren't quite legitimate, Bugs owed them about $1,000. This bothered Bugs, but not much. It bothered him more that the executives he was flying around didn't have a Cadillac to ride in when they landed at Tampa. So he bought one.

That's how it was with Bugs. All of those years selling papers and being a little hungry had left him with some sort of a psychic block when it came to money. He could calculate air velocity and wind drift and come out right on the nose. But when it came to dollars, he couldn't add two and two and get anything close to four.

Still, even Bugs could look in his billfold and see the green was pretty pale, so he asked for a $200 raise. It came as quite a shock when he was fired instead. Now he was really in the soup. He was behind in payments on his home, his Cadillac, and his wife's Oldsmobile. Bill collectors began circling like vultures. To top it all off, the Internal Revenue Service sent some cheerful little notes to the effect that if he didn't fork over, their men would "levy on wages, other income, or property." Bugs didn't have anything to levy on, but he was worried, just the same.

Onto the scene now walks Irvin U. Suits, the second bank robber, known by one and all as Tommy. He was 26 years old, half a head taller than Bugs, a great deal thinner, and nervous and quick-tempered. Like a lot of other people, he worshiped Bugs.

Tommy called himself an airplane broker, but nobody seems to remember him in this connection, so he couldn't have been very active. Even Bugs had to admit that Tommy didn't like work very well. Tommy tried to persuade his father, a veterinarian and state livestock inspector, to invest in an airplane business, but the old man was horrified at the thought. Dignified, conscientious, and sincere, he was puzzled by this wild son he had fathered. After the robbery, he was apt to explain lugubriously that "Irvin fell out of the car when he was 2 years old and received a head injury." If one thinks about it long enough, it *is* a likely story.

One foggy afternoon in 1957 the stocky ex-thrill-show flyer and the tall ne'er-do-well drifted wistfully to the Bamboo Room, a little cocktail lounge on the outskirts of Tampa. In the dark, friendly gloom of all such places, there are no problems that can't be solved. This pleasant state was encouraged at the Bamboo Room by a special cocktail hour, when the drinks were cheaper. Bugs' financial wizardry now told him to take advantage of this bargain and save money by ordering a lot of them.

About half way through the afternoon Bugs looked in his glass and came up with the answer to everything. It was simple, really. "We'll rob a bank," he said.

"Sure," Tommy agreed, immediately accepting the idea as an inspiration from heaven. "And we'll use airplanes."

"Hell, yes," Bugs yipped. "We'll fly in and out!"

The next day, despite hangovers, the idea still seemed great enough for them to hire a plane and fly around the country, looking for a bank to rob.

Now, right smack in the middle of Florida is Fort Meade, a dreamy little town that went to sleep a number of years ago and never woke up. In its center stands the gaunt six-story framework of what started out to be a hotel back in 1925. When the financing collapsed with the land boom, work stopped. The gray skeleton has been sticking up into the sky ever since. The rest of the town moves at the same mad pace. Our pilots looked it over and decided that if the law officers were in keeping, this was their duck. To make matters even better, the town bank was being remodeled and its side door was out.

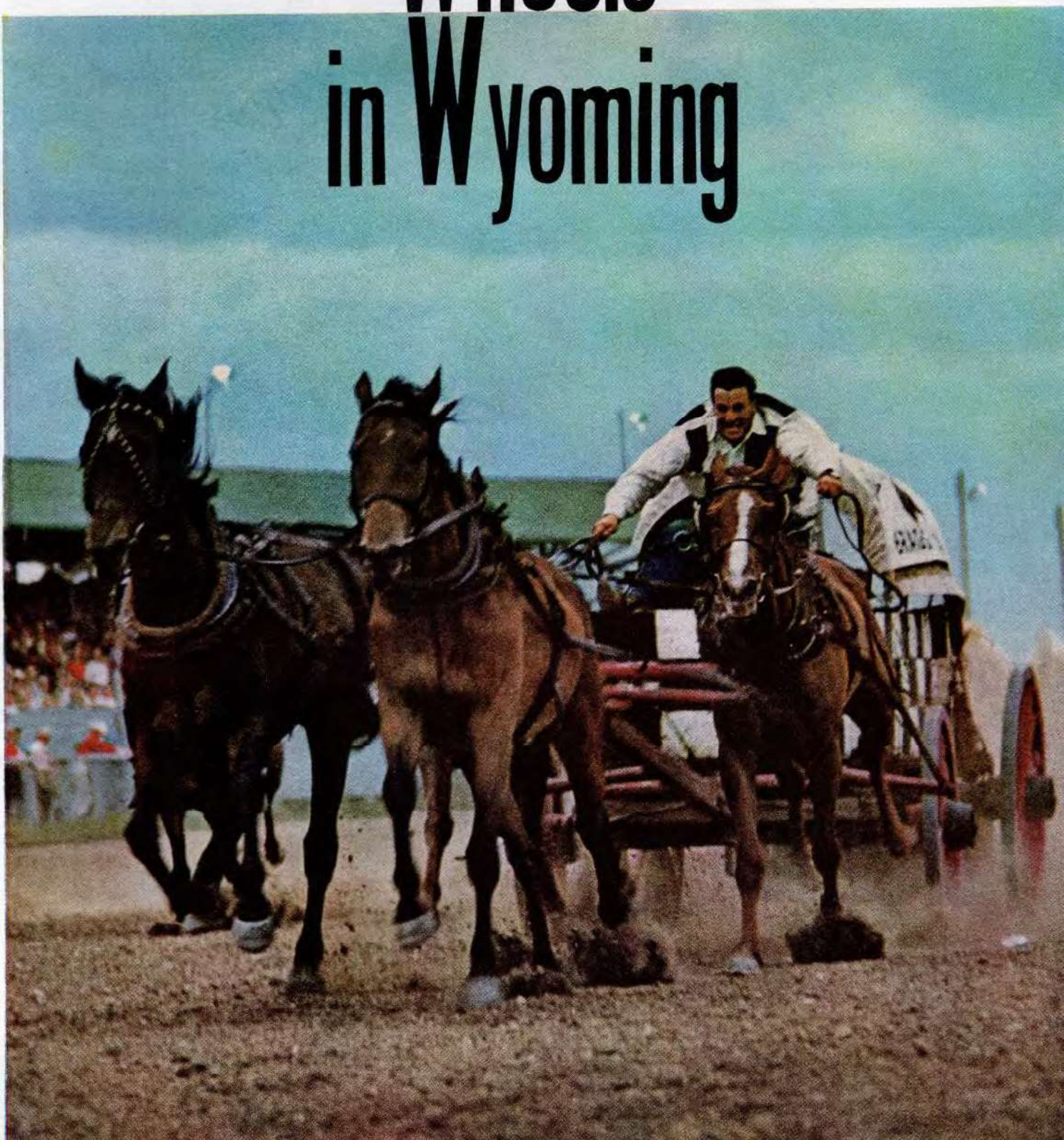
The perfect-planning pair flew back to Tampa and started gathering the things they needed. They bought a couple of little black Halloween masks with white lace edges and a pair of nylon stockings to pull down over their faces, just like on TV. With a couple of pair of olive-drab coveralls to put over their business suits, and a suitcase to hold everything, they were ready for action.

Well, *almost* ready for action. At that point Tommy found out that Bugs didn't have a gun. A bank robber without a gun is as laughable as a cowboy without a horse, so they bought a couple in a pawn shop. Tommy already had one, and that made him a two-gun bank robber.

Bugs still didn't know how to shoot his. He'd been too busy to shoot guns in the Air Force. "I don't want it to go off accidentally and hurt [*Continued on page* 75]

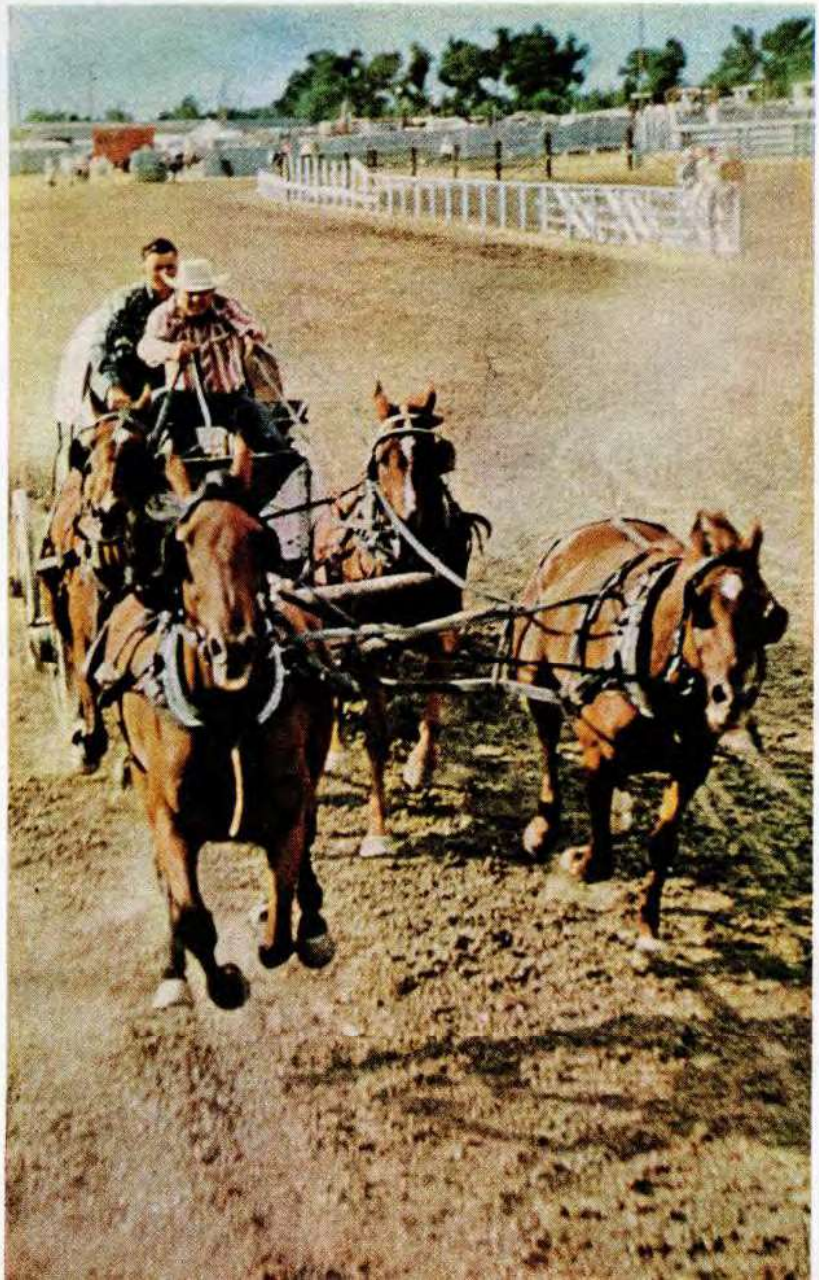
TURN PAGE →

Wildest Wheels in Wyoming



Chuck wagon drivers push for inside position as they tear around barrels. Outriders and wagon must all get to finish line to win.

Thoroughbreds used in races are temperamentally unsuited to working in teams or even in harness. At starting shot (above) they charge out at full gallop. Once started it's speed, not form that counts (right) in a chuck wagon race.



Wildest Wheels in Wyoming

Enthusiastic fans, on their feet, watch drivers and outriders pull up after a hard-fought race run at Frontier Days rodeo.

CHEYENNE, WYO.

■ For plain hell-raising excitement, the long horse-drawn history of man offers few equals to chuck wagon racing. Richest chuck wagon race in the U.S. is run at Cheyenne's Frontier Days rodeo for $16,000 prize money. The skinners who drive the frail wagons are probably the finest handlers of long leather driving lines left in the world. They need to be to drive a team of Thoroughbreds, hitched to a wagon that is maybe 60 years old, around two rows of bright yellow barrels in a series of two-wheeled figure eights. The barrels are made of fiberboard and so is the "stove," now a black box, the outriders fling into the stove rack at the starter's gun. But any race that rules the lead team must pass under the finish wire "as part of a four-horse team still attached to a wagon" has obviously got some hazards. The hub of one wagon wheel can peel the spokes right out of another wagon in the tight squeeze around a barrel. Wagons have been shattered and drivers killed in 40 years of racing but as one champion said, "All a chuck wagon man wants are horses that run fast and never look back." ■

Photographed for TRUE by Walt Wiggins

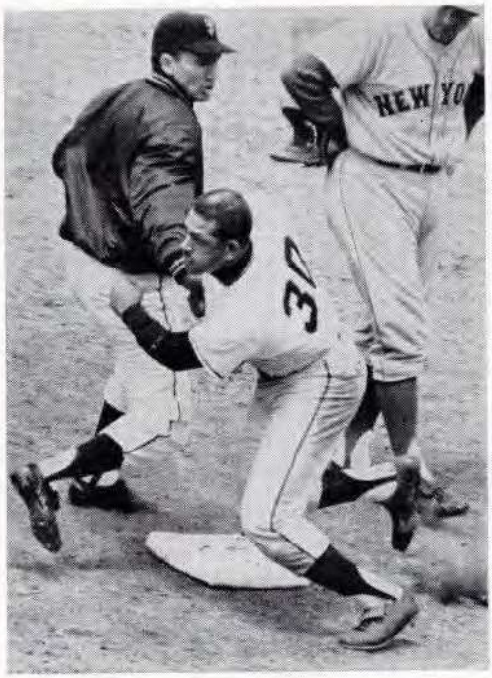
ALVIN DARK: MISSIONARY AMONG BASEBALL'S HEATHENS

Chuck Hiller profited from Dark's heart-to-heart methods.

Dark is an old hand at shouting encouragement to Mays. Last year Dark's inspired words pried his top hitter out of the hospital.

To Al Dark baseball is not a game: it's a fine art, a way of life, a holy calling. Amazingly, his "do or die" pep talks get results from even the toughest cynics

BY AL STUMP



Dark restrains problem player Orlando Cepeda from committing mayhem on opposing pitcher.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

■ In the Hondo, Texas, oil fields they tell of a hardy old driller who went out in a windstorm one winter morning to inspect his derrick. From 150 feet up on the swaying rig, he looked down and saw standing below a young guy in knee boots and a dirty jacket.

"Got a minute to talk to me, mister?" hollered the visitor.

"Naw, I'm busy," retorted the driller.

"Never mind, I'll be right up!" came back the stranger, who, with a heavy, lard-pail-size tin can slung over his arm, awkwardly mounted the tower and soon was displaying the wares he'd come to sell. The product was chemical mud, manufactured by an Oklahoma outfit which the young fellow represented, and according to him it was the finest mud available anywhere north or south of the Mason-Dixon. Chemical mud is a substance used in sinking oil-well shafts.

"This Magcobar Mud," said the salesman, hanging precariously from a cross-brace in the whipping wind and yelling in the driller's ear, "beats 'em all! Why, just taste it, friend! It's super-mud—the kind you can make a fortune with. It's good enough to EAT!"

"I'll be a ##!!*!!%XX! if you're not the first mud drummer who ever took the trouble to collar me 'way up here," said the Texan, "and I'll just take a few cases of it, son. By God, you're gonna go a long way in this world with the guts you've got."

At the time, Alvin Dark, wintertime traveling salesman for the Magcobar Drilling Mud Company of Tulsa, Oklahoma, already had gone somewhere in life, because this was 1955 and the previous October he had batted .412 in the World Series for the New York Giants, which capped more than 1,000 big-league games in which he'd played every position on the diamond, except catcher. Dark had come to the majors in 1946 with an All-America halfback's rating at Louisiana State University and with a $45,000 bonus—an aristocrat, who, the critics said, was a shortstop and who wouldn't perform anywhere else. Before long, Dark showed them how temperamental he was. He played short for his manager, Leo Durocher, filled in at third base, shifted to the outfield when needed, dug them out of the dirt at second and first base and even toed the mound when Durocher's pitching went sour. No matter what they asked of him, he did it. And with his vitality pouring into the team, along with that of another maniacally determined votary named Eddie Stanky, the Giants took a pair of pennants they had no right to win. It was the same way when Alvin Dark switched to the selling game in the off-season. Although the Giants were paying him $73,000 on a 2-year contract and he was a big-shot throughout Louisiana, he wasn't above climbing 150 feet up an oil tower to talk some old geezer into buying $200 worth of mud.

The number of defeated, unimaginative managers of major-league teams far exceeds those who put hustle and passion into their work, and Al Dark begins to look like one who'll not only survive to a ripe age, but is building a career that could someday put him up there with the great all-time handlers of baseball meat—the McGraws, Macks and Stengels. Broad as the expectation may be, it's backed by almost everyone who has tried to win a game from Dark. These days he manages the San Francisco Giants the same way he approached every tough proposition in his past—with flair, 200 percent attention to detail, endless energy and with an ambition so naked and relentless that it's embarrassing. A sharp-boned, restless, eloquent man of 40, Dark isn't just running the team that he led to last year's National League pennant. He behaves like someone charged with bringing back the Holy Grail. One morning this season, for instance, when an agent for TRUE Magazine walked into an office at Candlestick Park, he found Dark up to his armpits in sheets of multicolored paper containing what appeared to be an exercise in differential calculus.

"What's all this?" was the question.

"My player-rating system," said Dark, not happy to be interrupted. "You must have heard of it. There's enough people who think it's a crazy idea."

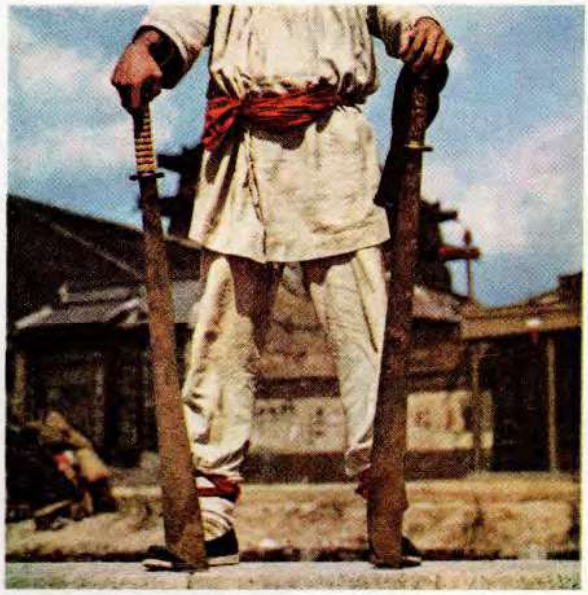
"Can all that arithmetic win ball games?"

"Listen," said Dark, "I've got a lefthanded relief pitcher, Jim Constable, that the fans almost never hear about. Yesterday we had a small lead on St. Louis in the ninth inning, but with a runner on base and Stan Musial up. Constable had never faced Musial. But I jerked my pitcher, who was going great, and brought in Constable, because three months ago these sheets of tabulations and cross-references told me he has something Mr. Musial doesn't like. It's a little thing—but an edge on a guy who [*Continued on page* 81]

BATTLE BOXER THE FROM CHOPPERS CHINESE

When the prop men for the new Samuel Bronston movie, "55 Days at Peking," dug into the records, they found the famous siege of Peking was carried on with an odd assortment of weapons. In addition to importing 1,500 Chinese from the rest of Europe—there weren't enough in Spain where the movie was made—the moviemakers gathered up a collection of ornate and nonlethal-looking weapons. The Boxers who laid the real siege did the same thing. They were a group of trained, fanatical foreigner-haters who swept into Peking in 1900. Sweeping along sympathetic peasants on the way, they stormed the city walls and attacked the legations. Eleven nations finally got together a force to rescue their nationals in a battle memorable to Americans chiefly because of the U.S. Marines' part in it. It was an untidy battle with pillaging and looting on both sides. The Boxers didn't have much in the way of firearms but they looted the Manchu palaces and the temples, seizing polearms, halberds, swords, and daggers more dazzling with decoration than death dealing.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM



Two-handed swords were convenient for beheadings.

Ornamental halberd, although fancy, was a good ax.

Two-man flintlock was fired like a modern bazooka.

Palace guard's decorated arm was good sword-breaker.

Peasants used pitchforks and 3-pronged tiger spears.

Boxers had odd weapons but fanatical spirit to fight.

Well-sharpened polearm was a very effective lance.

Ceremonial polearm, without edge, was used as club.

Dragon-headed cannon destroyed one of Peking's gates.

The Violent Death of America's Last Dirigible

[*Continued from page* 31]

On the previous April 21, the *Macon* herself had been damaged in violent thermal currents near Van Horn, Texas, in the course of a flight from Sunnyvale to Opa Locka, Florida. Some stern girders had broken. Others had buckled.

The Naval Bureau of Aeronautics had authorized a beefing-up of the *Macon's* stern structure in the Sunnyvale shops, but stipulated that the work was not to interfere with the airship's operating schedule. Only a third of the projected repairs had been completed when she took off for her last exercise with the fleet.

In the control car on this bleak February day, the first dog watch was on. Lt. Calvin Bolster, the *Macon's* construction, repair and trim officer, had just finished prowling the top catwalk and made his report. The rain had bothered him. Rain tended to ease the tautness of the outer fabric. Lt. Comdr. Scott Peck, the navigator, was taking a drift sight. All was shipshape.

Captain Wiley and his executive officer, Lt. Comdr. Jess Kenworthy, stood spread-legged peering out the forward windows. Prudent, terse on duty, Wiley knew every webbed girder in his airship. In lighter-than-air for ten years, he had been one of only three survivors out of a complement of 76 in the *Akron* disaster. That, too, had been his command.

Knappy Kivette, another of our scout pilots, and I, had been pilots aboard the *Akron*. But it was foggy that night when the *Akron* left Lakehurst Naval Air Station for her rendezvous with fortune, and we were unable to take off to join her.

The *Macon* hit the outlying fringes of the squall. The ship creaked. Rain hung a gray curtain around us. In a couple of minutes we were through it. We relaxed.

Off the starboard bow the skipper saw more rain. "Left rudder," he ordered. It was 1705 hours—5:05 p.m.

At that moment the *Macon* lurched. Captain Wiley later described it as a "jar." Bolster and Kenworthy said it felt like a sharp side gust; so did Campbell. To Clark Thurman, assistant engineer, and himself an alumnus of the Navy airship *Los Angeles*, it was the most severe bump he had ever experienced. To me personally, it felt as though a giant hand had swatted us.

The airship's nose dropped. Then it swerved wildly to starboard. In the smoking room we grabbed for support.

The quartermaster, Brandes, just completing an inspection, felt the lurch and heard a snap, as though something had hit the outer cover. Coxswain Connolly, the *Macon's* rigger, who was in the stern, also heard the snap. Seaman Conover, on the elevators, turned his wheel to overcome the dive. The bow recovered. Then the wheel jerked from his hands. Four spokes struck his left hand before he could check it. Now the bow swept upward sharply. Bolster and Boatswain's Mate Shellberg, who was in charge of the bridge watch, helped Conover apply down-elevator.

The rudderman, Clarke, also lost his wheel. Captain Wiley grabbed and held it until Clarke could get his hands on it again.

As the bow rose, Lieutenant Commander Peck strode in back of Clarke. "Left rudder," he told the helmsman. That would steer the *Macon* away from the mountains.

In the lower fin two seamen, Freas and Gallatian, had been standing watch. They felt the sickening plunge of the stern as the bow went up. Chief Bos'n Davis, the leading chief petty officer, had been under the top fin. He had just put his hand between it and the airship envelope to determine the "breathing" clearance when he heard a crash. He started aft. Helium enveloped him, and he staggered forward out of the gas.

Five miles over the darkling waters to the west, Signalman C. F. Wilkie, on the cruiser *Houston*, looked with only faint curiosity at the *Macon*. The upper fin seemed to have disappeared. He thought little of it. He knew nothing about airships.

Three miles to the east, Thomas Henderson, lighthouse keeper on Point Sur, had been watching the *Macon* through binoculars. She was broadside to him under a cloud rack. Suddenly, the top fin seemed to explode. Material from it blew back and draped over the upper rudder. He could see a hole in the top of the hull just below where the fin had been.

Aboard the *Macon*, Coxswain Connolly stared unbelievingly at the pieces of metal bouncing off the walkway. Two turnbuckles near the steering clutch box were whirling and hitting each other. He rang the bridge telephone. Campbell answered.

"The controls are carried away starboard, sir," reported Connolly. He looked up. "Cells Zero, One and Two are deflating."

Recovering from his gassing, Bos'n Davis discovered that brace wires on the top fin had pulled loose from the ship structure, and the fin—or most of it—was gone. He tried to telephone the bridge. The line was busy.

Campbell reported Connolly's report to Kenworthy and Captain Wiley. The *Macon* obviously had sustained a major wound. The bow now had assumed an upward angle of 25 degrees. Spinning on his heel, Kenworthy raced for the stern.

"Twenty knots," snapped Wiley. The ship had to be slowed down. With the bow high, the engines were driving the airship upward. Throttling back also would decrease the aerodynamic strain on the ship's tortured tail.

Davis finally raised the bridge on the phone. Campbell relayed the message to the captain: "The top of the ship under the fin is wide open."

In the smoking room we had heard a crackling sound in the stern. I glanced at the faces around me. Nobody looked scared. We were just incredulous. Lt. (jg) John Reppy, assistant hangar officer, had shrugged off the initial lurch, even as it had thrown him against the starboard side of the room. He started to go topside, only to encounter Kenworthy hurrying aft.

"Emergency," Kenworthy shouted over his shoulder. Reppy responded. He ran aft along the walkway. He could see that cell One was almost deflated. The top rudder controls were slack. As he ran to unclutch the rudder controls he noticed that cell Two was collapsing.

Midway of his mission, Kenworthy bumped into a seaman. "The tail's breaking up, sir," said the seaman. Leaving the rest of the probe to Reppy, Kenworthy raced back to the bridge for orders from Wiley. As he reached the bridge, the telephone rang. Kenworthy snatched it up, listened, then said to the captain, "Cells One and Two are gone, sir."

"Drop ballast aft," Wiley ordered.

Bolster pulled the toggles on the water ballast tanks. Great dollops of water plunged from the ship.

"Drop slip tanks aft," ordered Wiley. The fuel tanks were in groups of threes. The center tank in each cluster, the slip

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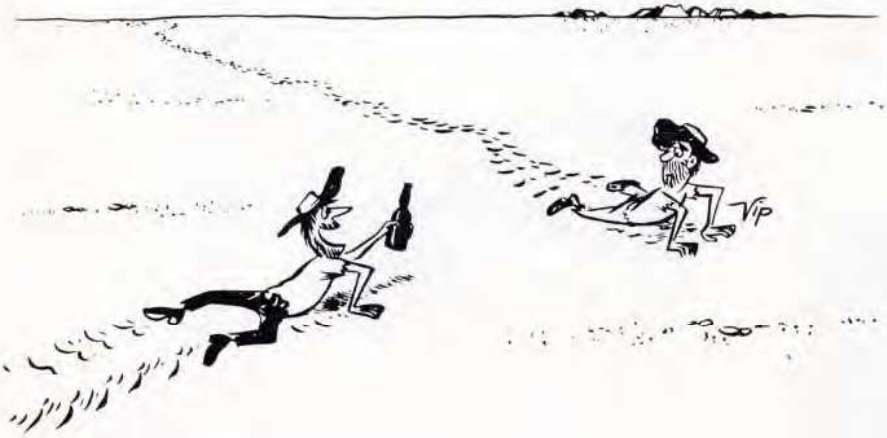

"How about joining me in a short one? I hate to drink alone."

Viceroy's got
the taste that's right!

SMOKE ALL 7
Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste as if they had no filter at all . . . others filter the fun and flavor out of smoking. But Viceroy tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste!
not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got-the taste that's right!

tank, could be jettisoned. Each slip tank held 700 pounds of fuel.

Freas and Gallatian, in the lower fin, looked up and saw the gas cells deflating. They clambered up their ladder to inform the rigger. Connolly, on the walkway, was hanging up the phone.

"You know about it, Joe?" asked Freas.

"Yes," said Connolly calmly, "the controls carried away."

Connolly and Freas helped Quartermaster Brandes release the slip tanks from their restraining wires. Four tanks ripped through the *Macon's* fabric skin and spun downward. Freas could hear the sounds of girders breaking, and wires thrumming in the wind.

All ballast now had been dropped aft of frame 102.5, which was amidship. With the engines at one-third, the *Macon's* climb had been arrested momentarily. But after a moment the ship began to gain altitude again. The stern refused to come up even with hard down-elevator. We had traded ballast for altitude.

"Left rudder," ordered Wiley. That would take us farther to sea, nearer the fleet. But the ship refused to respond to the wheel.

"Permission to shift rudder control to the lower fin, sir?" Bolster asked the captain.

"Immediately," said Wiley.

Halfway down the slanting walkway Bolster found Coxswain Hammond. "Shift control to the lower fin," he said. Hammond climbed down into the fin to synchronize the emergency rudder wheel with the clutch box. He tried the wheel, but the ship did not respond.

In the smoking room, as we stood riveted to the sharply sloping deck, we felt the ship rising.

On Point Sur, Lighthouse Keeper Henderson watched the *Macon* describe a lazy, drifting halfcircle and—nose high and aimed south—disappear into the clouds.

"Ahead port engines," ordered the skipper. "Idle starboard." Then: "Ahead all engines." In the last hour the winds had decreased from 25-30 knots to 15-18, but had backed from north to westerly. If we could steer by the engines, they might take us out to sea.

On the bridge the altimeter registered 2,000, then 3,000, then 4,500 feet. For seconds Captain Wiley stood watching the instrument wind up.

"SOS the fleet," he instructed Campbell. Less than five minutes had elapsed since that first, sickening swing of the *Macon's* bow.

Captain Wiley was having trouble getting response from the engine room telegraphs. Now he discovered why. Tilted up by the bow inclination, the engines were being robbed of the cooling water in their jackets and were over-heating. They ran, but only sporadically.

The senses of those of us in the smoking room were being filed to a needle point. We had no duties to perform. Now and then crackling sounds issued from the stern. The potentialities were becoming obvious. If more girders broke and ripped more cells, the ship would stand on her tail. Then the remaining cells, crowding their restraints, might burst.

"Every available man to the bow!" called Campbell through the door. He clipped off his words.

Up the canted catwalks, around the gas cells fattened by altitude, we climbed. At the bow we huddled, 27 of us, behind a five-foot-wide door. The door was opened only for mooring and takeoff. Just inside it was an array of lines full-hitched to the nose cone. We opened the mooring door. We might need quick access to the outside of the cone.

Now the over-heated engines quit for good. The *Macon* teetered at 4,600 feet, a giant, slanting obelisk, a great panatella cigar buoyed in space by a bubble of gas. On the bridge the captain's dilemma in aerostatics was acute. To save his crew, he needed a keel level enough to launch life rafts along the entire length of the airship. That meant valving gas forward. But how much lift would that cost? How many more stern cells were going to rupture before we reached the water? He risked plummeting his ship into the ocean—a terrifying choice.

"Valve cells Eight and Nine," ordered Wiley.

The gas hissed out, vented through holes in the airship's top. The nose began to ease down. The *Macon* began losing altitude, but too fast. Bridge instruments indicated a drop of 300 feet a minute. For an airplane that would be nothing. For the airship, this rate of descent would crush the keels at impact. Wiley had to jettison some heavy equipment fast.

"Plane handling crews lay down to the hangar!"

Five seamen among those of us hanging to the framework, crowded on to two small platforms, slithered down toward the hangar bay.

At the hangar, the plane handlers under Reppy's direction struggled with one of my precious planes. They wrestled the machine to the hatch, shoving desperately. But it sprawled and jammed—half in and half out.

The *Macon,* in her agonies of self-destruction, sank toward the ocean. Eighty-three men, silent and waiting, clung to perches in her cathedral interior. As the altimeter unwound on the bridge, a conversation in low monosyllables was punctuated by the distant cry of anguished metal framework.

Now it was time to dump the last of the water for as much cushion as that weight decrease would provide. At 1,400 feet Campbell began toggling. In the control room anything that had weight went out the windows. An officer winced as he pitched expensive instruments overboard. Another threw out drawers from the chart lockers.

Our rate of descent was slowing. From the bow we could see the murk begin to lighten. We had broken through the cloud ceiling.

"Stand by to abandon ship," Captain Wiley said to Peck, "and make it a personal order. Never mind the communication tubes." The skipper wanted to be sure that every man got the word.

Peck raced along the catwalks. "All hands!" he called, "Stand by to abandon ship!"

Wiley sent a final radio message to the fleet: "Will abandon ship as soon as we land on water somewhere within 20 miles of Point Sur about 10 miles at sea."

"Everyone to a window," Wiley told the men on the bridge. Clarke, the helmsman clung to his wheel, hypnotized by the disorder. Wiley snapped, "Get ready to jump!"

Edquiba and Cariaso, the mess boys, had raft stations on opposite sides of the ship.

"Adios, Florentino," said Cariaso.

"Adios, Max. Good luck."

They shook hands.

In the lower fin Coxswain Hammond was at his post. Brandes, on the port walkway, yelled, "Hammond, for Christ's sake, get out of the fin!" Hammond scrambled up the ladder.

Methodically, Brandes secured a raft to a girder with a line, inflated it and passed it outside through a hatch. Men who could not swim could slide down the line.

The helmsman, shaken from his trance, climbed from the control car and ran to frame 170 on the port side. In a moment Dailey, a radioman, joined him. Together they shinnied up the frame so as not to be under the curvature of the *Macon's* envelope when she landed. Clarke kicked a hole in the outer cover.

In the bow we could hear someone calling out altitudes as though taking soundings with a lead line: "Four hundred, three hundred, two hundred, one hundred, here she goes!"

The *Macon* was almost on an even keel. We braced ourselves. From far aft came a dull rumble, a crunching. But there was no jolt. The airship touched almost gently. A ripple went through her as the bow settled to the water.

It was 5:40 p.m.

In the lower keels men launched rafts and jumped through holes kicked in the airship fabric. Some slid down lines.

On the port walkway Hammond took a long, agonizing look around, then leaped outward into the water. As he swam aft, the port fin kept squashing him, pushing him below the surface. Farther forward on the crumbling airship, Clarke and Dailey were preparing to jump. "It looks too far," said Clarke. Without warning, Dailey jumped feet first. As in a dream, Clarke watched him turn over slowly several times as he fell. He landed on his back. Clarke climbed down to a safer exit point.

McDonald, a coxswain, found himself

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with Edquiba on the port side. Before he jumped, McDonald saw the little Filipino, in an inflated life jacket, start to climb toward the bow. Edquiba was terrified of the sea. He could not swim.

On the bridge Captain Wiley satisfied himself that everyone in the control room had left. He turned to follow. Then he heard voices in the keel. He stepped toward the ladder. The top of the control car cracked. He dived out a window.

In the water he heard Campbell call, "I'm in trouble." The deck officer had struck his head in getting out. Wiley grabbed his collar and towed him toward a raft.

In the bow, some of the men around me began seizing the mooring lines. They crawled through the mooring doorway in the nose of the ship, and lowered themselves into the water. One seaman caught his leg in a bight. Another, above, slid into him, knocking his grip loose. Dangling by one knee, the man kicked and squirmed free, tumbling into the water.

Eight of us were still in the bow. It had begun to rise.

At the stern, the last remaining bits of life were being crunched from the *Macon*. Calcium flares, bobbing on the water, silhouetted her broken ribs. Gas whooshed from more punctured cells. Men paddled for their lives. What remained of 400,000 pounds of airship could smash them in another minute.

The bow rose more, tugged upward by the forward gas cells. Those of us still clinging there, inside the envelope, found ourselves not a comfortable dropping distance from the water but 125 feet in the air. I felt a strange puff of pressure.

"What's that?" I exclaimed. My voice squeaked. Then it dawned on me—the uptilted hull formed a chimney, and we were in its throat. "We're being gassed!" I croaked.

We clambered outside on the hull, grabbing the lines for support on the rain-slick fabric, gulping great draughts of fresh air. Faint flashlight beams played on us from the water. A seaman had found a Very pistol in the rigging. The bright shells arched into the leaden drizzling sky. It was nearly dark now.

One of the seamen near me was verging onto panic. "I'm going to jump!" he yelled. It would have meant certain death. Captain Wiley, far below in a life raft, saw the man and shouted: "Don't jump! Wait till the bow comes down!"

We waited, clinging to our ropes like school girls around a Maypole. Far at sea, the fingers of searchlights were probing the dark night. That was the fleet, racing to our rescue.

Beneath, in the hull, more girders were breaking. Closer to us now, they sounded like muffled shotgun blasts. We could feel the shaking of the tortured hull far below the surface as an engine would pull loose from its bed and go plunging to the bottom, tearing aluminum frames as it went, and—fortunately for those of us still on board—also tearing open another gas cell, thus lowering the bow closer to the water. Another and another engine let go until finally all that was left of the once mighty *Macon* above water was a bubble the size of a barn. It was time to get clear.

One by one, we lowered ourselves on the wet lines and dropped into the water. There was a strong swell but no waves. The lights of the calcium flares wanly dappled the bow of the *Macon*, towering above us. A life raft floated by; three crewmen climbed into it, and the rest of us clung to its sides—swimming, pulling, to enlarge the distance between ourselves and the wreck. Suddenly a fire bloomed. Gasoline on the water had been ignited by the flares.

"Pull!" I yelled at the oarsmen. The massive star insignia painted on the underside of the bow was reflected by the glare, even as it was consumed. Then the fire died and the last skeletal remnant of what had been the world's greatest airship slipped beneath the surface.

One by one, the bobbing flares snuffed out. An hour later, cruisers of the fleet found us, a cluster of rafts in the pitch blackness. Up over the side we went, pausing, each of us, at the top of the gangway to give our names and rank or rating.

One jacketed, but trouserless officer, his legs blue with cold, saluted smartly. "Permission to come aboard, sir?" he said to the officer of the deck. That was the Navy: observe the niceties even at time of disaster.

In all, three cruisers, the *Richmond*, *Concord* and *Cincinnati*, found 81 survivors. Only two out of the ship's company had failed to make it—the radioman, Dailey, and the cheerful little Filipino mess attendant, Edquiba.

Two days later a Naval Court of Inquiry began hearings on the *Macon* disaster aboard the battleship *Tennessee*.

"Evidently," testified Lieutenant Reppy, "the stabilizer wires, which had pulled out, ripped the cover in the vicinity of the fin."

"I feel," testified Lieutenant Bolster, "that the cause . . . was a failure of the structure, either in the fins themselves or at their attachment point to the hull. . . . My guess . . . would be that the diagonal girders in ring 17.5 would have been the first to fail under a severe side load. . . ." And again, "The parting of one of the large fin brace cables would, under continued load, probably mean the eventual loss of the fin. . . ."

"Do you consider," he was asked, "that sufficient internal strength was provided in the fins . . . to care for this unsupported (top fin) overhang?"

"My present opinion," he responded, "is that it was not."

Lt. A. L. Danis, aerological officer, testified, "The lurch was not caused by a gust. A structural failure might have caused it."

Captain Wiley agreed: "I think the turn was not the result of a gust but the result of a casualty. . . . If a control wire carried away at 63 knots, the rudders could have gone over with destructive violence."

On May 11, Rear Adm. Ernest J. King, chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics—in World War II he was to become a five-star admiral—endorsed the inconclusive findings of the court.

There were four theories: A gust had caused a mortal structural failure; loosened fabric had jammed the top rudder and caused structural failure; structural failure had occurred without plausible explanation; or, finally, violent rudder movements, possibly involving failure of the control lines, perhaps as a consequence of a gust, had led to structural failure.

No blame was assigned for the loss of America's last dirigible.

—Rear Adm. Harold B. Miller USN(Ret.)

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"Here's a get-well card from the Internal Revenue Service."

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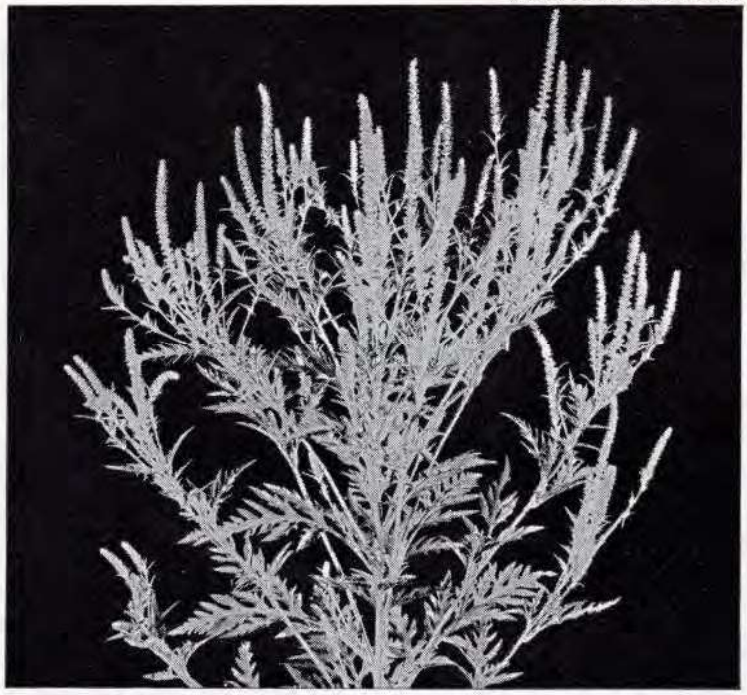

Ragweed fills the fall air with tons of pollen and causes hay fever.

Just what's meant by the "pollen count" and how far can pollen travel? This double barreled query is propounded by Charles Gill of Trenton, New Jersey, an unhappy victim of this wandering sneeze powder, who wonders how come you can't escape the stuff, even in the heart of big cities.

When you read that the "pollen count is 5," that means that this is the number of grains of pollen—the male sex element of plants—calculated to be present in one cubic yard of air. Of course, nobody actually counted the microscopic specks of pollen, which run as small as 1/10,000th of an inch in diameter. It's an estimate based on the number of pollen grains that fell on one square centimeter of an oiled slide in a 24-hour period.

The figure can be pretty tricky. The count rises and falls in the course of a day, being highest in the forenoon, and lowest in the hours around midnight. There are also big localized differences. One side of a street can get 10 times as much as the other side. If you happen to read two newspapers, giving two different counts for the same place and the same day, it doesn't mean somebody goofed. Both counts can be right for the spots and times at which they were made.

Pollen counts can run fantastically high. Dr. E. C. Durham, of Abbott Laboratories, once took a count in the middle of a country road on a windy day and found the air contained more than 9 million grains of pollen per cubic yard.

This is hardly to be wondered at when you consider that a single ragweed plant can produce about 8 billion pollen grains in a five-hour period. Scientists estimate that more than a million tons of ragweed pollen alone gets into the air of the U.S. in a single season. One allergist amused himself with a little fancy figuring and came up with the announcement that if all this ragweed pollen could be shoveled into one pile it would make a pyramid as high as a 50-story building and have a 1,000-foot-square base.

How far does pollen travel? The answer comes from the Pollen Survey conducted by the U.S. Weather Bureau and the American Academy of Allergy. A sweeping Continent-wide dragnet, with pollen-gathering slides placed not only in some 600 cities but on remote mountain sides, in deep canyons, and attached to airplanes and sea-going ships, shows that pollen really gets around. It's been found 17,000 feet up, and 100 miles out at sea. The pollen count 30 miles out over Lake Michigan is only ¼th less than that on the shores. That's why big cities provide little refuge from the pesky stuff that can make strong men weep.

Q: How many teams were entered in the World's Championship Sled Dog Derby in Laconia, N. H.? ***Timothy Carlton, Kingston, N. Y.***

A: This event claims to have the largest entry list of any sled dog race in the world. This year, in February, 37 teams were entered and 32 completed the three-day, 60-mile race. The winner, Keith Bryar of Laconia, N. H., set a new record time of 3:37:10. Prize money totaled $3,650.

Q: What state supplied the greatest number of men to the colonial forces during the American Revolution? ***James Stevens, Arlington, Va.***

A: Massachusetts was first with a total of 87,907. Of these 67,907 served in the Continental Army and 20,000 in the militia. Virginia was second with a total of 56,678.

Q: Did Maury Wills break Ty Cobb's base-stealing record in 154 games? ***Harold Simon, Honolulu, Hawaii***

A: This matter is complicated by the fact that Cobb played 156 games in 1915 as a result of two ties, but on any basis Wills beat his record. At the end of 154 games Wills had 95 to Cobb's 94. After 156 Wills' total was 97 and Cobb's was 96. Wills finished the season of 162 games with 100 stolen bases and added four more during the three-game playoff with the Giants for a season total of 104. The Dodgers had no tie games in 1962.

Q: What is the "Feast of the Ramps" and where is it held? ***Sam Franklin, New York, N. Y.***

A: The ramp is a wild, edible bulb similar to a leek or an onion. It is found in most parts of the eastern United States and Canada. In the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina the inhabitants regard it as an excellent spring tonic. In April they have a big feast at which barbecued chicken with ramp is the main dish. The plant is tasty but it has a strong, penetrating odor which may linger for days with the person who has eaten it.

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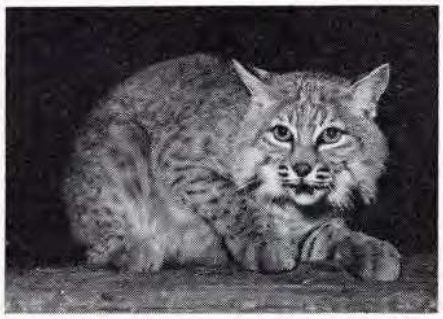
Q: Who is the world's champion high-speed typist? ***J. R. Stahler, Gary, Ind.***

A: The last official typing contest was held in Chicago in 1946. The winner was Miss Stella Pajunas with an average of 140 net words a minute. She used an IBM electric typewriter and typed a total of 3,001 words during the 20-minute test period. She made 26 errors.

Q: Do bobcats ever kill domestic cats? ***Arthur E. Ratzlaff, Green Forest, Ark.***

Leonard Le Rue III



A: Yes. They commonly do so when the two species live in the same vicinity. Usually the bobcat kills by biting around the head and neck. The average weight of a full-grown male bobcat is 20 to 25 pounds as against about 10 pounds for a domestic cat.

Q: Who is the World's Champion male figure skater? ***John Bailey, Columbus, Ohio.***

A: Donald McPherson, a 17-year-old Canadian, won the title on March 1, 1963, at Cortina, Italy, in near-zero temperatures. Scott Allen of Smoke Rise, New Jersey, who is only 14, was the top U.S. entrant and finished fifth.

Q: When was the Hippodrome Theater torn down? ***George L. Resh, New Orleans, La.***

A: The Hippodrome was for many years the scene of New York's biggest theatrical extravaganzas. It was built in 1905 and torn down in 1939. It was famous for the top stars who appeared in its productions and it was almost equally famous for the world figures who greeted the public from its box seats. Gen. "Black Jack" Pershing, for example, made his first American public appearance after World War I there. The building has been replaced by a garage topped with an office building.

Q: What President signed the first income tax law? ***Jonathan Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.***

A: In July, 1862, Abraham Lincoln signed a law providing for a tax on salaries and pay of officers and persons in the service of the United States. The tax was repealed 10 years later. Another income tax law was passed in 1894 but was declared unconstitutional. It was not until 1913, when the 16th Amendment was adopted, that income taxes became a permanent part of the national scene.

Q: Can a man shot out of a submarine at 150 feet without equipment reach the surface without the bends? ***William J. Nair, Santa Ana, Calif.***

A: Yes. As a matter of fact people have surfaced from submarines at depths of 300 feet without becoming physically disabled. The person being surfaced controls his ascent by exhaling as he rises, watching the rate of ascent of his bubbles. This prevents the air in his lungs from expanding and causing injury.

Q: Is it true that the famous Confederate general, Stonewall Jackson, was killed by his own troops? ***James L. Barber, Cleveland, Ohio***

A: Yes. His death was presumably accidental. On May 2, 1863, he was reconnoitering with his staff near Fredericksburg, Virginia. The Confederate troops had just been placed in position and did not know the general was in front of them. He was hit by three balls fired in a volley by a company of Pender's North Carolina Brigade. Jackson died on May 10.

Q: What is this big engineering project called the Snowy Mountain Scheme in Australia? ***Paul A. Malony, Butler, Ky.***

A: The Snowy River rises in the Snowy Mountains and flows east through territory that is well watered and does not need irrigation. The western side of the range is arid and has an urgent need for additional water. Under the Snowy Mountain Scheme the river will be dammed before it leaves the mountains and its water will be diverted westward through long tunnels under the mountains. The project involves the construction of nine large dams and several smaller ones, at least 11 power stations and over 100 miles of large tunnels. The work was authorized in 1949 and the first major section of it was completed in 1962.

Q: When did Vitellius the Hog rule over the Roman Empire? ***Eugene Mohan, Minneapolis, Minn.***

A: Aulus Vitellius was Emperor from January 2 to December 22 in 69 A.D. He has a reputation as one of the greatest eaters and drinkers known to history. During his reign Rome and Italy were ransacked to provide dainties for his palate and his armies wasted most of their time obtaining food for his banquets.

Q: When did the population of the world reach one billion? ***A. K. Green, Stony Point, N. Y.***

A: At the opening of the Christian era the world population was only about a quarter of a billion and it did not reach one billion until 1850. Population growth is accelerating at an enormous rate. Today the world population is over three billion and, according to present estimates, it will double in about 40 years.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

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Q: What were the dimensions of the original ***Mayflower?*** ***R. L. Newcomb, Moose Pass, Alaska***

A: Unfortunately, no record of these dimensions is known to exist. In William Bradford's account of his voyage to the New World he states that the ship was of 180 tons burden and this is the only certain knowledge we have of her size. When the replica *Mayflower II* was built the design had to be improvised from various complicated computations based on the tonnage. The *Mayflower II* had an overall length of 104 feet and a breadth of 25 feet.

Q: Has there ever been a World's Judo Champion who was not Japanese? ***Bob Menia, Guilderland, N. Y.***

A: Yes. The current title holder is Antonius Geesink of Holland. He is the first world's champion who was not of Japanese origin.

Q: What proportion of auto deaths occur on weekends? ***David Birkett, Needham, Mass.***

A: During 1962, 15,550 deaths occurred on weekends. This is more than 38 percent of the total number of auto deaths for the year, 40,500. The figures work out to an average of 299 fatalities each weekend.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-8, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

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AUGUST—TRUE—EAST

Bad Laws Can Make Your Wife Your Warden

[*Continued from page* 49]

wants you in the crazy house, your chances of hanging onto your freedom aren't nearly as good as they should be.

Listen to the outrageous story of Fred W., for instance. Fred was a salesman, a tall, peaceable sort of fellow. He and his wife lived in an apartment near San Diego, California. As a salesman, Fred traveled a lot, but his wife was never able to accept this fact of life. She was bitingly suspicious. She made Fred's life hell by accusing him constantly of spending his nights with other women.

Fred sometimes told her to quit picking on him, but mostly he kept his complaints to himself. The years rolled on. In time Fred's wife, feeling she wasn't enjoying life enough, began visiting a psychiatrist. The doctor listened solemnly while she blamed her troubles on Fred's satyriasis, delusions of persecution and other alleged emotional ills. He advised her to seek self-fulfillment with other men. Trouble was, she couldn't find any who were interested. She saw that there was only one possible man in her life: Fred. This made her more bitter, more jealous, more suspicious.

Finally Fred decided he'd had enough. He told his wife he wanted a divorce. In the quarrel that followed, the seeds of Fred's doom were sown.

"It was no worse an argument than many married couples have every night," he wrote later to a lawyer. "I wanted a divorce, she didn't, and we both lost our tempers. I said a lot of things I didn't mean, the way a man will in the heat of an argument. I don't remember exactly what I said, but I probably threatened to throw her out the window or some damned fool thing like that."

Fred's wife dashed from the apartment and went to her sister's house nearby. From there she phoned her psychiatrist, told him hysterically that Fred had gone berserk and was threatening to kill her. The doctor was well primed to hear such a tale; he'd listened through many couch sessions while his patient told of Fred's insanity. Accordingly, he set legal gears grinding to haul Fred into a mental lockup. (Fred also claimed, but was never able to prove, that his wife slipped the doctor some money to make the gears turn more smoothly.)

Under California law, as in more than 30 other states, a man can be locked up temporarily without a court order if his mental condition seems to create an emergency. This is a sensible law and was designed to protect society from people who suddenly became dangerous. But like most laws it can be, and is, abused. The next morning, as Fred was leaving for work, he was apprehended outside his apartment, shoved into a police car and whisked to a hospital.

As any man would, Fred kicked up a fuss. He could hardly be expected to sit still and let the outrage happen. In the hospital ward he struggled with the attendants and a resident psychiatrist, and demanded his freedom. But, like a man squirming in quicksand, his struggles only sucked him deeper into the trap. The more strenuously he argued, the more certain the hospital staff became that he was off his rocker.

Like most states with quick-commitment laws, California puts a strict time limit on involuntary hospital stays without court order. When the time limit is up, the patient must either get a formal long-term commitment from a court or other fact-finding body, or he must be set free. This is a good law, too; but its intent—to protect civil rights—is often frustrated in practice. Nobody told Fred what was going to happen; nobody warned him he was going to get a sanity hearing and should prepare for it; no one advised him of his rights. His only contact with the outside world was through the hospital doctors and attendants, who had no time to listen to him. Most of their patients wanted out—which to them was an old and thoroughly uninteresting story.

As a result Fred was totally unprepared for his sanity hearing. All alone, he faced his wife, her doctor and lawyer, a covey of hospital staff physicians, and a judge. He hardly stood a chance.

Thus Fred W., U.S. citizen, became Inmate W., all rights stripped away.

In at least one respect he was lucky. Some men have rotted for years in mental lockups without anybody bothering to find out whether they'd regained their sanity, but at Fred's hospital the doctors periodically checked every patient. A time came when they decided Fred was again fit to be free.

Freedom, however, is a relative thing. Fred was released in his wife's care. "As long as you do what she tells you," the doctors told him, "everything will be all right." In other words, he was his wife's prisoner in a lifelong sentence. Any time he did anything she didn't like, any time he mentioned divorce, she could have him re-committed. Fred went home, but in reality he was just transferring from one prison to another.

Many men and groups throughout the country have been fighting in recent years against such perversions of law. The Council of State Governments has been urging reforms since the 1940's. The National Institute of Health and the Governors' Conference have put together a model law which they hope states will adopt.

Among private groups in the fight is the American Civil Liberties Union, which maintains massive files of letters from people all over the country who claim to have been railroaded into mental institutions without just cause or due process of law. The ACLU sometimes sends its lawyers out to defend people in insanity cases. The American Bar Foundation appointed a Western Reserve University law professor, Hugh Ross, to make a detailed study of mental lockup laws with the help of a grant from the U.S. Public Health Service. Among interested newspapers is the hardhitting Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, which ran a shocking series of stories by ace reporter Marc Gleisser, telling of certifiably sane Clevelanders who had been bulldozed into mental bins as a result of marital grudges and neighborhood disputes.

But though there is a lot of reform activity, progress in most states has been slow, for the whole subject is shot through with unanswered questions. Biggest questions: how can you tell when a man is insane, and whose decision should it be?

Some states—Ohio, for example—put the decision largely in the hands of the law: judges, the police, health and other public officers. But this holds dangers for the innocent. Back in 1958 an Ohioan named Everett Kern found out how real those dangers are. At 11:30 one hot summer night, just after he'd gone to bed, Kern was startled to hear his doorbell

TRUE

"Promise her anything, but give her a clout."

DANGERS IN THE LOCKUP LAWS

LONG-TERM COMMITMENT

	Who can apply to have you locked up									
	Dr. or Public Officer	Wife or Other Relative	"Friend"	Any Citizen	Who has to be convinced (MINIMUM)	Hearing can be held without notifying you in advance.*	Hearing can be held without you present.*	Hearing can be held without you unless you demand to be there.	Law doesn't guarantee you legal counsel.	Law doesn't guarantee psych. checkups once you're locked up.
Ala.	X			X	Judge	X	X		X	X
Ariz.	X	X	X		Judge & 2 Drs.	X		X		
Ark.	X	X			Judge or 1 Dr.		X		X	X
Cal.	X			X	Judge or 2 Drs.[2]	X				X
Colo.	X			X	Medical Commission					
Conn.	X			X	Judge or Med. Comm.		X		X	X
Del.	X				2 Drs.				X	X
Fla.	X	X		[1]	2 Drs.					X
Ga.	X	X	X		2 Drs. or Judge & Dr.	X	X			
Idaho	X	X	X		Judge & Dr.	X	X			
Ill.	X			X	Judge, Dr. & Witness		X		X	X
Ind.	X			X	Judge & Dr.			X	X	X
Iowa	X			X	Judge		X			
Kans.	X			X	Judge & 2 Witnesses					X
Ky.	X			X	Judge or 2 Drs.		X			
La.	X			X	Judge & 2 Drs.				X	
Me.	X	X			Judge & 2 Drs.[3]				X	
Md.	X	X	X		2 Drs.				X	X
Mass.	X			X	Judge & 2 Drs.			X	X	X
Mich.	X			X	Judge	X	X		X	X
Minn.	X			X	Judge					X
Miss.	X			X	2 Drs.				X	
Mo.	X	X	X		2 Drs. or Judge & Dr.		X			
Mont.	X			X	Judge				X	
Neb.	X			X	2 Drs. & Med. Board		X		X	X
Nev.	X			X	Judge	X	X		X	
N. H.	X			X	Judge & Dr., or 2 Drs.[4]	X	X		X	X
N. J.	X	X			Judge & 2 Drs.		X			X
N. M.	X	X	X		Judge & Dr.[5]	X	X			
N. Y.	X	X	X		Judge & 2 Drs.[6]	X	X		X	X
N. C.	X				Judge & 2 Drs.				X	X
N. D.	X	X	X		Dr. & Judge or Med. Bd.	X	X			
Ohio	X			X	Judge	X	X		X	X
Okla.	X	X			Judge		X		X	X
Ore.	X			X	Judge					X
Pa.	X			X	Judge & 2 Drs.		X		X	X
R. I.	X			X	Judge & 2 Drs.					X
S. C.	X	X	X		2 Drs. or Judge & Dr.	X	X			
S. D.	X			X	Judge or Dr. & Med. Bd.	X	X		X	X
Tenn.	X			X	Judge					
Tex.	X				Judge & Dr.			X		
Utah	X	X	X		2 Drs. or Judge & Dr.	X		X	X	
Vt.	X	X			Judge or 2 Drs.[7]			X	X	X
Va.	X			X	Judge	X	X			
Wash.	X			X	Judge	X	X			X
W. Va.	X			X	2 Drs. & Med. Comm.	X				
Wisc.	X	X		[8]	Judge	X	[9]		X	X
Wyo.	X			X	Judge or Dr.		X		X	X

Alaska and Hawaii are not covered in this chart because latest available compilations did not include these states.

* Most states allowing this do so when a doctor feels it would be harmful to notify you or have you at the hearing.

1. Any three citizens.
2. Doctors-only procedure can't be used if patient objects.
3. Or two doctors and municipal officers of town.
4. In doctors-only procedure, doctors' affidavits must be certified by municipal officers of town.
5. Unless patient objects.
6. Or one doctor unless patient objects.
7. In doctors-only procedure, magistrate must certify doctors are men of high professional repute.

ring. When he went to the door, four cops were standing there. They told him they had orders to pick him up.

Kern was stunned. He hadn't committed any crimes or misdemeanors that he could remember. He thought it was a case of mistaken identity. Thinking the mistake would be cleared up at the police station, he obediently got dressed and climbed into the police car.

But the cops didn't take him to the police station. An hour later, the bewildered Kern found himself in a locked ward of the Cleveland State Hospital.

It was six days before he was allowed to make a phone call. Eventually he found out what had happened: his estranged wife had signed an affidavit declaring him insane. Under Ohio law, that was all she had to do. As long as the clerk of the court believed her affidavit to be signed in good faith, it was his duty to notify the police, and it was theirs to whisk Kern off to the mental lockup.

After Kern had been in the lockup for more than two weeks, a psychiatrist examined him and declared him sane. Whose fault was Kern's unwarranted imprisonment? Not the court clerk's or the cops'. They were only doing their jobs; they had no psychiatric training to judge Kern's mental health. The fault lay in the law, which failed to provide safeguards against such injustice.

Could such safeguards be assured if psychiatrists made the determinations? There are many prominent psychiatrists who wonder if even they are qualified. They doubt that psychiatry is an exact enough science to be used as a basis for taking away a man's freedom.

To show how inexact it is—how uncertain even a top psychiatrist can be in his conclusions about a man's sanity—one well-known New York lawyer tells the story of a Manhattan businessman who was up against commitment proceedings. Two highly respected psychiatrists examined him—two men of undoubted ability and top reputations in their profession. After working with him for hours each, they independently reached the same verdict: sane.

But before the hearing started, the judge showed them a letter he'd received in the morning mail. The letter had either been written by the businessman or cleverly forged. (The businessman later claimed it was a forgery by members of his family who wanted him put away.) It warned the judge not to sign commitment papers, threatened violence if the judge didn't cooperate.

The two psychiatrists retired for a brief consultation. When they came back into the hearing room, they'd changed their verdict. In the light of this letter, they said, they now believed the patient to be in need of hospital care.

That is all it took: just a letter.

Hence many doctors have qualms about locking people up. Dr. Thomas S. Szasz, professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York, questions the idea that mental patients are hospitalized "for their own good." Unlike other hos-

pitals, mental institutions often have only a handful of doctors caring for thousands of inmates. Medical treatment isn't the prime function of a lockup like that. "Such institutions serve more of the social functions of jails than of hospitals," says Dr. Szasz. "Many of the inmates are there not because somebody wants to help them, but because somebody wants them out of the way."

Dr. Szasz also argues against locking up people who are thought to be potentially dangerous. Is a prediction about somebody's possible future actions a fair reason for snatching his freedom? "Most of the time we simply don't know what patients might or might not do. The principle of preventive psychiatric jailing should be questioned."

Dr. Szasz wonders, too, why mental hospitals alone should be allowed to hold and treat you against your will. If any other hospital locked a door on you, you could sue the doctors for illegal imprisonment; and if they so much as jabbed a needle in you without your consent, you could wallop them with an assault-and-battery charge.

Mental hospitals in many states are not only allowed to give you standard psychiatric treatment, but they can perform drastic operations on you. In the ACLU's chamber-of-horrors file there is the story of a Louisville, Kentucky, man who was arrested in 1956 on an insanity application by his wife and mother-in-law. He claims he was locked up without either a judicial hearing or a psychiatric examination. A hearing was scheduled for the following week, but while he was waiting, the hospital put him through a course of electric shock treatments.

Shock treatments have the effect of blanking out recent memories and producing a generally confused, foggy state of mind that can last for weeks. When the victim showed up for his hearing, he couldn't remember much of what had been happening to him and failed to make much sense in answering the doctors' and judge's questions. He was adjudged insane and sent up for a long-term commitment.

In 27 states, the law even allows mental patients to be sterilized. This catastrophic treatment isn't reserved for the feeble-minded or for those with congenital brain defects, as in other states, but applies to the mentally ill in general —meaning anybody in a mental hospital.

It's true that the operation isn't quite as tragic as it sounds, at least for men. The male sterilization procedure is called a vasectomy, and consists of removing or tying off certain ducts serving the testicles. It's sometimes painful, but it doesn't usually prevent sexual intercourse or impair sexual enjoyment. It's also true that sterilization laws are seldom invoked, and then usually with the most careful, solemn deliberation. But the fact that half the states have such a law on the books—the fact that it's legally allowable for mental-health authorities to knife away half your manhood—is a macabre indication of the mental in-

DANGERS IN THE LOCKUP LAWS

SHORT-TERM OR EMERGENCY COMMITMENT

	Who can apply				OTHER DANGERS	
	Dr. or Public Officer	Wife or Other Relative	Any Citizen	Who has to be convinced (MINIMUM)	"Mentally Ill" may be sterilized.	No specific law against abuse of lockup laws.
Ala.[10]	X		X	Judge		X
Ariz.	X	X		Dr. & Judge	X	X
Ark.	X			Dr.		
Cal.	X			Police, Health Officer or 2 Drs.[2]	X	
Colo.	X	X		Police or Health Officer		X
Conn.	X			Patient's own doctor	X	
Del.[10]	X			2 Drs.	X	X
Fla.	X		X	Dr., Police or Health Officer		X
Ga.[10]	X			2 Drs. or Judge & Dr.	X	
Idaho	X		X	Dr., Police or Public Officer	X	X
Ill.	X		X	Dr.		
Ind.	X			Dr. & Judge	X	X
Iowa	X			2 Drs.[2]	X	X
Kans.[10]	X		X	Judge & 2 Witnesses	X	
Ky.	X			Dr.		
La.	X		X	Dr.		
Me.	X	X		2 Drs. or Dr. & Judge	X	
Md.[10]	X	X		2 Drs.		
Mass.	X		X	2 Drs.		
Mich.	X		X	2 Drs.	X	
Minn.	X		X	2 Drs.	X	
Miss.[10]	X		X	2 Drs.	X	X
Mo.	X		X	Dr., Police or Health Officer		
Mont.	X			Dr.	X	X
Neb.[10]	X		X	2 Drs. & Med. Bd.	X	
Nev.[10]	X		X	Judge		
N. H.[10]	X		X	Judge & Dr., or 2 Drs.[4]	X	X
N. J.	X	X		Judge & Dr.		
N. M.[10]	X	X		Judge & Dr.[6]		
N. Y.	X		X	2 Drs.		
N. C.	X		X	Judge & Dr.	X	X
N. D.	X			2 Drs. or Dr. & Judge	X	
Ohio	X	X		2 Drs. or Public Officer		X
Okla.[10]	X	X		Judge	X	
Ore.	X		[11]	2 Drs. or Health Officer	X	X
Pa.	X	X		Dr.		
R. I.	X			Dr. or Public Officer		
S. C.	X		X	Dr. & Judge	X	X
S. D.	X		X	Medical Board	X	
Tenn.	X		X	2 Drs. or Judge		
Tex.	X		X	Dr. & Judge		
Utah	X		X	Dr., Judge or Police	X	X
Vt.	X	X		2 Drs. or Judge	X	
Va.	X		X	2 Drs. or Dr. & Judge	X	
Wash.	X			Public Officer or Judge		
W. Va.	X			Dr.	X	
Wisc.	X		[12]	Dr., Police or Health Officer	X	
Wyo.	X		X	Dr.		X

8. Three citizens, including a relative, public official, or person living in same house as patient.
9. But judge must personally observe patient if not at hearing.
10. These states make no special distinction between long-term and emergency or temporary commitment.
11. Any two citizens.
12. Three citizens, including one doctor.

GENERAL NOTE: This chart deals with the minimum legal requirements for locking you up. Many judges and doctors, of course, are more careful in commitment cases than the law requires them to be.

Main Research Sources: Council of State Governments, American Bar Foundation, U. S. Public Health Service

stitution's power over its inmates.

The states' laws vary in other ways. About two-thirds of the states have quick-commitment laws under which you can be put away in a hurry, but for a limited time, if somebody thinks you're an emergency case or need temporary observation. In some states, any resident of your county can have you hospitalized simply by signing an affidavit. In others, health or welfare officers, judges, police, sheriffs or other public officials have to sign the papers. Other states require at least one doctor to be in on a quick commitment, but he doesn't usually have to be a psychiatrist. The rest of the states make no special distinction between limited-time and long-term commitments, but use the same procedures for both.

For a long-term, indefinite commitment, most states require some kind of formal, careful deliberation by a judge, doctor or doctors, or special commission or panel. About half the states provide for a jury trial if you demand it or if a judge thinks it's needed.

But the law's intent to protect your rights can easily be frustrated in practice, as it was in Fred W.'s case. Criminals often get better treatment. The law bends over backward to insure a fair shake for an accused criminal, carefully spells out his rights for him, even hires him legal help if he can't afford it himself. In most states, a man on trial for a crime *must* have legal counsel. But only some 20 states make legal counsel mandatory for a man accused of insanity. Most of the other states merely say that he has a right to be represented if he wants to be—but the law doesn't care whether he is or isn't.

Says Melvin L. Wulf, legal director of the ACLU: "The attitude often is that a mental patient isn't a real citizen, and he wouldn't understand anyway if you tried to tell him about his rights. Everybody just wants him out of the way."

A shocking example of this attitude is preserved in the files of the ACLU's special counsel, Rowland Watts. It concerns a judge in New York State.

Under New York law, as in almost all states, a man being held anywhere against his will can petition for a writ of habeas corpus—which is, in effect, a statement that you are being held wrongly and should be released. Your petition needn't be in legal language. It can be scribbled on toilet paper. As long as it shows a reasonable doubt about the rightness of your custody, any judge you send it to is legally bound to schedule a hearing on it.

This particular judge is stationed near a big mental asylum, and he gets a lot of petitions from the inmates. Many show no case of wrong custody or are plain gibberish. But others—and Rowland Watts has seen copies—are sensible and raise serious questions. Yet, simply because these petitions are from alleged lunatics, the judge tosses them all in his wastebasket.

The lesson this teaches is that it's often easier to stay out of a mental lockup than to get out once you're in. "All the power and expert knowledge reside in the hands of the psychiatric authorities," says Dr. Szasz. "The patient is virtually helpless."

Don't make the mistake Gilbert B. made. Gil lived in Hartford, Connecticut. He was an insurance-company employee. His wife, who thirsted for wealth and high times, nagged him continually about his unexciting paychecks. Partly because of this tension at home, and partly because of some rough experiences in the Korean War, Gil had an ulcer and was tormented by nightmares from which he woke shouting.

One day his wife's father died, leaving her a hill of cash and stocks. Now her dreams of luxury could come true—if only she could avoid sharing the loot with Gil. She went to see a high-priced lawyer.

He told her you can get a divorce in 28 states if your spouse is insane. The insanity has to have lasted anywhere from two years (Nevada, Washington, Wyoming) to 10 (North Carolina). In Connecticut the period is five years. The lawyer introduced Gil's wife to a psychoanalyst who'd worked with him in the past. The doctor listened gravely while she told of Gil's mounting insanity.

At home she began urging Gil to seek treatment. She told him his nightmares were getting dangerously violent, even showed him red marks on her throat where he'd tried to strangle her. Gil later concluded she'd made these marks by pinching herself, but at the time he suspected nothing. He went to see the analyst.

After a few couch sessions, the doctor said he thought Gil should go to a hospital for a few weeks of observation. Gil, badly worried about himself by now, agreed. Without making sure he could get back out, he signed papers voluntarily committing himself to an asylum.

Gil walked into the trap and it closed. After a few weeks in the bin, he began fidgeting to get out. "Soon," the doctor kept saying, soothingly.

Meantime, Gil's wife was living it up on her money. She was getting a double gain: not only was she proving Gil insane for divorce purposes; she was also keeping him out of the way while she waited out the five-year period.

Gil got more and more suspicious. He wondered if his wife was paying the doctor to keep him locked up. He wanted out, but he had no way of calling for help. Patients in his wing of the asylum had no access to a phone. He wrote letters, but he suspected that the asylum authorities never mailed them. He was neatly trapped.

Finally a friend of Gil's, curious and worried, found out where Gil was and came to visit him. Through the friend Gil established a pipeline to the outside world, hired a lawyer and eventually got out. But the "insane" label stuck. Five years later his wife divorced him.

Nobody knows how many people are languishing in mental lockups today to serve somebody else's ends. Those in well-staffed hospitals are lucky; they can get regular psychiatric checkups and stand a fair chance of proving their fitness for freedom. But those in the understaffed "psychiatric jails" that Dr. Szasz deplores are pretty well trapped. How can you prove you're sane if you never get to see a doctor? Lawyer Melvin Wulf tells of

one man who was locked up for five years, and in that time he was seen by a psychiatrist only nine times.

Even those who are in and out quickly have no cause to rejoice. The *Plain Dealer* dug up the case of a Clevelander, committed by his wife, who was released after 12 days when a doctor found him sane. His lawyer begged Probate Judge Frank Merrick to strike the whole case from court records. "Otherwise," said the lawyer, "he will have this undeserved mark against him as long as he lives. If a job application asks whether he was ever in a mental institution, he will have to say 'yes.' His sons will carry the stigma." Judge Merrick regretted that the law forbade him to erase the record.

What can you do to protect yourself against this kind of outrage? Perhaps the best all-round protection is a good lawyer. Insanity cases are often built on flimsy evidence, and sometimes the mere presence of a lawyer—or a doctor who will testify for you—is enough to stop the whole proceeding dead in its tracks.

Lawyer Wulf tells of a New Yorker who'd been quick-committed to Manhattan's famed Bellevue Hospital. New York's 10-day time limit for quick commitments was running out, and a hearing was scheduled to sign the patient up on a long-term commitment. The day before the hearing, Wulf dropped by at the hospital.

"You going to represent him?" asked a doctor.

Wulf nodded.

"Consider him released," the doctor said.

That was all there was to it. The mere possibility of resistance, in the person of lawyer Wulf, was enough to kill the case.

You also have a right to expect protection from your state's laws themselves. Study those laws, and if they don't afford protection enough, get into the fight. Almost every state has at least one legislator or high-placed official who is interested in writing new, better commitment laws. Get behind that man.

What is a good commitment law? The Governors' Conference, the ACLU and other influential groups have written or are writing model laws which they hope state legislators will study. These model laws cover these points:

Hearings: A man has a right to be at his own sanity hearing. He should also be notified well in advance of the hearing date so that he can arrange his defenses.

Counsel: The defendant in a sanity hearing should be represented by a lawyer, unless he formally waives the right.

Evidence: At least two doctors with psychiatric training must certify that the defendant needs hospital care. His lawyer should be allowed to question these doctors to assure himself that they are impartial. Doctors of the patient's own choosing may testify for him.

Quick Commitments: No summary proceeding should be used to lock a man up without a formal hearing, unless he is demonstrably violent or has actually committed some kind of offense.

Communication: Once in a mental institution, a man has a right to communicate freely by phone, mail, or personal visits with lawyers and doctors of his own choosing.

Examinations: Frequent psychiatric checkups should be mandatory for all mental inmates.

Abuse: The law should provide some means of counterattack for victims of false mental lockup, and stiff punishments for abuse of lockup laws.

Several states—among them Georgia, Missouri, Oklahoma and South Carolina—have already written elements of the Governors' Conference model into their lawbooks. Massachusetts, New Jersey and other states have set up special commissions to study their lockup laws and come up with proposals of their own. In addition, a number of states have been wondering how many mental patients really need to be locked up at all. California, Colorado, Illinois, Connecticut, Indiana, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and Wyoming have been moving toward a general policy of hospitals without locked doors for all but demonstrably dangerous patients. But much still needs to be done, and legal reforms move slowly. In the meantime, let every man watch out for himself.

Fred W. and Gilbert B. failed to be careful enough in advance, and as a result were trapped before they knew what was happening. But Fred, at least, learned his lesson.

Fred got a new job after his release from the lockup and settled down to life under his wife's thumb. On the quiet, he got in touch with a lawyer. He told his sad story, noting that he suspected he could have avoided trouble if he'd known more about the law in such cases. He asked the lawyer to stand by in case of future trouble.

Apparently something in Fred's story touched a nerve in the lawyer. The lawyer was old, experienced and sourly misogynistic—the result of two unhappy marriages. He made Fred's case a personal concern.

He advised Fred, first, to begin regular visits to a reputable psychiatrist. The object of this was to create a status of regular association with a respected member of the mental-health profession—a status which, the old lawyer thought, might later come in handy.

Then, perhaps on his own initiative or perhaps urged by the old lawyer, Fred launched a program of carefully and deliberately irritating his wife. He did nothing that could be used against him in an insanity hearing. He perpetrated no violence, made no threats. He simply stopped talking to her. When they were with other people, he'd talk. Alone with her, he was a living corpse.

Fred's wife was a neurotic woman. It tormented her. She began to shout and scream at him. The apartment neighbors heard her. Sometimes Fred would drop in at a neighbor's for a beer and shake his head sadly. The word got around the building: "Fred's wife's cracking up."

She tried to punish him by railroading him back into the lockup. But the old lawyer had built his defenses well. Fred's psychiatrist testified that Fred was sane. Several of Fred's neighbors took the stand to praise his calm, quiet ways. They added that, as far as they knew, Fred always spoke pleasantly and courteously to his wife. Fred left the hearing with the old lawyer's arm around his shoulders.

Fred's wife screamed more and more, had splitting headaches and fits of weeping, sometimes hit Fred or threw things at him. The neighbors began to complain, sometimes to the police. The police had to come around several times and quiet things down.

It ended where the old lawyer, perhaps, had foreseen it would end. At a hearing in the early summer of 1960, Fred's wife was adjudged insane and shipped off to an institution.

—Max Gunther

TRUE

"Oops!"

The Booby Fish that Takes the Prize

[*Continued from page* 45]

As Paul and I now creeled our fish there was a *blip* nearby on the surface of the river. Then came another and another. Madly fumbling with his tackle, Young shouted with excitement, "They're starting to rise!"

By the time we'd switched to dry flies, the surface of the river was everywhere dimpled by scores of feeding fish. It was an amazing scene. Moments before no one would have guessed they were here. Hurriedly I worked out line, glancing meanwhile at my watch. It was 9:30 a.m. Fifteen minutes later neither of us had caught a fish and we were both at the fine edge of frustration.

I was remembering numerous identical experiences from other seasons when I had found mountain whitefish feeding on the surface. They're predominantly bottom feeders. But especially during late-summer months they quite commonly rise to various hatches, usually of extremely small insects. One early fall on a Utah river I had discovered great success at such times with a No. 14 Gray Bivisible. I tried it now.

Instantly a fish rolled at it. But the blighter didn't take. For several casts, every time the fly floated down a fish splashed at it. Was my pickup up too quick, or were they simply not grabbing it? Mountain whitefish can be devilish to hook on dry flies because of the way they suck in a fly. The next time one struck, however, I managed to stick him. There was a thrashing roil and away he went.

"Look out!" I yelled.

The fish missed tangling in Young's boots by inches and zoomed downstream, shaking its head in typical fashion, putting on the pressure. You do not fish these interesting gentlemen long until you learn several odd items of lore about them. For instance, no matter how wildly my fish splashed on the surface, others all around kept right on feeding. When I had to move farther into the stream to press the battle, other feeding fish nearby paused only momentarily then went back to rising nonchalantly behind me.

"If those were trout," I called to Paul, "I'd have put every damned one down."

Oddly, too, you can tell instantly by the rises that feeding whitefish are not trout. They make only a quick, small surface dimple most of the time, never the rousing whammaroo of a hungry trout. Also, though it's no infallible rule, whitefish seem to relish certain small insects about which trout are blasé. In a half-dozen different states of the west slope I have observed that a trout and whitefish stream will be alive with surface-feeding whitefish and hardly a trout will show. The reverse is also true. However, when trout are feeding below surface, whitefish often will be, too.

As I landed mine, there was a noisy *slurp* against the opposite bank. Young shouted, "That's a good brown. I know damn well I can catch him!"

He swiftly tied on a larger fly, made his cast. The brown took it beautifully. Up it went, and away in a streaking run. Lovely indeed. But I still couldn't get over the fact that it was the "trash fish" that were giving us the sporty catching trouble.

Presently Young landed the trout. After a bit I looked around and he was fast to an extra-large whitefish and crowing that at last he'd found what they wanted, a small Blue Dun. Fifty casts later he wasn't so sure. It was 11:30 and the hatch had subsided. We retired toward the bank.

"It just occurred to me," I said, "why some fishermen call these darned things trash. They can catch trout, but these give 'em so much trouble they pretend they're no good!"

We sat down, counted up, and began gutting the catch. We each had only four. Paul sighed. "How can a guy be this embarrassed and at the same time so enthused?"

Several seasons previously, while on a long tour of the West Coast, I had discovered a couple of fair little angling tricks. Whitefish are often school fish; a riffle or run will be solidly packed with them when they're feeding, and groups of like size are commonly found together.

COMING . . .

New Hampshire's Governor King, in an exclusive interview, explains his firm stand on the controversial

LOTTERY LAW

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Instead of fishing immediately when a rise started, I'd walk the bank looking for a big deep run.

One evening, I left a mass of half-pound fish that were making tiny dimples and found a spot where the river narrowed to heavy water. On the far side I could see big fish turning over, for in this violent current they had to show themselves in order to take the floating insects.

I knew I could not get a good float with my dry fly because the current would bow my floating line and jerk the fly under, so I tied on a wet fly called the Muddler, a pattern representing a small minnow. I soaked it well, worked it out above the fish. The current swept it around into the middle of them. As the line began to straighten, the strike that came was a real jolt. The fish wallowed violently, zoomed off downstream on a run that fairly made my ears ring.

On subsequent occasions I had tried this trick repeatedly. By using this pattern or something similar below the surface during rises, quite a few large whitefish could be taken. In addition, when a surface rise began to subside, apparently many fish were still hungry and agitated. By using a wet fly then—though no "blips" showed—some of the biggest specimens were intrigued. . . .

Young and I had rented a housekeeping cottage in West Yellowstone, Montana. As we drove back for lunch we were discussing the curious whitefish-angler situation. Here was a morning when we had exactly one trout. Had we fished just for trout, we'd have had a lousy morning. But we had eight whitefish, had enjoyed the exquisite torture of exasperation, the heady thrills of well-bowed rods and splashing fish. The whitefish had fought altogether as well as any trout their size. They had been *more* difficult to take. The only thing they didn't do that some trout will do, was jump.

"It doesn't seem to me," I said, "that this one failing is enough to put them into the class of 'trash.' This is definitely a top-quality angling resource that's being ignored."

"In all fairness," Young replied, "you forget that a trout is delicious but—as the natives all say—a mountain whitefish is too bony to bother eating. They're real good smoked, but that's about all. Undoubtedly this is one of the main reasons few fishermen fool with 'em."

"And you forget," I bristled, "that the natives aren't necessarily oracles. I'll prove it to you."

It was true that practically everyone I had ever talked to about this fish had shrugged it off as nearly worthless for table use. But what had first set me thinking about how to prepare mountain whitefish was remembering my childhood. We lived in the country in the "Thumb" area of Michigan. Once a week a fish peddler used to drive past our place with his little wagon, tooting a tin horn. The fish he always had iced in his wooden box were, as country folks thereabouts called them, "herron." That was a corruption of "herring." And these fish, silvery, small of mouth, about the size of mountain whitefish, were "lake herring" from Huron, one of the Great Lakes. All of the Great Lakes have them, but they are not herring at all and were called that because to pioneer settlers coming from the East they resembled the various common herrings of salt water.

Although "lake herring" came to be a quasi-proper book name for them, these fish are ciscoes and are members of the whitefish family. There are many species of cisco scattered all across the Northeast and Great Lakes country and into Canada. They, and the common or Great Lakes whitefish, and the pilot or round or Menominee whitefish are, with the several regional varieties of mountain whitefish of the West, the charter members of this family. All are closely related to the trouts and the grayling, even though they have much larger and more prominent scales.

"I used to watch my grandmother prepare 'herron' for the table," I related as we drove up to our cottage. "I'll show you exactly how she did it. Only with mountain whitefish. It works perfectly."

First she'd scale the fish, then cut off the pectoral and ventral fins, and cut out the dorsal and anal fins. Next, off came the head. I remember so plainly sitting and watching how deftly she accom-

plished the rest of the operation. She spread the fish open, held the head end toward her, ran the blade of a thin, sharp knife between ribs and meat, cutting the ribs free clear back to the vent area. She then ran her left thumb under the forward tip of the backbone, got hold of it with that thumb and forefinger. With her right hand she now worked the meat loose from ribs and backbone, quickly stripping it backward toward the tail.

"This tore some bits of flesh," I explained, showing Paul just how. "When the bones were completely stripped free, the inside of the fish was sort of ragged, just like this one."

I now patted the ragged-looking parts down flat with my hand, proceeded to clean the others the same way and lay each flat out and open, a kind of double fillet. Following that, they were flapped individually upon a plate with flour on it, and when each side was well floured, salted and peppered, into the skillet they went.

"Should I put the one trout in?" Young asked.

"Cook it by itself."

When the whitefish were done, they took me back so strongly to my kid days that I could hardly remember where I was.

"Now," I said, "taste your trout first."

He did. "Mossy."

This is a common failing of western trout during late summer when water is low and at its warmest. It is a kind of musty taste reminiscent of the odor of algae. Some persons don't mind it. But many people who are great fish lovers cannot abide this late-summer flavor. I am one.

Young now pushed the trout aside and reached for a whitefish. In the ensuing wordless, gourmandizing 20 minutes he reached three more times. If he had reached again I'd have stabbed his hand with my fork. At the end of the meal he said,

"Not one bone. Terrific! The most delicious fish I ever ate." He pushed back his chair and added, "Let's go."

"Where?"

"After more."

Like all of its tribe, the mountain whitefish is a species of cold waters. It is native only on the western slope of the Rockies. This does not mean its range is small. It begins in Colorado, and westward at California's Carson River, and runs far north to the Fraser and the Skeena in British Columbia. The species dwells in lakes as well as in streams, but it is invariably found in the swift stretches of the latter, and is at its best there.

Trying to locate these streams for fishing purposes is to a great extent a trial-and-error business. Fish-and-game departments of the several mountain states can give pinpoint information. But seeking answers in fishing literature will just get you a long, near-dry run.

Here as a starter is a list of a few good streams where whitefish can save a day when trout are indisposed. In Montana the Yellowstone from Billings on upstream, also the Missouri drainage, with the Gallatin and Madison good bets; in Nevada the Truckee; the Wind River, Snake, Green, Shoshone in Wyoming; in Colorado the Elk, White, Yampa and tributaries; the Provo in Utah; the Payette and Salmon in Idaho; almost all of the coastal streams of Washington and Oregon. There are a great many more.

"You used to complain to me while we ate."

For fishermen who prefer spinning, it should be known that Rocky Mountain whitefish will often take small spoons and spinners, and also bait such as aquatic nymphs. The artificials must be really small. The use of bait is mainly a sport indulged in wintertimes by natives of the fish's range. The whitefish spawn in fall, then gather in large groups in deep holes and runs, remaining until ice-out in spring and feeding actively on nymphs grubbed from the bottom. A tiny hook baited with a nymph, usually of the stone fly, and floated through the pool, takes the fish when snow is on the ground and ice reaches out from the banks.

When spring comes the concentrations of whitefish spread out from the big pools, moving into the riffles once more. A bait fisherman can take them there by letting a nymph on a small hook tumble along bottom. Fly fishing, however, is far more sport. During the early weeks wet flies are best. The fishing often starts very slowly. In fact, on numerous occasions I've seen trout hitting very well and not a whitefish hooked. But once the hatches begin, concentrations of whitefish can be spotted by their peculiar dimpling rises. From here on fishing picks up, and fortunately is likely to reach its peak when trout fishing has reached its lowest summer ebb.

Because few anglers purposely fish the species, limits in most states are high, as many as 25. This makes it all very pleasant indeed for the enthusiast.

It seemed fitting that Paul Young and I should hit our best session of "substitute trout" on our last afternoon. We got to the river at that bewitching hour when light begins to turn yellow and the crisp feel of late summer in the high-country settles like a shawl around every bend.

As we rigged, Paul said, "They're at it again."

There was a wide, deep hole nearby where water swirled against a high bank opposite. Some big fish kept showing. We tried, but it was a bit too far to reach. A mountain whitefish has one crowning exasperation—it will not move from its feeding position even a short distance after a floating fly. And if you have to cast from a difficult position and miss strikes, these individual fish, unlike trout, will seldom try your offering again.

We made a long upstream detour to get across. At last we were in position and we decided to try them with the Muddler. We dropped these sinking Mesmerizers, let the current roll them, and in the next instant the river came apart. Splashing and wallowing, a pair of good ones went streaking away. From there on, I'm not just sure how many we caught. My creel became heavier and heavier. The yellow went out of the light. Finally I heard and felt the brawling slash of a hooked fish and in excitement I snubbed him too solidly. With that small sound of utter finality, the leader parted.

I wound in and went to the pickup and ran up a drink. Young somehow senses at great distance a sundowner and was there before the soda quit fizzing.

"Maybe," I said, "we ought to keep these fish secret. If too many get after 'em, they may ruin it for us."

"Right!" he replied, gesturing grandly with his bourbon. "I intend to confide in only a select few thousand of my most intimate friends."

—Byron W. Dalrymple

Instant Elegance for the Adventurous Male

[*Continued from page* 43]

tailor-shops signs that they often physically overlap. For the traveler with no time or money to waste on the wrong pick, the problem of finding the right tailor can seem like a diabolical Chinese puzzle. After extensive leg-work and research with veteran Colony businessmen, we developed a few guidelines. First, tailor shops displaying the emblem of the respected Hong Kong Tourist Association are almost unquestionably reputable. Second, because there are many grades of tailoring, buyers should beware of bargains that seem too big.

We started at the bottom of the ladder with our first tailor contact and it came about by chance. We had stopped briefly to read all the big brags in the main street display windows of the Red Chinese information agency on Hong Kong island one afternoon when we were picked up by the whispered pitch of a tall, hollow-cheeked Chinese in an ill-fitting suit. He called himself Mr. Tan. He was promoting a "velly good suit, cheap." We decided to see what kind of a trap Mr. Tan had baited for the unwary. When he beckoned, we followed. He led us wordlessly and at a quick, dodging pace through heavy sidewalk traffic for a couple of blocks, finally indicated the entrance to an office building and took us to the elevator. In the privacy of the lift he asked if we would be in town long. "Not long," we replied, wondering just how swiftly this operator could whip together a suit—and for how much.

"Suit cost you only twenty-six dollar, American," Tan said as he led us down a dark fourth floor hall, past a doorway marked "The White Ant Exterminating Company," and finally to his own store—which was identified as an embroidery exporting company, but not a word about men's suits.

"How soon can you have it ready?" we asked.

"You pick fablick now, you have beautiful suit this same time tomorrow."

The shop was plainly a base of operations for street hustlers. In addition to a lonely, basted-up suit jacket which hung on the wall like a stage prop, there were dingy display cases stuffed with cashmere sweaters, ivory carvings, Oriental curios. Behind each showcase one of Mr. Tan's co-tenants smiled at the new arrival like a spider greeting a fly. Tan himself is what Hong Kong tailoring trade calls a "yellow cow." He hooks business off the street for some sweatshop operator, gets 30 percent commission and is about as popular as cholera with the reputable members of the business.

We told him we weren't sure his 24-hour delivery promise was fast enough. He came down to 20 hours. We paused. He came down to 16. The suit which would be produced in this length of time would be worthless. The fabric would very likely not be the same quality that the customer originally selected from swatches. The $26 would be a total loss. We had, in short, found the absolute underground of the Hong Kong tailoring business.

Our next stop was at Man Yee Co., Ltd. at 22 Hanoi Road, Kowloon. This is a middle-grade establishment, inexpensive, honest. Mr. Tom Tong, a perpetually excited and smiling Chinese, is the manager. The store is small and subdivided into several independent enterprises—a jewelry counter, a sweater-blouse-type gift counter, a custom-made-shoe display and an ivory-jade curio concession. Yet this was basically a tailor shop and one wall was stacked with bolts of fabric to prove it. Customers' measurements were taken behind a drapery at the back of the store. A door at the rear led to two incredibly crowded workrooms where a half-dozen contented Chinese were working on several suits in various stages of completion. A radio played American rock 'n' roll.

Man Yee suits average $32 to $36 in medium weight worsteds, they take 48 hours to make, including two fittings. Tong told us that he had made suits "for Mr. Frank Sinatra and Mr. Buddy Rich." It should be noted that several Hong Kong tailors claim Mr. Sinatra as a customer. Tong says he delivers 120 to 150 suits a month, plus another 20 or 30 sold by mail to customers in the U.S. He showed us an order received that day from a small American storekeeper who simply specified "six suits; 3 size 40, 3 size 42." Tong will fill such an order with stock-measurement clothing and his own selection of fabrics. He admits that the ultimate buyer of these clothes isn't getting anything special in price or quality, but at least he can flash a "Made in Hong Kong" label at his friends.

Shops such as Man Yee's do a big business with U.S. military personnel. When pressed (even ever so slightly) they can rush work in less than 48 hours. Not long ago, Tong crash-programmed 22 suits for a group of Clark Field airmen. They arrived at 3 p.m. to select fabrics, had their first fittings at 8 p.m., second fittings at 9 a.m. the next day and finished suits two hours later. This is exceptional—but Tong says that military types are easier to fit than older American men with bulging figure problems.

We left Yee's feeling that you might well get an acceptable suit from such a place, particularly if careful fabric selection were made and enough time allowed for fittings. But for only a few more dollars, a buyer can take a big step up.

Johnson's, in the middle of the high-rent district at 60 Nathan Road, is probably typical of the next quality stage for the shopper to consider. This firm employs three fitters, 40 to 50 tailors, and an uncounted number of eager young Chinese apprentices who are affectionately known as "mickey learners." Johnson's suits average $42.50, they take two or three days to make and their fabric assortment is large, including the best British woolens, Italian silks, U.S. blends. They do a mail order business in the U.S., but only if an American tailor will take the customer's measurements according to a specially-devised Johnson's chart. For the military trade, Johnson's maintains a waterfront branch in Kowloon where they offer lower prices.

We asked Mr. Y. C. Koo, managing director at Johnson's, what American customers were like.

"Well," he pondered, "first they want to know all about the quality of our workmanship . . . but when we give them the finished suit, I don't think they know where to look for that workmanship. Americans are always just checking the button holes."

We asked about American tastes in style. Mr. Koo said, "Americans do not ask for as many specialties as do Europeans. They do not accept many suggestions. About one in 20 wants a vest . . . about one in 10 wants two pairs of pants with his suit. That's about it."

Our next stop was a plush establishment on Hong Kong island, H. Baroman's at 23 Chater Road. Mr. Baroman, the owner, is called by some the best cutter in Hong Kong. Inasmuch as fabric cutting is one of the most important steps in the making of any suit, this is an important recommendation. On the other hand, some tailors, while conceding that Baroman is an excellent cutter, point out with a polite Oriental smile, "Of course, he never *made* a suit in his life. He just cuts."

The Baroman shop is spread over three floors. The street level is mainly for reception. Mr. Baroman's own private fitting rooms and cutting tables are on the upper level, while the fabric selection and additional fitting rooms are on a lower level. This area is decorated with a gallery of celebrity photographs taken on the premises. They would indicate that Baroman has made clothing for Mike Todd, Adm. Lewis Strauss, Orson Welles, Cantinflas, Edward G. Robinson, Laurence Harvey and Alfred Krupp of the German war-making family.

Like most of the other good men in the business, Baroman came from Shanghai in the late 40's. Shanghai tailors have long been recognized as among the world's best. Before the exodus from Shanghai, Hong Kong was never noted as a center of the needle trades. Baroman has been a tailor for 40 years. His English is difficult to understand, but his son—who has decided to sell life insurance instead of becoming a tailor—stood by to simplify conversation for us.

An average Baroman suit costs about $75, never takes less than four days to make (usually a week), requires not less than three fittings and, if repute means anything, must be as good as anything you can find in Hong Kong. Such a suit couldn't be duplicated in the U.S. for less than $200. Baroman has 40 tailors in his workrooms but does all the fitting, and cutting, himself. He turns out 150 suits a month, does a little mail order, particularly if the American customer can send an old but good-fitting suit to Hong Kong to be duplicated.

Now we had climbed the sartorial ladder to its summit and we had seen something of all grades of tailoring. But stay awhile, you who would someday buy a Hong Kong suit. There is more to the business: trickery and intrigue, the

shadow of U.S. Customs hanging over every purchase—and the angry rumblings of American labor.

The name Chen is a common one among Chinese and an important one in Hong Kong tailoring circles. Jimmy Chen and George Chen are not related, but both do a big business and have top reputations. They are far above the day-to-day scramble for the tourist dollar. In a big month their combined production may top 1,000 suits. But Jimmy Chen is unhappy with the direction the tailoring business is taking. He is, you might say, an angry man.

"Look," he says, "I'm the original Shanghai boy here. I was the first Shanghai tailor to come to Hong Kong in 1948 and I started this whole business. I had a small shop over on Hankow Road and I went out hard after business. I was the first tailor to develop a good executive clientele. When I arrived in this town there were only 14 or 15 local tailors and they were all Cantonese." Chen is in his mid-40's now, a good talker, prosperous, confident.

"But this business is going to hell. Too many fast-buck artists in it now. Too many people who think they can get something for nothing. It can't be done. Look at it this way. Three and a quarter, three and a half yards of cloth go into a man's suit. You can't get anything decent for a suit under $7 a yard. That's about $25 for fabric alone, minimum. Add to that $30 for labor. For good needle. That means $55 buys a good suit. If you pay less, you take your chances. We got lots of tailors in Hong Kong who are what we call 'American sailor' tailors. They put about $15 worth of labor into a suit. That's how you can get one for maybe $35. But it isn't a suit.

"All kinds of tricks going on that the tourist doesn't know anything about. We got more hustlers in Hong Kong than tailors. We've got tour guides who brag about making HK$ 1,000 or HK$ 2,000 a week in easy kick-back commissions ($150—$300)—that's for steering people to certain tailors. All that money has to come out of the clothing somewhere. I know a tailor who pays a hotel desk clerk as much as HK$ 1,500 a week (about $250) to send him the names of guests checking into that hotel . . . or to direct them to the shop. The tourist thinks he's getting an honest recommendation from someone he can trust; he's staying in a first class hotel, but he's getting steered to a third class tailor who charges him first class rates.

"Another thing. This business of the tailor taking customers out to lunch or dinner. The tourist is flattered. It makes him feel big and important. Or to have someone meet him at the airport. I won't do it. I offer my customers a Coke or a beer when they come to my shop, that's all. The money that tailors spend entertaining customers comes out of the suit. Some of them do so much entertaining they have to hire an Entertainment Manager. He meets the planes, sets up the lunches or dinners, takes people on tours of the town. People think they're getting all that for nothing. I say give customers quality—not dinner."

Jimmy Chen shakes his head to seem dismayed. "You know what some of the cab drivers in this town do? They get a passenger who wants to be taken to my shop, they drive him by the place and they say, 'But that isn't really Jimmy Chen any more. It's just his name on a store. Jimmy Chen made so much money he retired. He lives in California now.' Then they take the tourist around the block to some other tailor who's paying them a commission."

When we left Chen he said, "Please, don't even bother to use my name. I don't need any more business. I've got all I can handle. Just tell people the truth. What Hong Kong needs is more tailors and less salesmen."

In the Yellow Pages of the Hong Kong telephone directory, Chen is one of the few tailors to take an ad of any size. It says only: "Jimmy Chen & Co., Ltd. A word of warning to all newcomers. We have no outdoor representatives, so beware of peddlers who use our name."

Having surveyed the business from yellow cows to celebrity tailors, I decided to have some clothes made for myself. I went to George Chen whose quiet, businesslike shop is in the Peninsula Court hotel. George is a gracious, sad looking Chinese, about 50, who says he will spend no money on advertising, hires no salesmen, will only take mail orders from customers who have previously been fitted in his shop. His suits run from $48 to $65. He employs 30 men in his workrooms, turns out 300 to 400 suits in a month. He isn't the biggest in the business, he isn't the most expensive, he isn't a flamboyant salesman. But he did take me to dinner. And, as it turned out, he didn't add the check to the cost of the suits. But while we sipped hot Chinese wine and chopsticked our way through a Shanghai-type meal, we talked clothes. I wanted to know what questions were put to him most often by customers. He told me:

- "Customers often ask me how long one of my suits should last. I always say it depends on how many suits a man wears. Wear a suit every day or several times a week and you cut its life in half at least. Give it a few days' rest on the hanger and it comes back.
- "People also want to know what's a good year 'round weight for a suit in the U.S. I say about a 9 ounce fabric—and there's nothing made in the world today that's better than an American wool-Dacron blend.
- "Somebody always wants to know why we tailors want to keep cuffs on pants. A lot of men seem to think they should be eliminated. Well, I say it's all right to leave cuffs off a pair of slacks, but a suit should have cuffs. Also, the added weight of fabric at the bottom of a man's pants helps them hang right. Without cuffs, trousers flop around the feet.
- "Men sometimes ask which is best, belt or suspenders. All I can say as a tailor is, pants hang right from suspenders.
- "A lot of Americans seem to want fancy, colorful linings in their jackets. They ask for Thai silk and things like that. Well, I try to change their mind. First of all, many silks aren't color fast and the dyes come out in the armpits. Second, some silks aren't slippery enough. A suit lining must be slick, it mustn't rub or pull against a man's shirt. Besides, bright color linings make a problem for a man's accessories. If you've got a plum color lining in your suit jacket, there are only certain color neckties you can wear.
- "Every once in a while someone says to me, 'What if I don't like my Hong Kong suit when I get home? What kind of guarantee do you offer a U.S. customer?' Well, I'd like to show you what I do. I take the suits back and refund

TRUE

"Put the cat out?"

"Even if he did re-enlist, we'd probably never get him back in another P.T. boat."

the money. I must have 30 or 40 suits in the shop right now that I took back. No tailor is perfect. Some men are hard to fit. I never argue. They get their money back."

The next day we selected a couple of suitings that pleased our taste and had our first personal experience with a Hong Kong tailor. There's no doubt about it, a man's old Stateside suit never looks worse than when he steps in front of a master tailor's mirrors. Chen looked without expression at my off-the-rack American garment, plucked a little at a sleeve (which suddenly looked like it had been made for Joseph Stalin) and asked, "Do you *like* this suit you have on?" A week earlier I would have said yes without hesitation, but now I wasn't so sure. Chen suggested some changes in style. Then he draped some fabric over my shoulder and I felt a little like a Roman senator. Meanwhile a busy man with a tape measure was fussing over me from Adam's apple to Achilles' heel, all the while clucking Chinese phrases to an assistant who took notes. There was some discussion about the way my jacket fit across the shoulders (now I felt like Quasimodo), more clucking and more measuring. Then, almost abruptly, it was over. First fitting tomorrow.

First fitting is very important. The fabric has been cut into what passes for the shape of a suit, the various pieces have been stitched together in a loose fashion. Sleeves are only tacked in place and may be ripped out during the fitting. The whole lash-up feels like something you would wear to an electrocution. It's hard for the customer to know what's going on at this stage. I just trusted in Chen and tried not to rip the trousers apart as I put them on and off. About the only suggestion I could make during the first fitting pertained to the length of the jacket. Other aspects of the eventual fit are, as far as I could see, obscured, like a building under a scaffolding.

On the second fitting you have a suit. It should be nearly right. You can walk around in it, sit down, do a few strokes of the twist, flex your biceps and satisfy yourself that it hangs right when you stand still in front of the triptych mirrors. If anything bothers you, speak up. At this stage, there isn't anything that can't be fixed or changed—except your choice of fabric. A particular craftsman like Chen will probably find things he doesn't like even if you don't notice them. He may even scold his workroom boss in a clatter of Chinese. Whether all this is to make the customer feel pampered or not is an inscrutable question.

Third fitting should be the delivery of the suit. A touch of the iron may be needed here and there, but that's all. At this moment, as you're paying the bill (my wool-Dacrons cost $48 each) the tailor may tell you that if you will wear the suit out of his shop and back to your hotel, it will be a "used" suit and will therefore qualify for a reduced customs rate when you re-enter the U.S. Don't believe him. Don't believe him either if he tells you that customs rates are based on wholesale value and therefore you may safely deduct 30 per cent when declaring the suit to Uncle Sam. In fact, just to be safe, don't believe *anything* a Hong Kong tailor tells you about U.S. Customs. Nine chances out of 10, he's wrong—as we were to discover.

It is difficult to leave Hong Kong without a feeling of nostalgia. As our BOAC jet whooshed us up and away over the green islands and beautiful harbor, we took a last look at what is surely one of the world's most exciting cities. Memories of the Star Ferry, the waterfront lights at night, fortune tellers and palm readers, the Victorian elegance of the Peninsula Hotel lobby, bright-eyed mickey learners, floating restaurants, rickshaws, pretty girls in *cheongsams*—all flashed by. A wingtip away, the yawn-mouthed Rolls-Royce jets turned 24 gallons of fuel into fire and thrust every minute. Through the open door to the flight deck we could watch four men in crisp white and gold braid as they worked the big Boeing through the evening sky. Thirteen hours over the eastern horizon was Hawaii.

We talked with Dr. Ernest I. Murai, U.S. Collector of Customs when we arrived at Honolulu. Every tailor and shopkeeper in Hong Kong had told us that his was the toughest customs gateway to the U.S. for returning travelers.

"What do people try to get away with when they come home?" we asked Murai.

"Oh, all kinds of obvious things." Murai takes the stern but kindly view of a father who has caught a young son in a lie. "Some of them even forget to mention the new suit they're wearing. We can spot Hong Kong tailoring, though. Some of those tailors out there have been putting the labels from their customers' old U.S. suits into the new ones to fool us. But people almost always keep the Hong Kong label (later to be replaced in its proper suit—ed.) and so we usually find it right in their baggage somewhere." Customs plainly regards this as a pretty old and not too clever trick.

We asked about how much "wear" was needed to qualify a suit as used.

"We try not to be too hard on that," said Murai. "If it's had some travel wear on the journey, we may allow as much as 25 percent reduction in value. It's a matter of discretion, not any hard and fast rule."

The question of wholesale value gave us a surprise. Many Hong Kong tailors stamp their customers' bills with a declaration of wholesale value. My own bills from George Chen say, "For the assistance of Customs. The wholesale value of this garment is 30 percent off."

Murai set us straight on this. "With custom-tailored clothes the amound paid is the wholesale value for Customs. We don't recognize any of these stamps the Chinese tailors use."

We went off to Waikiki thinking that other people's grumbles notwithstanding, we'd yet to meet a U.S. Customs man who wasn't a pretty good citizen doing an unpopular job.

Back in New York we decided to visit one of the latest Hong Kong tailors to open a retail shop in Manhattan. This is Mohans at 75 East 55th St. We spoke with Gobind Mohan. He told us business was good.

"We are selling 100 to 150 suits a month here. Considering we have only been open two months, we are happy with those results."

Mohans is an old, well established firm in Hong Kong. The Mohan family is Indian, but they employ only Chinese tailors in their workrooms. Their first U.S. success came in 1961 when they opened a store at the Seattle World's Fair. This led to the present attempt to crack the rich New York trade. Customer's measurements are taken at the 55th St. shop and sent to Hong Kong where the suits are made up in about four weeks. If further changes are indicated at the first fitting the work is done in the New York shop by an American tailor. From order to delivery, the Mohan's intercontinental system takes no longer than a New York tailor will take.

Mohans suits cost from $58 to $130 in New York. They average about $88. These prices include duty and shipping. The suit which is purchased for $88 in New York could be bought in the Hong Kong store for $50. Using a widely-accepted rule of thumb, this suit would cost 2½ times as much if ordered from an American tailor: $125. Thus, even at $88, there is a significant saving.

We asked Mr. Mohan what he thought of Chinese tailoring. He gave a candid answer. "In China, all progress comes slowly. The same with tailoring. I think some American and European tailors are quicker to use technical improvements in the making of a suit. The Chinese just go on doing things the way they always have. But don't get me wrong; the workmanship is good."

Not everyone agrees that Chinese workmanship is so good—particularly not the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. In fact, this big and powerful union is embarked on a tough-talking campaign to keep Hong Kong suits away from U.S. shores. Admittedly, the union's main concern is not the one or two custom-tailored suits which a tourist may bring home, but a burgeoning trade in ready-to-wear suits which shows all signs of explosive growth.

In the union's headquarters at 15 Union Square, Manhattan, we talked with Assistant General President Howard D. Samuel. (We were wearing one of our Hong Kong suits, by the way.) Mr. Samuel is a young, well-polished labor executive who lets himself be called the union's "far eastern expert." He has never been to Hong Kong, but the place is obviously very much on his mind these days.

He told me, "In 1962 there were about 10,000 ready-made suits imported into the U.S. from Hong Kong. This is a relatively small figure. (A total of 21 million suits were sold in the U.S. last year—ed.) But at the present rate of growth, we think the figure could go to 50,000 suits in 1963—and conceivably to 300,000 by 1964—unless we do something about it."

Amalgamated is doing something about it. Last April the Union got tough with the White House department store in San Francisco which carried some Hong Kong-made suits on its racks. Union leaflets were passed out to shoppers stating "By selling imported Hong Kong clothing made under substandard working conditions, this store is actually helping to undermine the decent standard of living of all Americans." According to the ACW newspaper, *The Advance*: "After a few hours, the store management removed the suits from the racks, stopped all sale of the suits and ceased all advertising of the garments made in the Crown Colony."

Amalgamated achieved the same results at the J. L. Hudson store in Detroit and again at Raymonds in Boston. The Union has also prepared circulars which charge that "Hong Kong clothing workers earn as little as 15¢ per hour" and adds, "We haven't seen wages like 15¢ since the sweatshop, 50 years ago when there were no unions and no laws protecting the rights of workers . . . American workers cannot compete and don't want to compete with wages like this."

Union executive Samuel explained further. "The Hong Kong suit is one more abomination for our U.S. industry. They can bring a ready-made suit into San Francisco for $19, including duty and profit. An American store may charge over $50 for this garment. We're not sure the customer is always going to be satisfied.

"It isn't really a matter of 10,000 suits or even 50,000 suits that concerns us. It's the rapid acceleration in the last couple of years. If the growth of imports from Hong Kong could be phased out over a period of years, it would be easier to accept."

We reminded Mr. Samuel that for many workers in Hong Kong, 15¢ an hour was a good wage; that thousands of them were refugees from Communism who had risked their lives to escape Red China; that the British government had performed a near miracle to absorb 140,000 fleeing Chinese in 1962 alone and to find work for most of them. We asked how he felt about choking off free trade for these desperate people.

"I don't know what to say about that," he said sincerely. "I feel for those people. This union has always had a basic policy in favor of reciprocal trade. And we call ourselves 'a union with a heart.' But I also have to think of the little old Italian lady who works in lower Manhattan and who makes $2 an hour in our industry and who must not be put out of work if we can help it."

So, I had traveled 25,000 miles and talked with scores of people to know more about the Hong Kong suit. I now have two of the controversial garments hanging in my closet and I suppose I'm hooked. When they wear out, I'm going to have a problem. But I think I know what will happen then because a Chinese fortune teller told me. When I asked him if I would come back to Hong Kong, he took three old Chinese coins and put them, one at a time, into a dried out tortoise shell. He shook the shell vigorously for a minute or two, the coins clattering, then dropped them out onto a table. Next, a few strokes of chalk on a small slate produced three vertical columns of Chinese characters. He studied these for a while, struck the back of the shell sharply several times with the edge of one of the coins and then looked up. My interpreter gave me the verdict.

"He says you will be back."

I think he's right. After all, a suit doesn't last forever. **—Charles N. Barnard**

The Great Flying Bank Robbery

[*Continued from page* 52]

somebody," he told Tommy, so the day before the robbery Tommy took Bugs down to the waterfront and gave him lessons. This seems a little late for a bank robber to be learning how to shoot, but that's the way it was.

To get out of answering embarrassing questions the pair told their wives they were off on a charter flight. And because all decent bank robbers have a rendezvous, they rented rooms at the Embassy Apartments. Then Bugs sought out Curley Eiler, an official at Tampa International Airport, and told him he had a business appointment in Venice, Florida, the next day. The obliging Curley promptly loaned him his private plane, a Cessna 180.

The morning of October 24, Bugs and Tommy got up at 3:30 and threw the O.D.'s and some empty pillow cases into a cardboard suitcase. At the last moment Tommy decided the new O.D.'s were too tight, so he grabbed up an old pair instead. That was a mistake, but it didn't really matter.

It was about daybreak when they took off in Curley's Cessna. They flew all over central Florida casing the airports for a get-away plane to steal. They looked at Winter Haven, St. Petersburg, Pinellas, Sarasota, Bradenton, and Venice, and were getting pretty desperate when they finally found just what they wanted at Clearwater. But when they tried to start the motor, they found the battery was dead. They cussed a bit and took off again in the Cessna. It was now 11 o'clock.

"We might rob some other place," Tommy said thoughtfully. "Maybe a restaurant."

"I can't do that," Bugs said, scandalized. "We might be taking money from someone who needs it."

They flew back to Gilbert Field in Winter Haven, determined to take any plane that wasn't nailed down, and found an Aeronca Champion painted a startling red and screeching yellow. It was not a plane in which to go unnoticed, but that didn't bother our boys.

Tommy hopped into the Aeronca, and side by side they taxied out for the take-off. Bugs waited for the green light, but Tommy, nervous and impatient, roared past and gunned through the red light of the control tower as it frantically tried to signal him down. Bugs said, "What the hell" and joined him. They zoomed off, flying in close, friendly formation for everybody to see. They might as well have put it in the papers.

Flying in tight formation to a little unmanned airport outside Plant City, they left the stolen airplane and flew the Cessna back to Tampa International Airport for dinner. Bank robbers have to eat, too.

At the door of the lunch room Bugs cracked. He needed a drink. Tommy thought this was another great idea. By the time the first was downed, the boys remembered the bird who couldn't fly on one wing—or, for that matter, on the second, third, or fourth wing.

They each gulped down five Scotch-and-sodas, which hit their empty stomachs like exploding bombs. Then, just

to make sure they didn't sober up, they got a pint to take with them.

They flew back to Plant City and the stolen Aeronca, transferred their belongings to it, and soared off in it for Fort Meade and fortune.

After circling Fort Meade cautiously, they finally landed on a little field at the southwest edge of town. They taxied the plane up beside a high tension tower and parked it headed into a fence, parallel to a railroad track and some distance from the road. Before they could take off, they would have to climb the fence, run 150 feet to the plane, and swing it completely around. It was like western bank robbers unsaddling their horses before they tackled the bank.

Bugs and Tommy now strolled a half mile to the center of town, stopping every once in awhile to guzzle their whisky. When they finally got to the bank they didn't know quite where to begin, so they wandered a block past it and into Varn's Drug Store. Tommy was showing the effects of all that alcohol, and the girl at the fountain warned Bugs, "You better take care of your friend or the police will get him."

"He's all right," Bugs said, "he's just been drinking." The girl didn't look reassured, and Bugs went on, "I'm a flight instructor and this is my student." Knowing they were flying drunks instead of the plain variety didn't seem to cheer her up any, so, after buying sun glasses, they left.

Exactly nine minutes before the First State Bank of Fort Meade was to explode in frenzied terror, the two turned off and began weaving down the middle of a side street with their arms around each other's shoulders. Bugs was reproaching Tommy about his drinking when they heard a car behind them and moved over to let it pass. Instead it pulled up beside them and stopped. A fat little bald-headed man wearing a badge on his shirt got out.

"You're under arrest," Constable Harry Godwin informed them. "Come along with me."

Just like that the whole thing was out of their hands. Gone was the thought that had sneakily crossed Bugs' mind—the chance to wander away and sleep it off somewhere under a tree. They couldn't waste time now, talking and drinking until it was too late. They had masks and guns in their pockets, and a stolen plane at the edge of town. They were trapped.

Standing there and blinking away the haze of alcohol they tried to clarify things. "Who's under arrest?" they asked, and immediately answered their own question, "You're the one under arrest."

Godwin tried a draw that was pretty fast in Fort Meade, but Bugs slapped his hand down and yanked the gun away. The two pushed the constable back in the car, got in beside him, and told him to drive out to the country. When they were on a back road, Bugs threw Godwin's gun in the weeds.

Then Tommy took Godwin's watch from him and clipped him on the head with his own gun. "You don't think we mean business, do you?" he snarled, and shot past Godwin's nose. Godwin jumped all right, but not so high as to make Tommy happy. "You're not scared enough!" he bellowed.

"I'm scared enough," Godwin assured him. Tommy fired past his nose again anyhow, just for luck.

"Cut it out," Bugs complained. "You're scaring hell out of both of us." Then, so no one could identify them, except, of course, Godwin, they drew the nylon stockings down over their faces and put on the masks. They started back to town.

Godwin, still driving, tried desperately to attract attention. He drove past a stop sign in front of another car in the middle of an intersection, but the other car politely dodged him and kept on. He sighted County Patrolman Herbert Goodson driving along with a visiting judge in the patrol car, but when he waved frantically, Patrolman Goodson waved back.

They parked at the drive-in window of the bank, just a few feet from the open side doorway. It was now 12:59.

Tommy pushed Godwin inside, while Bugs lingered behind to secure the rear. "All right," Bugs barked, waving his gun at everyone in sight on the street, "everybody get in the bank."

Rex Stanford, a printer who worked at the *Leader* half a block down the street, was getting back from lunch. He stepped out of his car, took one look at the gun and didn't argue. Neither did J. T. Smith, the contractor in charge of the bank remodeling job. But after Bugs had controlled these two, he tackled a teen-aged boy, Wayne Guest, who was on his way to his job as printer's devil at the *Leader*. "In the bank," Bugs snarled. The boy grinned and waved at him, and kept on walking down the street.

Bugs groaned. When men with guns gave commands on TV, people minded. "Everybody *else* get in the bank!" Bugs squawked. People stared at him.

"I don't have time to play games," one man told him angrily.

"All right," Bugs snapped. "You'll just have to stay here. I don't have time to fool around arguing with you." He went into the bank himself.

Inside the bank Tommy Suits was having a lot better luck impressing people. Morris Lunn, the personal loan officer, looked up from his mail and found what he quickly assumed to be a madman glaring down at him through the tight mesh of a nylon stocking. The madman held a gun in each hand, and there wasn't any doubt about what he was after, but the mesh was so tight over his mouth that he could hardly move his lips. He was mumbling something.

"What did you say?" Lunn asked.

"You goddam sonofabitch, you heard what I said!" Tommy burbled at the top of his lungs. He shoved one of the pistols at Lunn's head. "This is a hold-up! You do what I say or I'll blow your goddam brains out!" Tommy pulled a pillow case out of the pocket of his O.D.s, shoved it at Lunn, and told him to fill it up.

Lunn took the sack and led the way through the small glass-walled bookkeeping department to the three women tellers at the front of the bank. After one look at Tommy, they started pulling the money out of drawers and dumping it in the pillow case.

Meanwhile, Bugs had come in the side door. All attention was toward the front, where Tommy was performing, and Bugs walked unnoticed into the back vault and looked wistfully at the closed boxes of financial goodies. Since he didn't have the foggiest idea how to get into them, he drifted back out to see what was happening up front.

Tommy was going wild. As soon as the first pillow case was full, Tommy grabbed it and shoved another at Lunn. "Don't gimme anything less than tens!"

Lunn opened his hands helplessly. "There's no more up here," he tried to explain.

Tommy backed him into a corner and leaned down over him. "I'll blow your goddam brains out!" he raved.

One of the tellers, Mrs. Cleo Brown, screamed: "For God's sake, don't kill him! We don't have any more money!"

Tommy whirled on her and jabbed the gun in her stomach so hard that she had to be hospitalized later. "Do you want to die?" he yelled.

Lunn tried to slip away, but Tommy swung his gun around and whammed the barrel against the side of Lunn's head. The blow knocked Lunn clear through the bookkeeping department and against the back door, near where Bugs was standing, observing the affair.

Bugs turned to Lunn and tried to comfort him. "I don't want to hurt you, buddy," he said in a soft, gentle voice. Then he tried to reassure the girls and the women tellers. "Don't get excited, but don't try anything. Stay cool and I won't let anything happen to you."

Later on, the very people he was robbing remembered Bugs fondly. "If it hadn't been for Bugs," the women tellers declared, "no telling what would have happened to us. It was comforting, just having him there."

Even when he was robbing a bank, Bugs' personality came through.

Tommy was still prancing around in front of the tellers, yelling for more money and jabbing his gun in their bellies and screaming threats, when Bugs finally stepped up and took the pillow case away from him. "Come on," he commanded. "What are you trying to do, put on a show for them?"

Bugs turned, expecting Tommy to follow him, and went out, politely saying "Excuse me" as he stepped over Lunn lying by the door. Outside he flung the pillow case into the car, jumped in, and raced the motor. Tommy didn't appear. Bugs honked. No Tommy. "Come on, come on," Bugs called, "don't push your luck!"

Tommy yelled from inside the bank, "I'm not leaving till I get all the money!" More shots emphasized his statement.

Bugs laid on the horn four or five times, screaming, "Come on! Let's get going!" Finally he stumbled back into the bank, leaving the money bag behind him on the seat. This time, wildly waving his artillery, Tommy followed him out

and lunged halfway into the car as Bugs hit the gas. For a moment it was touch and go as to how much of Tommy was coming along, but by the time they hit the main drag toward the airport he'd squirmed inside—guns still in his hands.

Just then Police Chief Glenn Baggett, fat and friendly, heard over his car radio that the bank was being robbed and started there to see for himself. He was approaching Main Street from the south when Constable Godwin's car, Bugs at the wheel, bounced onto Main Street from the north and screeched west.

"Harry's right after them," Baggett said to himself admiringly. He swung into the wake of Godwin's car to join the chase. Perry Johnson, a fruit buyer, saw them zip by and pulled in behind Chief Baggett to get in on the fun. And the *Leader's* Pat Cleveland raced tail to the procession to get in on the story.

At the edge of town Bugs overshot a turn and had to slam on the brakes. The car skidded sideways into the sand, and the motor buzzed helplessly. Bugs looked back out the window to see how close the pursuers were.

Chief Baggett got the shock of his life when he saw a face with a stocking over it poke out of Godwin's car. "That's not Harry!" he yelped astutely, and slowed down.

Before the chief could figure out what to do next, Bugs had bulled the car out of the sand and spurted down the side road toward the plane. The rest of the procession speeded up obligingly.

Bugs bounced over the railroad tracks by the plane and once more overshot his mark, the car skidding 50 feet beyond.

Baggett stopped by the tracks, and the other two cars obediently pulled up behind him. No sense in getting too close.

Bugs and Tommy exploded out of Godwin's car. Bugs was carrying the money bag, and he sailed over the fence and galloped toward the plane. Tommy could hardly see the fence, let alone leap it. Still drunk as a hoot owl, he tried to crawl through it, got his pants securely snagged, and sat down to puzzle out his problem.

Baggett couldn't spot Tommy because of bushes and weeds, but he did see Bugs loping across the field with the loot. The chief jumped out with his brand-new 12-gauge riot gun, and was embarrassed to find he couldn't cock it. After some futile moments of cursing, he handed it over to Perry Johnson. Johnson finally got the gun cocked and began pot-shotting away happily, like a man at a shooting gallery. Baggett grabbed his familiar .38 Special, and the air around Bugs grew hot with whizzing lead.

Two people are usually needed to start an Aeronca Champion, but since half of the manpower available was still on the ground trying to unhook his pants, Bugs tried it alone. He leaped into the plane, turned on the switch and closed the throttle, then jumped out through the hail of shot and ran to the front of the plane, which was facing the pursuers, to give the prop a yank.

Luck was with him, and the motor caught. Bugs bounced back in, bullets singing around his ears and ripping

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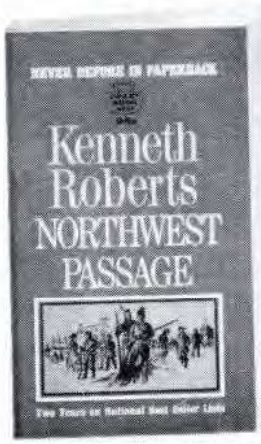

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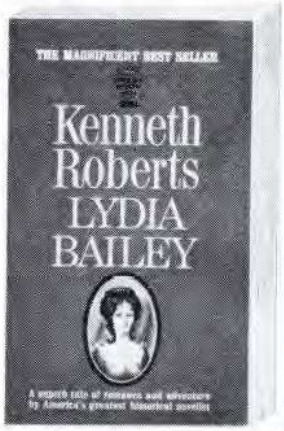

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through the fabric, and whipped the plane around. He taxied toward Tommy, who was still stuck in the fence, just as an unusually accurate shot shattered the Plexiglas windshield. At that moment Tommy got free and dashed for the plane. But half way to it he stopped and began returning fire at the accidental posse.

That was the second shock for Chief Baggett this afternoon. Involuntarily ducking, he remarked to Johnson, "This business is fine, until they start shooting back." Then he lifted his .38 and banged away again in the wild fusillade.

"Cut the clowning and get in here!" Bugs yelled at Tommy. He taxied close enough to grab his partner's collar and yank him to the plane. Tommy clutched Bugs' arm with a vicelike grip and threw one leg inside. Bugs opened the throttle and took off down the field, Tommy hanging on like grim death and bullets singing around them.

Once in the air, and with Tommy all the way in, they were jubilant. Nothing could stop them now. Tommy felt so good he tried to wrestle the controls away from Bugs, but after a short battle he gave up, then began tossing overboard everything that might connect them with the robbery—except, of course, the money. A strange collection of miscellaneous items rained down on the rattlesnakes and alligators. He threw out the masks, the stockings they'd worn over their faces, his own O.D.'s and even the guns. Not long afterward they landed at Plant City's deserted airport.

There they changed planes, leaving the poor shattered Aeronca forever. Or almost. In the air again, Bugs remembered he had left the bottle of whisky in the other plane. Circling around and landing once more, he ran over and got the bottle. There were still three inches left in it.

Our boys now flew to Tampa International, expecting to land and walk off with the suitcase, like tourists. A big, black police car with a baleful red light flashing right beside the runway was enough to change their minds. Before they had stopped rolling, Bugs told the tower he was taking off again and zoomed back into the skies.

They flew south, checking the airport at Anna Maria, but the police were there, too. They flew on.

"I know where to go," Bugs told Tommy. He described Boca Grande, a little island 70 miles farther south, so isolated that it could be approached only by boat, railroad or air. An abandoned golf course, narrow and flanked by woods, was used by the few planes that flew in.

Bugs sat the plane down in the long grass, with only the buzzards soaring overhead to watch. He taxied 300 feet into a little green cove in the woods.

They got out and spilled the bills all over the ground—$26,657 worth. Tommy snatched up a stack of 20's, but Bugs slapped his fingers. "Are you crazy?" he demanded. "How are we going to explain that much money?" Then they split $600 worth of $5 bills between them and stuffed the rest into their suitcase. After shoving the suitcase back into the midst of a clump of palmettos, they took off again. Bugs couldn't see any cops at the Peter O. Knight airport in Tampa, so he landed. Nervous about what would happen if the police got anywhere near Tommy, he borrowed a car and drove him to Tampa International, where Bugs' Cadillac was parked.

A pilot he knew promptly spotted him and shouted, "Hey, Bugs, what did you do with the loot?" Bugs jumped.

"Now that you're rich, would you make me a loan?" another pilot kidded. Bugs tried to go along with the joke, but it was hard.

Bugs poured Tommy into the Cadillac and told him to go back to the Embassy Apartments and sleep it off. Tommy careened out of sight happily, taking the nearest corner on two wheels. Bugs drove back to his plane at Peter O. Knight.

When Bugs taxied for his take-off, two men ran out and waved him down. "Are you open for charter?" they yelled. "We want to fly over to Plant City and look at the plane they used in that bank robbery." Bugs was always interested in making money, but this was too much, even for him. Looking kind of sick, he shook his head.

As Bugs landed at Tampa International to return his borrowed Cessna, the control tower sent him an order: "Bugs Thompson, report to the field office when you get in."

"Roger," he radioed back, but his heart sank. As soon as he left the plane, he made a beeline for the men's room and stuck the money behind some rolls of toilet paper stacked on a shelf. Then he marched over to the field office and opened the door. Waiting inside were several deputy sheriffs. It was 6 o'clock, exactly five hours after the hold-up.

"What's this all about?" Bugs said cheerfully. "I've been out giving Tommy Suits some flying lessons."

And that's all they could get out of him for almost two days.

Meanwhile, Tommy had crash-landed Bugs' Cadillac into another automobile just a few blocks from the airport, and the police had arrested him for drunken driving and hustled him off to jail. When they asked for $150 bond, Tommy pulled it out of his pocket. But the cops weren't very sporting about it; they socked him away anyhow, to sober up. While Tommy was in this state of suspended animation, the police got a call on the intercom telling them to pick up Irvin Suits. They reported happily that they already had him.

From then on, the sheriff's department, the police, the FBI, and Tampa detectives grilled, harried and hounded Bugs and Tommy, while newspaper, radio and TV reporters waited outside.

Once Tommy stuck his head out and squawked loudly that he had not been allowed to telephone, and yelled for a reporter. Instantly he was jerked back in and the door slammed shut.

Despite a shortage of confessions at this point, the police were building up a pretty tight case. A military plane had discovered the bullet-shattered Aeronca about 2 p.m. The Winter Haven control-tower operator connected the Aeronca which had violated its red signal with

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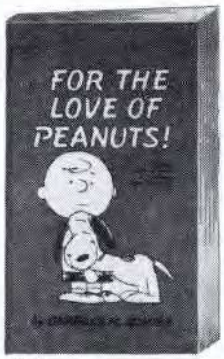

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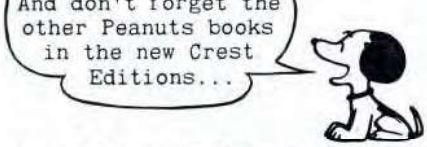

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the Cessna 180 that had kept it company. Since there were only two Cessnas answering that description in the state, and the other one had not been in the air that day, it had to be the one Bugs had borrowed.

At 8 p.m. a farmer named Lynn Taylor reported to the police that he had seen something floating down through the air that afternoon. Deputies went out to search in the darkness, and at 9:45 they found Tommy's discarded O.D.'s, with "Suits" neatly stenciled on the collar. At 10:30 p.m. Sheriff Ed Blackburn opened the door and proudly announced to the reporters that Tommy had confessed.

Once Tommy broke, he did it all the way, even telling the cops the loot was hidden on Boca Grande. A group started out at midnight to hunt for it, but convinced that bank robbers don't tell the truth they decided to search Mullet Key instead. This was lucky for Mullet Key's estimated 25 billion mosquitos, every one of which dined royally that night.

At daybreak the law officers tromped back to jail, itchy and short tempered. They threw Tommy in a helicopter and flew him down to Boca Grande. Then they kicked him out and told him to lead them to the loot, but Tommy had been so drunk he couldn't remember where it was.

Sheriffs, deputies, and FBI men began combing Boca Grande. About mid-morning local Sheriff Snag Thompson rushed gleefully into the act, bringing with him four Negro trusties from the county prison, whom he proudly set loose, like so many human bloodhounds, to snuffle around the palmettos.

A raccoon ran down a cabbage palm in front of Ben Hayes, one of the trusties. Ben plunged through the palmettos after the coon, and fell over the suitcase. The coon got away, and Ben stopped to see what had tripped him up. It was $26,057.

In Tampa, Bugs was quizzed four times in the next two days, a total of 12 hours, but he didn't break until noon of the second day, when the cops brought Tommy in. "I've told them everything," Tommy admitted. "They have the money."

Bugs exploded. "Why did you tell them where the money was?" he raged bitterly. "You could have told them anything but that. That's what we did it for!" Then Bugs admitted his part in the robbery, and soon he was as friendly as ever with Tommy.

Sheriff Hagan Parrish of Polk County, in which Fort Meade rests, put Bugs in a helicopter, gave him several bags of flour, and told him to fling one out whenever he spotted a place where they might have dumped the guns. Bugs cooperated by dusting half the countryside, while the honorary sheriff's posse got on their horses and followed at a gallop, eyes peeled in all directions.

Sheriff Parrish was great on mounted posses, especially his honorary sheriff's posse, which was outfitted with old ladies and young girls as well as able-bodied men. Their horses sported blue saddle blankets with white maps of Florida sprawled all over them.

The helicopter-horse operation didn't find anything, but that probably wasn't Bugs' fault. He used enough flour.

The bail set for our lovable bandits totaled $89,000 each, the last $14,000 being on what Constable Godwin admitted were "personal charges," which included "auto theft" (his car), "armed robbery" (his watch, which had probably been tossed overboard en route to Plant City), and—understatement of the year—"resisting arrest."

When the federal and state governments started to bicker over who was to get the privilege of trying them, an enterprising reporter asked Bugs and Tommy what their choice was.

"I hear the federal prisons are air-conditioned," Bugs said.

"And the chow is very good," Tommy added. "Milk three times a day."

Tommy was as talkative as a convert at a revival meeting. "If I had been in church all the times I should have been, I wouldn't be in this trouble," he babbled to reporters. "If I'm given another chance, I swear there will never be another drop of alcohol in my house!" Tommy had become a milk-lover.

When news of the escapade came out, Bugs' friends were shocked and concerned. "He was a completely likable person," his flying buddies stated.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Herman, who ran the flying school where Bugs taught, couldn't believe it. "Not Bugs! It couldn't be Bugs Thompson! He should have been in show business; he was a born comedian."

Mothers on his block claimed: "There isn't one child who doesn't know and love Bugs."

But the law is not particularly interested in popularity polls, and the two men were arraigned in court on November 4. After a brief fling at changing their pleas to Not Guilty—which required some nerve, considering that they had confessed in detail and even helped look for the stolen money—they dropped any further pretenses. On November 25 they showed up in court, hang-dog and sheepish, waiting for Judge Roy Amidon to hand down their sentences.

"I have given this case a great deal of thought," the judge proclaimed solemnly. "I'm not going to lecture you—I think you've suffered enough. We certainly don't need men like you in prison. But we must impose some sentence," he said, with a deprecating gesture. "Fifteen years."

After the state was through, it tossed them over to the federal government, and on November 27, in Tampa, Judge Barker sentenced them to another 15 years, to run concurrently.

They were sent to the state penitentiary at Raiford, and the long gray time began.

In a way, it seems a shame. There isn't much humor left in this old world, and bank robbers don't come any funnier than Bugs and Tommy. I tried to talk to them, but the Florida prisons think interviews are "detrimental to the adjustment of the inmates concerned." If they think they're going to adjust Bugs Thompson, they have some disappointing days ahead. —M. L. Collett

Alvin Dark: Missionary Among Baseball's Heathens

[*Continued from page* 57]

murders most lefthanded pitchers. Don't waste your time asking me what it is."

"And it worked?"

"If you read the morning papers," snapped Dark with exasperation, anxious to return to work, "you know Musial popped up. We won the game on our research."

Now it's true that all big-time teams employ statisticians, but the Giants have in Dark both an inspirational leader and a Euclidian thinker who charts his own exhaustive figures, pores over them nightly, maintains the game's thickest performance book and keeps the National League steadily off balance with his unorthodox, computer-based maneuvers. He calls it his "plus-minus" system (which is too dull for explanation here), and plenty of his players detest it. Orlando Cepeda, the big first baseman, loudly complained last March that Dark's craze for analysis was killing him. Cepeda was a holdout for a $60,000 salary, but had to settle for $47,000. The performance sheet on him showed that he only *looked* great while driving in 256 runs the past two seasons—actually the Puerto Rican slugger was deficient as a hitter with two and three runners on base in the late innings of key games. "Judging a player is one of the most deceptive things in the world," lectures Dark. "But a lot of teams are too lazy to break down everything to the finest possible point, even though six or eight little moves made during the season often are the difference between winning and losing a pennant."

Most fans see Dark as an automated man, a chilly, mechanical personality. His players know he's otherwise. He's tough and you can hear his mind click, but he also has warmth, and it is on the personal level that the Louisianan's zeal and hustle pay off most and have helped put the Giants on top.

Last September 12, when Willie Mays fainted on the bench in Cincinnati and was hospitalized, Dark paid him a visit. Mays was in bad shape. He was emotionally exhausted for a variety of reasons: federal tax trouble, ex-wife trouble and the strain of playing daily. And hospitals scare him ("They got a smell like they's gonna embalm you any minute"). Yet it seemed to the noted centerfielder that his boss was suffering even more. Dark walked the floor of Mays' room in Christ Hospital, a solid knot of tension.

"Take it easy, Cap," said Mays, whose loss from the lineup with only 16 games to play virtually ended the Giants' chance to catch the front-running Dodgers.

"Willie, I'm praying for you to get out of that bed. *Praying!*" Dark poured out his feeling. "I know you can do it because you're a team man first, last and always. Without you, we're nothing, and when you get back on your feet, the team has got to pull together as never before and win, win, WIN! Got to! We can still beat out the Dodgers. It can't be any other way, I'm telling you. . . ."

Mays needed at least a week's convalescence. He'd been unconscious for 20 minutes after passing out in the dugout and now his hands were shaking so that he spilled his drinking water. But the evangelical fervor of his leader made him sit upright. "Take me out of here," he croaked. "I'll play for you."

The doctors insisted on holding Willie for brain X-rays and blood tests, but after only 48 hours he demanded his clothes, headed for home plate, hit two home runs and drove in six runs in the next three games, and, when the Dodgers folded at the finish under the direction of the uninspirational Walter Alston, came through with the wallops that handed Dark his championship. "Old Cap's visit to me was worth over $600,000 to our club," Mays was saying, not meaning to sound immodest, recently. "If he'd just brought flowers and sympathy, we'd never have been in any World Series."

On the Giants' roster is a veteran clutch-hitter who for years was the last man out before the bartender, a hard-going whisky-drinker, impervious to cure. His previous managers fined him or called him a bum. After assuming the Giants' managership in 1961, Dark, never levying a fine, led the man into a room, put both hands on his shoulders and spoke so passionately that the old pro later told a friend, "So help me, he really shook me up. The way Alvin talked, you'd think it was his fault that I drink. He wanted to know where *he'd* let *me* down as a friend and manager. He was damned near in tears about it."

Feeling a guilt he'd never felt before, the veteran cut his liquor to a minimum, batted effectively for the Giants in 1962 and this season—while he still can't resist an occasional spree—goes on the wagon for another month each time Dark shows signs of taking him into a room.

"Maybe," says Eddie Stanky, who with Dark on the old Polo Grounds Giants formed a great second-base combination, "there's never been anybody who cared so much about winning ball games as Al. For sure, nobody inspires his players more. Ten years ago he played every game a dozen times—once on the field, the rest in his hotel room. And even in his sleep he was bearing down. He'd wake up at 2 in the morning with some new idea of how to make a play. But it goes even deeper than winning. He worships baseball itself—as an art—so much that if they banned him from the parks, he'd dry up and blow away."

This being the case, Dark doesn't have much company in the temple. Pro sports today are played in an atmosphere of dog-eat-dog cynicism and mostly by moneygrubbers—to an extent that anyone with a wholly dedicated attitude gets laughed at. Most high school teams, in fact, would break up at the line Dark believes in, and sells. He tells the Giants that the game is bigger than any of them, that they must live for it every minute, that they're crusaders on a glorious mission who must pull together and rise above such weaknesses as broken bones and personal desires. He stands before them with burning eyes and uses such phrases as "devotion to the team is the only way to first place" and "anyone can do anything—if he has character." Older Giant hired hands have sat slackjawed as he orated, "All of us are sinners—and we can only find salvation by admitting it and fighting on, as better men, together." This is dime-novel Algerism, the sort of YMCA soulful-appeal that big-leaguers outgrow when they're rookies, reading the reserve clause that bonds them as slaves to the team-owners for life. Once they've been traded from town to town like canned goods, the idea of someone improving their character

TRUE

"I wasn't that keen on recharging my batteries, but Lord knows, I just can't ignore my obligation to the stockholders."

sounds ridiculous. As for "fighting" for the team, long ago a campaigner named Louis Norman (Bobo) Newsom spoke with ringing clarity for his comrades: "When they ask Bobo to give them something extra out there, Bobo has only one question. How many extra bananas are in it for Bobo?"

Money, in the end, always has done the talking, and yet for the slim, boyish-looking Dark, the amateur approach is successful. Working on what he calls the "inner resources" of each man, he influences the toughest cases to believe in his strength-through-devotion doctrine. In the past there has been but one great practitioner of this intimate form of managing: Connie Mack. And, as they say, Mr. Mack was unique. The possibility exists that Al Dark is another Mack in the making. The way he handled a problem guy named Jack Sanford is one more sign pointing this way.

For 12 years before he met Dark, the hardbitten Sanford was an indifferent pitcher who lost about as often as he won. As he saw it, bending his back under glaring arc lights was only a job, and a miserable one, at that. He had one standard mood: angry. Unpopular in his own clubhouse, Sanford, at 32, was just playing out the string.

As soon as he'd studied Sanford's right-handed equipment, Dark took him aside and said, "You must hate yourself to behave this way. Why are you wasting all that talent?"

"What are you talking about?" said Sanford, who'd won 37, lost 39, the previous three seasons.

"I mean you've got a live fast ball that should make you a 20-game winner. Easy! Why don't you come out of that shell?"

Defeatism in a veteran rarely can be blasted out, but Dark spoke to Sanford in a way he'd never heard before. He made pitching seem as important as eating or breathing, spoke of America's pastime in cathedral tones, and promised Sanford that if he got with it, body and soul, he could accomplish anything.

Such highminded thoughts escaped "Hog" Sanford's intelligence at first, and Dark showed another side of his personality. One night in Milwaukee, throwing hard but stupidly, Sanford was knocked out of the box by the Braves. When he reached the clubhouse, he thought Dark was going to hit him. The manager was pale with rage.

"You'll oblige me very much if you'll stop disgracing pitching, which is a fine art," Dark told him. "All you did was stand out there and fire blindly. Now—you'll either learn to memorize every hitter's habits and move the ball around on them accordingly, and put your heart into your work, or I'll get rid of you. I can forgive a bad day or two. But I'll never forgive the jaker who won't get smart and meet his obligation to the team!"

Always, with Dark, it's the team. Like a beginner, the chastened Sanford went to school and under the Dark system he became the winner of a sensational 24 games (against 7 losses) last season. During one stretch he won 16 games consecutively. It meant a pennant for the Giants. And Sanford still finds it hard to believe. "I *knew* I wasn't that good," he tells you. "The 350 games I'd pitched in before I met Alvin proved it. But he made me see how little you really know yourself."

If anyone in the country knows himself well, and is qualified to pass on this Sophoclean virtue to others, it's Alvin Ralph Dark, who is originally out of the tank town of Comanche, Oklahoma, the son of a boss tool-pusher in the oil fields. He is always asking himself why he did a certain thing. Some weeks ago, Dark was sitting in a southern California tavern, explaining why he thinks self-knowledge is a big factor in life. "I rate it ahead of most things," he was saying. "A player—or anyone else—delivers about half of his real capability. But often he isn't aware of it. If the average man is accused of not giving his best, he'll deny it all day long. But there's a way to bring it out. Which is by making a close study of himself.

"For instance, if I get impatient or quit on something without finishing it, I want to know my *motive*. If I swear at an umpire and get chased, *why* was I so foolish?

"At home, if I lose my temper with my kids, instead of handling them," went on Dark, the father of four children, "again I want to know why. There's no failing you can't benefit from if you get to the bottom of it."

Troubling Dark considerably, because it muddles his ability to think quickly and clearly, is one big failing—his temper. When he loses it, he's uncontrollable. Willie McCovey, the home-run specialist, stands 6-foot-4, but one night when the 5-11 Dark blasted him in a hotel room, McCovey walked over near the window. "It was two stories up. I was wonderin' if I could jump it. Oh, that man!" sighs Willie. At Candlestick Park one 1961 day, when Orlando Cepeda was called out on strikes, Dark took a run at Umpire Shag Crawford and didn't stop with kicking up a dust storm, but called Crawford several of the vilest names in the book. Crawford threw him out. However, Dark then proved he practices what he preaches about exposing one's faults and inspecting them. Any other manager would have forgotten the incident, knowing that Crawford wouldn't repeat what had been said, except to the league office. Dark broke all the rules of his profession by calling in the sportswriters and confessing everything. "It was low and un-Christian of me, and also stupid," he said. "I couldn't stand the thought of losing and I want to publicly apologize to Shag Crawford. I'll never do it again."

What did Dark gain by confessing? Two things. First, he reminded his players that an explosion by any team member is wasteful—you can't help the cause when sitting in the clubhouse. Next, he gained the respect of the umpires, which can pay dividends in many ways.

"From any failure . . . you can benefit," says Dark. Another night, after a 1-0 defeat in Philadelphia, he tried to take a locker-room apart. When he threw a stool across the room, his little finger caught in a metal brace and a sizable chunk of the tip was torn off. After repairs and due reflection, he decided the blow-up was caused by panic—the Giants having fallen into a losing streak. As a lasting self-reminder to steady down, he encouraged the team trainer, Doc Bowman, to pickle the lost piece of finger in alcohol and keep it on display.

Sitting in the tavern, Dark wore a plain-blue suit, a go-to-church tie. He's a tasteful, quiet dresser. And a dead-serious individual who torments himself by picking his own ability apart and who speaks with an honesty that you seldom hear. After less than three years on the job, he realizes how much he has yet to learn.

"Some nights I can't live with myself," he was saying. "Some nights I go to bed and lie there wondering why I ever thought I qualified for a job where you're bound to get whipped 60 to 70 times a season, and maybe more, and you've got to accept it with some kind of discipline."

Take a night in Pittsburgh. The Pirates beat the Giants, 9-0. Calling his pitchers into a corner of the clubhouse, Dark ripped them up and down—naming them, individually and collectively, as gutless, bail-out, yellow-bellied quitters. It was a brutal tirade. Observers later said they thought the players had every right to swing on Dark, and even expected it to happen.

"Didn't you go too far?" Dark's pitching coach, Larry Jansen, asked him later.

"I couldn't stop myself," said Dark, wearily. "But I won't sleep tonight."

Out of such violent moments Dark has evolved a philosophy of burying anger and reaching his players through appeals that stir the inner man and spur them to play every game to the hilt. Dark says, "I hope I never again humiliate a man in front of others. The worst mistake is to back a man into a corner where he has no escape—you've got to give him room to come out, and with his pride all in one piece. A pro athlete needs two things—pride and love for the game—and too many go bad because they've been beaten down by the people in charge."

With Charley Hiller, a cocky young second baseman, Dark showed how well he's learned this lesson. For a long time, Hiller disobeyed hit-and-run signs and loafed down to first base on balls hit to the infield. But he was also a fighter. Dark didn't destroy this, his main asset, by bawling him out. He worked quietly to get Hiller to grow up and to join the ball club. He asked one of his older players, Harvey Kuenn, "How do you feel about Hiller?"

COMING . . .

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LOTTERY LAW

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Kuenn knew what to do. He and other veterans called Hiller aside and said, "Don't you know that Al Dark's the best friend you've got? Instead of benching you, he's pulling for you. You should get down and kiss his feet." Hiller left the meeting with a new outlook. He turned himself into an alert, dependable infielder.

In a saloon, Dark always is the center of a crowd, and in the one he sat in now, he had listeners, but he was the only one there who wasn't drinking. He's the only big-league manager anyone who can remember who abstains entirely from liquor. He has never even tasted beer. To say that his temperance has brushed off on the younger Giants—Tom Haller, Jose Pagan, Juan Marichal, Hiller, etc.—and also has steadied the older men is an understatement. Before Dark came along, the club had a playboy reputation and 10 known secret drinkers; now it has maybe one. "How did you form this habit?" Dark was asked.

"By knowing my weakness, like I mentioned before," he replied. "Everything I do, I do as hard as I can. I'm one of those doggone enthusiasts. Can you imagine anyone like that taking up drinking? If he's smart, he's scared to death of it."

During his ballplaying days, he wouldn't watch TV on the day of a night game for fear it would affect his vision. His wife, Adrienne, a Louisiana belle and a stunning looker, says they never went anywhere at night, because Alvin had to soak his legs in hot water after every game and 9:30 was his bedtime. "And he'd never help me wash dishes," she confides, "because it would make his hands soft. Then he couldn't grip a bat."

In Los Angeles, where Al Dark is hated for what they regard as his phony sanctimoniousness, where they believe that his "doctoring" of the Candlestick Park infield last season as a means of stopping Dodger base-runners was the scurviest of tricks, the wisecrack is made that he's so hot to win that he has even insured the hereafter. Dark is one of those unusual people—a tithe-payer. He gives a regular 10 percent of his income to the Baptist Church. Along with that, he often visits churches as a guest lecturer on love, humility and devotion. In Los Angeles they may heap ridicule upon his reputation as a virtuous citizen—but he could own a home twice as large as his fairly modest four-bedroom ranch house near San Francisco with what he's paid into holy coffers over the years. "He's very religious, yes," says Chub Feeney, the Giants' vice-president. "But his tithing is also another side of a man who has to back up everything he does all the way."

Anyone who calls him a raving egotist is wrong—to be accurate, he's a highly complex perfectionist, and with a few other talents Dark has, he can hardly miss a big future in baseball. Giants' owner Horace Stoneham pays "that grand man, Alvin" around $40,000 per season, and figures he got it back tenfold in only six days of last summer and fall.

"Why those Chinese wouldn't even *be* communists if it weren't for us!"

In this instance, it was Dark at his best—or worst: take your choice.

Early on an August morning, he inspected the Candlestick infield with Matty Schwab, his groundskeeper. The Dodgers were due in town for a crucial three-game series.

"Matty," he said, "that hose you sprinkle the field with is about worn out."

"Hell, no, it's practically new," said Schwab.

"Now, now, Matty, take another look," chided Dark. "If you'll look closely, you'll see that it's so decrepit that, unfortunately, it'll spring a leak all over the joint any minute."

Schwab stared at Dark. "You mean—?" The manager replied, "Yep."

As an old chemical mud salesman, Dark knows what water combined with the local adobe soil gives you. It gives you glue. Schwab heavily flooded the area around first and second base and when the Dodgers saw the sticky swamp they were expected to run through, they began to scream. "I don't know why they're so excited," announced Dark, innocently. "We merely settled the dust so it wouldn't blow into the stands."

Everyone assumed that Dark's flood was designed to hinder Dodger base-stealers Maury Wills, Tommy and Willie Davis, but his motive went deeper—he was out to provoke and distract. The Bums obliged. They protested so much they forgot to play baseball. Wills, unable to get traction, bitterly made mudballs, threw them about and was ejected. Relieved of the need to worry about Wills, Giant pitchers bore down and the Bay Bombers swept all three games. "Dark wrecked us psychologically," admitted the Dodgers' Wally Moon.

Seven weeks later, with the two teams tied and facing a pennant playoff, Dark anticipated an official crackdown on more flooding, so he switched to sand. Barrow-loads of it were spread on the basepaths. This time he even succeeded in involving Walter O'Malley, the lordly Dodger owner, in battle—O'Malley demanding that Umpire Jocko Conlan remove the sand, Conlan complying and Dark snarling, "This proves what everyone knows. O'Malley is a law unto himself. He snaps his fingers and the whole league jumps."

O'Malley, it's now known, was so incensed that he warned the Dodgers to either beat the Giants or suffer terrible consequences. Which completed Dark's parley of mud to sand to panic. Under such pressure, the whole team tied up,

making 7 errors, allowing 15 walks and 21 runs and blowing the playoff to San Francisco.

Nevertheless, it was a costly win for Dark. He has high-ranking Baptist friends throughout the country and after the field-flooding and sand-strewing incidents, many turned against him. They filled his mail with letters calling him low and unsportsmanlike and even suggesting he should be read out of the church. Some of the letters were from ministers. "Alvin took it hard," an associate says. "His religion means so much that he really suffered. . . ."

The ambition that overcomes his Sunday scruples began to take shape when he was a boy in Comanche, Oklahoma, burdened with bad health. His father, Ralph, played semi-pro ball and his older brother, Lanier, pitched in the Cincinnati Reds' chain. Attacks of malaria and diphtheria left Alvin sitting on the sideline, fated, so the doctors said, always to be sickly. "I'll never forget hanging around Coach Killen's equipment room as a high school beginner," he says. "I weighed 118 and when they got to me, not even a pair of sweat socks was left."

Eventually he gained partial good health and became a spindly halfback at Lake Charles, Louisiana, where his family had settled. Dark had to get by on fire and fight and imagination. In a prep game at Baton Rouge one night, a 190-pound fullback broke loose and thundered down on him. It looked like curtains. People in the stands closed their eyes, and when they dared to look again, 145-pound Alvin was trotting over the goal line—after an 85-yard touchdown run.

Darting in and faking a tackle, he'd hooked the ball from the fullback's arm and had just kept going.

At Louisiana State University in 1942, he weighed 163. Yet because he'd learned to run, pass, kick and catch, he amazingly moved the huge Steve Van Buren—later an all-time pro great—out of a halfback spot and forced Van Buren to become his blocker. The skinny kid's cool belief in his ability often left Coach Bernie Moore on the verge of a heart attack.

Against Mississippi U., he ran 70 and 45 yards for touchdowns, quick-kicked 73 yards, kicked three extra points and then got off a fine 68-yard punt that rolled dead on Ole Miss' 10-yard-line. Ole Miss was offside on the play and L.S.U.'s captain nullified Dark's kick by accepting the penalty, even though it didn't get him a first down. Dark had to punt again—and this time he thumped one out of bounds on the 3-yard-line.

"Why in hell did you take the penalty?" howled Moore at Dark and team captain Walt Gorenski, later.

"You saw the second kick," replied Gorenski, smugly. "Alvin was sure he had a better one in his system."

Life thereafter moved rapidly for him—All-America rating, wartime service in China—as a captain in the United States Marines, marriage to his Lake Charles girl friend, Adrienne Managan. Curiously, he'd played little baseball—not more than 75 school and service games. The Boston Braves took a long-shot gamble when they signed him for a $45,000 bonus in July of 1946.

In due time, Dark had moved his way to the big league, where he put together 1,828 games over 14 seasons and went down among the best all-time shortstops, but the day he reached full manhood and convinced everyone he was managerial material was the day Leo Durocher held the press conference. In 1953, Durocher, as Giants' manager, replaced Dark at shortstop with a new boy, Daryl Spencer. Sent to second base, Dark couldn't get the hang of it. In New York, the story broke that he was malingering and feuding with Durocher and demanding his old job back. "DARK SULKS IN HOTEL ROOM, LEO BURNS," ran a typical headline.

An "unprecedented" press meeting was called by the Giants to cool things off, with only newsmen invited. Durocher presided and the New York *Daily News* asked, "Just how jealous of Spencer is Dark?"

There was a sound at the door. "Why don't you ask *me* that?" barked a voice. There stood Dark. He had invited himself to the conference.

Walking in, he told the startled writers he was well aware which of them had started the rumors and that they'd set a new record for distortion. "The truth is that I'll play anywhere at all for the Giants. I just need time to get used to a new position. And I hope Spencer hits .400 this year."

His jaw out, he said, "Does anyone have any questions or any reason to doubt my word?"

None did, not with Dark in that mood. The issue was settled on the spot and everyone realized they'd seen a tough, take-charge guy in action. In October, 1960, when Casey Stengel and Durocher wanted the job of managing the Giants, it was one more reason why Horace Stoneham picked Dark. Stoneham needed a special kind of man. He had a team that was in fifth place and was destroying itself. He had drinkers, he had whiners, he had pitchers who'd go five innings and quit and he had Negro-haters on a team with the highest incidence of black skin in the league. A good man, Bill Rigney, had failed to handle this and had been fired. Recognizing that Dark, too, might fail, Stoneham offered him the security of a two-year contract. "One year is plenty good enough," replied Dark. "I do it fast, or I don't."

The first thing Dark did was to desegregate the clubhouse. Whites and Negro-Latins had dressed in separate sections—while exchanging hostile glances—and now the lockers were broken up. Soon after, Orlando Cepeda and Willie Mays found gift-wrapped packages in their lockers. Opened, they contained beribboned chunks of horse manure. The gag was the work of Harvey Kuenn and other white players and in the general laughter, the barriers began to break down. Dark later used Kuenn in this respect in many ways.

Juan Marichal, a 24-year-old pitcher, had love trouble. But the training season had started and Marichal had no hope of courting his girl, back home in the Dominican Republic. Dark put him on a plane and five days later a happy Marichal returned with a bride. Colored members of the team were impressed.

Yet the Giants still lacked a team leader. They needed a holler guy, someone to give them unity. Seeing that he had no one on the roster of that type, Dark assumed the role himself. This is the standout characteristic of his managing today and he first made it effective one night in Pittsburgh, a few minutes before game time. As usual, his pitchers left the dugout and headed for the bull-pen.

"Sit down!" shouted Dark. "You're not going anywhere tonight. We'll win without a bull-pen."

"You can't do that," protested one of the veterans. "Holy smoke, we've got to have somebody ready to come in and relieve."

"Who says we do?" answered Dark.

Possibly for the first time in modern history, or since the snatching of pitchers off the hill the moment their chins begin to tremble slightly became a mania sweeping the game, a big-league team sent a man out there with no recourse but to go all the way. The bull-pen remained empty. The shock experiment might have failed, but for Dark, who gave off pep and confidence. Pitcher Juan Marichal allowed several hits and then fell, twisting his leg, while fielding a ground ball. He looked around for help.

Dark walked out and said, cheerfully, "Good luck the rest of the way." And walked back to the bench.

Forced to stick it out, Marichal went nine innings and won, and then other Giant pitchers did the same, day after day. During the winning streak, Dark made two important points. He reinstated his bull-pen, later, but by then the Giants felt they could do anything, and they recognized him as their true leader.

All this is what the man from the South was destined to do from the time he was 27 years old and was named captain of the Giants. He always dreamed of the day when he'd be a manager. You can't have Dark's passion for baseball without wanting to pass it on to others, and on top of that he's a thinking machine such as the game rarely sees. "Maybe he cares too damn much," Leo Durocher was saying recently. "Maybe the old manager's diseases, ulcers and bad nerves, will get him."

If it comes to that, Dark will pay the price without complaint. He took the job knowing that defeat is something he finds all but intolerable and last October, when he lost the World Series to the Yankees—by a single run—you could see how it'll be with him in the future. After the final out, the Giants couldn't forget it fast enough and couldn't wait to scatter into town to have fun. Al Dark walked up and down the clubhouse floor. He took one of his players by the shoulder and turned him around. "Next season, if the situation is the same," he said intently, "here's what I want you to do—" **—Al Stump**

The Honest Gunmakers and Their Counterfeit Carbines

[*Continued from page* 47]

Haas had just had a prospective partner back out of a deal to start the shop. So, the next day in a lawyers' office, Plainfield Machine Company was born. It consisted of two small lathes, a drill press and hand tools located in one room.

Bill Storck learned the machine-shop business the hard way—driving all over the East Coast looking for parts to make. For a while things were pretty much hand to mouth and then he snagged a job for 10,000 seat-ejector mechanisms for fighter planes. The parts had to be machined from solid magnesium—the metal used to make incendiary bombs. Magnesium dust and shavings often burst into flame as they drop from a piece being machined. Bill Storck admits that's probably why he got Plainfield Machine the business—no one in his right mind wanted it.

Christmas week, 1959, marked the partners' entry into the gun business. Their accountant asked them to try and make a .30 caliber carbine barrel from a rifled barrel blank for another client of his. This was to be a one-shot favor for a man who had been unable to get one made properly. Willie Haas turned it out over a weekend though he'd never worked on any part of a firearm before. The client was so pleased with the barrel that he came forward and asked Plainfield Machine to turn out barrels and gas cylinders by the hundreds.

The man turned out to be a dealer in surplus firearms who was trying to assemble finished guns from mountains of parts. He'd been having trouble getting satisfactory replacements made for the parts he didn't have in stock. After the company was well started churning out carbine barrels and gas cylinders their surplus-dealer customer asked them to try receivers.

Apparently the man already had a source for these key parts but they were expensive and variable in quality. Willie Haas looked at one of them and decided that the trouble was that the receiver was being machined out of a solid steel bar with too many different operations necessary. This method not only ran up the cost in man-hours but invited a high scrap and reject rate. The partners elected to try precision casting instead, a method that would probably be used by the government if it were buying carbines these days. In four months, after trying three different casting processes, they came up with finished receivers that needed almost no machining at all—only eight separate operations compared with 83 on the receiver cut from solid stock.

For a couple of weeks everything seemed fine. Receivers, barrels and gas cylinders were coming in ever-increasing numbers and the customer seemed satisfied. Then the dealer began to complain that he was having trouble making his newly assembled carbines work. This, it turns out, is fairly common in the dealer end of the business. As Bill Storck puts it: "Building a workable gun is a hell of a lot different than just assembling a bunch of parts." In the PMC shop you can see what he means. Each carbine is put together and the action worked manually with dummy cartridges. If it operates smoothly on this dry run it's taken out in back and test-fired with live ammunition. Often, however, it isn't smooth on the first dry run. The bolt may not close easily, a cartridge may not feed properly or the ejector might not work right—any of a dozen minor things may be wrong.

When anything like this happens the carbine is worked over until it operates correctly. This may involve a new part, a touch here and there with a file or some screwdriver adjustment. This kind of gunsmithing is exactly what the big firearms companies do and the lack of it is why some assembled carbines operate poorly. This does not mean that carbine parts are not interchangeable; it does mean that within allowable manufacturing tolerances any firearm may not shoot perfectly unless there's some hand fitting involved.

Anyway, to save their customers' business and their own, the partners from Plainfield took his stock of parts and began assembling completed carbines themselves. As it turned out the experience came in handy—a year later the dealer went out of the gun business and they found themselves in it just as suddenly.

At the beginning they continued to assemble new carbines from the pile of surplus parts and their production of new barrels, receivers and gas cylinders. But as the stock of parts began to dry up and they found that new ones were sometimes unobtainable or available only at higher and higher prices, they started to make more of them in the shop. Currently, Plainfield Machine makes nine out of 10 of the carbines' 74 different parts and expects to make all of them before very long.

A few weeks ago they began turning out front sights. The reason: the part cost 20¢ each last year but by this spring had jumped to 70¢. Storck and Haas found they could make one better than the original for less than half a buck each. The same economics has forced them into making stocks, triggers, hammers, gas-piston nuts, rear-action retainer bolts and dozens of other parts.

Early this year Plainfield Machine was turning out 100 new GI-type carbines a week. Since then the company has dou-

bled its production and expects to build an addition onto its plant this summer. Bill Storck admits he greatly underestimated the demand for carbines but is now convinced that PMC will have to expand to meet it or see some big company come along and take the business away. At the same time both he and Willie Haas are playing the expansion hand close to their vests. They don't want to get too deeply in hock to banks and they're reluctant to take on any outside financial backing. As Willie Haas observes: "They always want 51 percent of the deal. We could find ourselves working for someone else."

Despite the fact that their business is copying an existing gun design, Storck and Haas feel they've improved considerably on the original. This was done mostly by beefing up certain parts and using stronger operating springs. Their carbines look exactly like Government Issue (see bottom rifle on opening pages) but they shoot better. The stronger springs, for example, mean that the new PMC carbines have fewer jams caused by failure of the bolt to close and lock than the official service model does.

Trying to turn out a better copy than the original, Plainfield began by tightening up on the rather loose tolerances in the GI carbine. But as Bill Storck ruefully recalls: "That was our biggest mistake." They found by trial and error that within broad limits the looser the working parts fit together the better the carbine functioned. Actually the partners wanted to make a completely redesigned sporting version of the carbine from the beginning, but their surplus-dealer customers insisted that the weapon look as if it really *was* surplus.

Says Storck: "Some dealers even wanted us to stamp 'U.S.' on the receiver, but we put 'PMC' on instead." Of course, the company has no way of controlling what such a dealer might decide to stamp on the gun himself after he gets it or how he might explain away the PMC trademark.

Though some carbine buyers may have hunting in mind when they shell out their dough, a lot of the newly made copies are sold to collectors. Bill Storck thinks that as many as nine out of 10 sold in this country wind up on the wall where they make conversation pieces and props for their owners' war stories. At the same time a sizable export trade has developed with thousands of new carbines being bought by the armies of several Latin American countries. As with the souvenir collectors, Latin military men like their carbines to look GI. In addition, they usually want them to fire full automatic, which raises certain problems.

Plainfield Machine fills its export orders for M2 carbines by furnishing them complete to the exporter—minus the three parts and the selector switch that will turn it into a machine gun. The company could easily make and install these parts itself and do so legally by buying a $500 special tax stamp from the Treasury Department. But Bill Storck has already had plenty to do with the men from the Treasury's Alcohol Tax Unit simply by becoming a firearms manufacturer. The T-men enforce the federal gun laws and see to it that newly manufactured firearms are properly identified with serial numbers. Storck feels that the added number of Treasury agents who would take an interest in PMC's business if it included the manufacture of machine guns would make his life terribly complicated.

The Treasury's interest in machine guns goes back to the National Firearms Act, passed in 1934 to help control the use of submachine guns, sawed-off shotguns and silencers by gangsters. At the time state and local firearms laws covered only pistols and revolvers. The federal law provides, among other things, for registration and payment of a $200 transfer tax on the sale of a machine gun to anyone but a government agency or a police force. Strict records of such sales are kept on file in Washington. Unfortunately for Bill Storck's peace of mind, an unserviceable machine gun, though exempt from the tax when sold as a curio or decoration, can involve considerable trouble with the T-men.

If you should decide to buy a deactivated British Sten gun or Browning automatic rifle from one of the dealers who sell by mail, this is what would happen. Before shipping your trophy the dealer would apply for an exemption from the $200 tax by filling out a special form in triplicate. He'd write down your name and address, a description of the gun and its serial number and certify that it really was unserviceable. Then one copy of the form would go to the Treasury, one copy would land in the dealer's files and the second carbon would come to you with the gun.

If you lived in a city where the police get nervous about deactivated machine guns (New York is one of them) an officer would pick up your machine gun and take it down to the lab to check whether it was really unserviceable. And, if after all this you still had the weapon around the house, you might someday get a spot check from your friendly local T-man. (Incidentally, if you should ever decide to sell your cherished souvenir, you'd better not forget to fill out the tax-exemption forms or you might get nicked for $200 plus penalties by Uncle Sam.)

Actually, Plainfield Machine or any other maker of surplus guns that's considering the dummy machine-gun market might be able to avoid all this trouble by arguing that their reproductions would not be deactivated machine guns since they were never designed to work in the first place. If this story stuck with the feds the manufacturer might get an official letter letting him off the hook of the National Firearms Act.

The reason why the Treasury boys are so concerned about deactivated machine guns is that too many of them have been put back in operating condition. Their troubles began with V-E Day and have continued ever since. Returning GIs brought back captured machine pistols, submachine guns and other automatic weapons by the tens of thousands. In cooperation with the Army and local police departments, the T-men began a program of registration and deactivation.

All full-automatic weapons were supposed to be turned in to be welded in such a way that they couldn't be readily restored to operating condition. In most cases ordnance department technicians did the welding. The regulations provide that a steel plug be welded into the chamber end of the barrel and the barrel be solidly welded onto the frame. But with thousands of guns to deactivate it's not surprising that many of them didn't really get the full treatment. Still, most of the machine guns brought back from World War II wound up on the walls of American Legion halls or VFW bars and caused relatively little trouble for the police.

The paperwork snowstorm that descended on the Treasury was much more of a headache. Each of the war-souvenir guns had to have complete documentation similar to a newly purchased gun. The war-trophy program was absorbing so many man hours of Treasury agent time that, as a spokesman for the department puts it: "We decided to take a calculated risk." The risk was called the DEWAT program. The initials stand for Deactivated War Trophy and have since become a generic name for all welded-up guns. The DEWAT plan was to do away with the paperwork by having imported machine guns welded in the presence of a Treasury agent who would then certify that it had been done. From that time on the guns could be bought and sold without documents. The program started in mid-1955 and came to a halt in mid-1958. The reason: too many machine guns were being imported for Dewating.

It was a case of uncontrollable volume. A firearms dealer might be welding as many as 5,000 guns at a crack and the T-man on duty just didn't have a chance to watch each operation and check every weld. If the weld fastening the barrel of a Tommy gun to the receiver was too soft, for example, it wasn't too difficult to remove it and screw in an easily obtainable new barrel. When former DEWATS showed up in underworld arsenals and in the hands of Irish, Dominican and Cuban revolutionaries the Treasury decided to return to its regular policy.

Strangely, the acetylene torch and the welding rod also figure prominently in the surplus carbine and M1 rifle business—firearms which the Treasury has no interest in deactivating. The main reason why so few of these guns have ever been sold by the government to civilians is that most of them are now being cut up for junk. The authority for this is a little-publicized Department of Defense

COMING . . .

Globe-girdling columnist

ROBERT RUARK

writes a candid memoir with astonishing frankness in

"THE MAN I KNOW BEST"

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Instruction No. 4160.15, dated August 9, 1960.

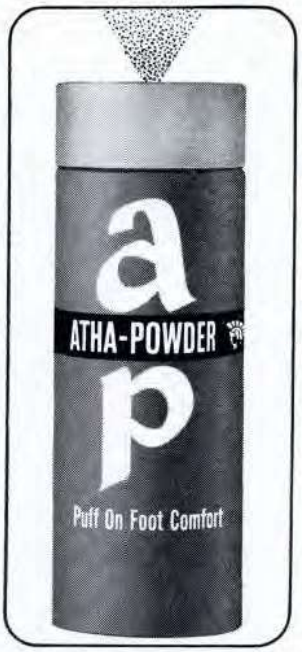
This incredible directive consists of six pages of governmental gobbledygook explaining that while it's the policy to dispose of surplus property to insure a maximum return from sales "there are certain military items which if disposed of in their present reusable form would be contrary to the interests of public health, safety or security." So, the DOD instruction directs that such items be demilitarized before they're sold and thoughtfully attaches a four-page list of detailed instructions on how to do it.

If this policy were restricted to items such as those in category No. 2—guns, howitzers, cannons, mortars, tank destroyers, rocket launchers and recoilless rifles; or category No. 3—military flame throwers; or No. 8—military explosives, few people would quarrel with the thing. But category No. 1 happens to include rifles, pistols, revolvers and *all* other small arms except shotguns and .22 caliber rifles. The method by which these firearms are to be destroyed is enough to make strong men weep: "Receivers and bolts will be cut through, crushed, broken or smelted, all cuts being performed in a manner which will preclude an effective reweld; barrels will be demilitarized either by one of these methods or by bending to approximately 90°."

Some of the less scrupulous surplus dealers bought up large quantities of mutilated carbines and M1s at $20 a ton, invested a few dollars' worth of labor on each and resold them to sportsmen and hobbyists for $70 or $80 apiece. For each ton of carbines so processed the profits ran as high as $30,000. The M1s weighed more so there were fewer per ton and the profit came to about half that. Perhaps this is one of the reasons fewer Garands are offered for sale on the surplus market.

What the dealers did was to have the torch holes in the receivers welded up, ground flat and refinished. The workmanship on most of them is so good it's hard to tell they were ever demilled unless you field strip them and know what to look for. The trouble with them is that the heat of the original cutting torch may have destroyed the heat treatment of the bolt or receiver. If the cut and weld is in the area of the locking lugs you could have a souvenir that might be dangerous to shoot.

When word of what was happening got back to the Pentagon orders went out to make sure that the demilitarized guns were cut into several pieces rather than just having holes burned into them. But the surplus dealers were more than equal to the challenge. There are M1s on the market that not only have welded receivers but welded barrels, too. The technique on the barrel was to join the two pieces with an inside metal sleeve an inch or so long and then weld a bead around the outside. After grinding down and refinishing you can't detect it easily. Of course, if you examine the bore carefully you'll see a funny-looking spot where the rifling ends and then begins again, but it's easy to overlook if you're not expecting it.



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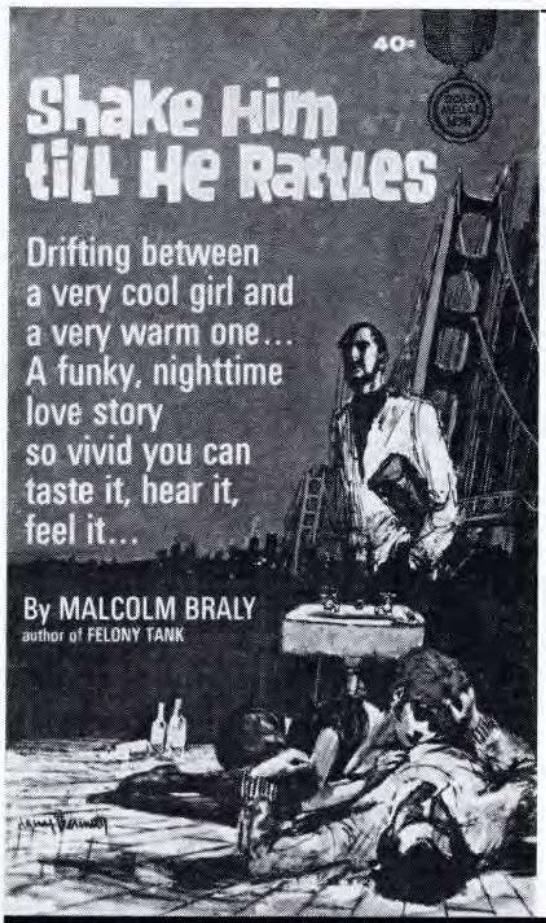

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Anyway, it was this enterprising spirit on the part of the war-surplus dealers that finally led to the instructions now in force. Most GI firearms that get the demilling treatment today get chopped into small pieces, crushed with steamrollers or otherwise reduced to scrap that really is scrap. And largely because of this the makers of GI carbine reproductions are flourishing. They're also beginning to think about M1 Garand copies in a major way. A few M1s have been turned out already but up to date there hasn't been a demand for them on the same scale as the carbine. The way M1s are made today is basically a repetition of the carbine story. Plainfield Machine, for example, is in process of turning out 5,000 Garand receivers and Bill Storck has once again begun to ride the circuit looking for parts to go with them.

Other models are on the move. Universal now offers the Vulcan, a short-stroke pump gun based on the carbine design but firing the .44 magnum pistol cartridge. Plainfield is experimenting with a carbine-type sporting rifle called the Plainfielder which will be chambered for a varmint cartridge. It's also considering shotgun designs and both companies have pistol ideas up their sleeves.

The reason for the interest in designing the carbine in other calibers is that the standard .30 M1 load is not a particularly powerful hunting cartridge. It's probably okay for animals like jack rabbits at short range but for varmint shooting beyond 100 yards the trajectory isn't flat enough. To be sure, there have been some souped-up handloads put together for the carbine, but rebarreling for another cartridge is probably a more logical solution to the problem.

One gun designer who's taken this direction is Melvin M. Johnson, Jr., inventor of the Johnson semiautomatic rifle and light machine gun. Using the GI-type carbine as a base, Mel Johnson has lightened it by a pound and rebarreled it to shoot a high-velocity cartridge of his own design—the MMJ 5.7mm. Called the Spitfire, this hotrod version of the carbine shoots a 40-grain bullet at 3,000 plus foot-seconds' muzzle velocity—a highly effective varmint load. Besides the change in caliber, Johnson also doctors the standard carbine to improve the performance of the gas system, the feed and the driving spring.

Johnson Guns, Inc., in New Haven, Conn., now offers to convert anyone's carbine to a Spitfire for $73 or to furnish a completely new one for $130. The new Spitfire version of the standard GI carbine is manufactured by Plainfield Machine, who also supply the parts to Johnson's company for conversions of existing carbines. Mel Johnson is very happy with the work that Bill Storck and Willie Haas turn out and has an exclusive deal with them to furnish Spitfires.

So, PMC, the company that got into guns by accident, not only turns out firearms under its own trademark but has become a private-label manufacturer for another arms firm. All of which is an odd turn of events stemming from the mail-order carbine business—and ex-GIs who wouldn't let a pet rifle die.

—John S. Tompkins

The Man Who Started the War

[*Continued from page* 24]

reluctantly agreed. He was feeling more and more uneasy. "But why should the Poles . . . ?" He stopped and was silent again.

"That's the trouble, why should they? For us it is politically necessary that they do. And if they don't, we will just have to do it for them." Heydrich rose and indicated a wall map. "Here," he said, "you will see a small town named Gleiwitz just on the German side of the border. If you have heard of it at all, it is because of a small radio station there whose daily broadcasts are rebroadcast by the big Breslau station. By the end of the month the Gleiwitz station has to be attacked by men in Polish Army uniforms. Some men must die in the attempt. Germany and the Fuehrer are depending on it."

The mind of Alfred Naujocks reeled. "You are asking me to arrange it?"

"No. I am ordering you to arrange it. Now that you know the Fuehrer's secret, you cannot withdraw. What do you say?"

"What can I say?" Naujocks replied, trying to assemble his rioting thoughts. "I can only do my best, but the odds against success seem to be extremely high."

Heydrich lifted his finger in front of his nose, and smiled without humor. "Your best is not good enough, my dear Alfred. And the planning must be such that the odds are 100 percent in our favor. Failure would mean the absolute disgrace and humiliation of Germany before the world. It would also oblige us, of course, to execute you."

"Yes," said Naujocks bitterly. "I can understand how embarrassing my conduct would appear to you."

Heydrich enjoyed seeing his subordinates squirm, and he savored the pleasure for several seconds before coming to Naujocks' rescue. "But cheer up, Alfred. You can rely absolutely upon the S.S. to supply you with everything you need and back you to the hilt. We will provide the uniforms, the Intelligence, the best men we have. We will even supply a body or two to be left as photographic evidence after the Poles have been driven from the station by our gallant police. Now, apply yourself to the job at once. Heil Hitler."

Stunned, and in a state of profound apprehension, Naujocks left Heydrich's office. It was not the enormity of the plan or the danger of the attack that frightened him. But he was a veteran of the S.S., and he knew its sinister methods. For an operation as important and as dastardly as this, the consequences of success could be just as alarming as the consequences of failure. Naujocks would be a walking witness to the fact that the Chancellor of Germany, Adolf Hitler, was a liar, a cheat and a deliberate aggressor. Once the Gleiwitz plan succeeded, it might be politically necessary for Naujocks himself to be eliminated.

The stimulation of the task, however, quickly pushed these disturbing thoughts into the background of Naujocks' mind. One of the pleasures of working for the S.S., Naujocks decided in the days that followed his interview, was the power it gave to one's arm. It was so much better to be with it than against it. Its numbers, its influence, its wealth, its resources, were almost a guarantee against failure. Naujocks had a cubbyhole of an office on Dellbrueck-Strasse, and for the first couple of days he retired into it to study maps and air-reconnaissance photographs of Gleiwitz radio station and the surrounding countryside. The station was set some distance from the town, which was all the better for the plotters.

The first of his accomplices presented themselves to him. They were an expert radio technician and an announcer who was completely bi-lingual in German and Polish. As they subsequently "disappeared," and their names are unknown to the Nuremberg records, I will call them Fritz and Hermann respectively.

A note from Heydrich informed him that the chief engineers of Breslau radio station had been given orders to stand by for the Gleiwitz broadcast coming to them over the land line, and had been sworn to secrecy. The note worried Naujocks. *Two more in the secret,* he thought. *I wonder just how many people know about the damned thing.*

He would have been surprised. Admiral Canaris, chief of the *Abwehr,* or Intelligence, section of the *Wehrmacht,* was even then telephoning General Keitel, Commander in Chief, about it. "What's it all about?" Canaris demanded. "I have been talking to the Fuehrer himself, and he wants me to deliver 150 Polish uniforms and Polish small arms to Himmler and Heydrich."

Keitel was a man who was living out his life in mortal terror of Hitler. "I don't really approve of actions like this," he mumbled. "But the orders have come from the Fuehrer and there's nothing that can be done about it."

Naujocks' dismay when the uniforms arrived was almost comic. The boxes filled his office and the corridors. "A hundred and fifty!" he cried. "All I needed was seven." When he found that they had come from the *Abwehr,* he was horrified. He had thought that the operation was strictly an S.S. deal. Not only had the *Abwehr* nothing to do with the S.S., but they detested each other. The orthodox and aristocratic *Abwehr* considered the S.S. nothing more than a band of gangsters recruited from the scum of Germany. Naujocks had to admit that the uniforms were good, not too old and not too new, and he was pleased to find that with them came the accessories of authen-

ticity: Polish cigarettes, matches, bus tickets and even Polish love letters. But the ramifications of the plot had become much too complex. With pencil and paper Naujocks jotted down the number of people known to him personally who were in on the secret, and the list reached 30 names.

He protested to Heydrich, who admitted the validity of his complaint. "Don't worry," the S.S. leader said. "I shall personally pledge them all to secrecy and to the Fuehrer. That will be enough."

"I hope so," said Naujocks doubtfully.

Naujocks was next ordered to Oppeln, 50 miles from Berlin and headquarters of the dreaded Heinrich Mueller, head of the Gestapo. Mueller was feared by all his subordinates, not excluding Adolf Eichmann. Mueller was a former policeman, without education, a handsome man who had begun life in opposition to Hitler, and had then swung full circle.

He greeted Naujocks jovially. Naujocks suddenly realized that with this operation he was becoming quite the golden boy of the S.S. "We will provide you with a body," Mueller said lightly. "Simply let us know as soon as you have decided on the time and date, so that we can be sure the body is good and fresh." For some reason Naujocks felt himself shudder.

Naujocks knew that he himself was under strict security watch, but even he did not realize how much of the energy of the Third Reich was radiating around his tiny office. Heydrich had reported secretly to Hitler that Naujocks was doing a good job. Hitler rubbed his hands and ordered Keitel to draw up the final battle plans. The whole might of the German Army was assembling and moving into position: the Fourth Army of General von Kluge, the Eighth Army under Blaskowitz, the Fourteenth Army under List, even Küchler's Third Army far away in East Prussia, on the other side of the Polish Corridor. One million three hundred thousand men had been called to the colors. Steam was up in the two pocket battleships, *Deutschland* and *Graf Spee*. Everywhere there was a deep drawing of breath, a waiting for . . . Alfred Helmut Naujocks.

About a week after the first conference with Heydrich, Naujocks led a party of six "geologists" to Gleiwitz, where, after checking in at the Oberslesicher Hof Hotel, they set out into the countryside to look for "rock deposits." As they roved about the radio station, Naujocks gave it a thorough casing, committing all the details to memory. He was especially concerned with any police- or caretaker-watch at the gates. Nobody in the station knew of the conspiracy, and those who resisted would have to be disposed of. The guard seemed to be fairly light—on the outside, at least.

Back in Berlin, Naujocks and Heydrich decided that the attack could take place on August 31, at 1930 hours—7:30 in the evening. When Naujocks left Heydrich's presence, he staggered against the wall, dizzy. The full implication of the conference had struck him. He, Alfred Naujocks, had decided when World War II would begin.

Terrifique! Formidable!

Oui, Monsieur Dali: vous avez raison: You are, of course, referring to the August issue of Cavalier Magazine, a veritable Louvre of treasure for The Young Man in Motion. *Miss August Weekend,* you may be sure, is a collector's item exceeding the Mona Lisa in allure. There will be, Monsieur Dali, your own devastating Candid-Tape Interview, with comments on American customs calculated to throw France and the U.S. into massive excoriation. There will be a stunning review of bathing suit fashions for 1963, filmed at Atlantic City and the West Coast. There will be a quaffable summer drink, mixed by an expert. "Requiem For A Sex Goddess," Alan Levy's superb retrospect on M.M. And Cavalier takes you to Hawaii for a tingling pictorial coverage of the Pacific surfboard championships, with side views into sleepy lagoons where local naiads reveal other attractions. And, as always, there are Cavalier's cover-to-cover plethora of cartoons, memorable fiction, satire, jazz and up-to-the minute comment on the young, modern scene. At your newsstands, July 10. **Cavalier**

"Here's something that will have your weight down to normal in no time. Don't smoke it . . . just hold it in your mouth at meal time."

The next few days passed in a kind of dream world wherein fantasy piled on fantasy. Naujocks was handed a copy of the speech which would be made over the Gleiwitz radio once the station had been captured. He read it, fascinated. In violent terms it denounced Hitler as a warmonger and a murderer. It declared that Breslau was Polish, and that the Polish Corridor would remain forever Polish.

Who had written this extraordinary fulmination against the beloved Fuehrer? Only a loyal Nazi would be trusted with such a seditious composition. Was it Heydrich? Was it Hitler himself? And did they chuckle over it?

Naujocks had nightmares and woke up sweating. The theme was always the same. Some dandified officer of the *Abwehr* would be holding up the bar of the Adlon Hotel and talking to his girl friend. "The S.S. is preparing to fake an incident to start the war," the officer would say so loudly that everybody at the bar stopped talking and listened. "Fellow called Naujocks is organizing it. They will shoot him for it afterward, of course."

At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 31st, Naujocks and his six men gathered in his room at the Oberslesicher Hof Hotel in Gleiwitz for their final briefing. Hand picked from all sections of the S.S., they formed, curiously, a composite of the Hitlerian idea—blond, lean, tough; seven conscienceless bravos who would kill without question for their Fuehrer, who were of the type that would achieve a much later triumph in the rescue of Mussolini under "Tiger" Skorzeny, and that would attempt to murder Eisenhower during the Battle of the Bulge.

The seven went over, for the last time, the orders they knew by heart. At 1900 hours, at a prearranged rendezvous in Ratibor Forest, a mile or so from the station, they would change into Polish uniforms and wait in their two cars for a radio signal from Berlin. There were two possible signals: one to go ahead, the other to indicate a last-minute cancellation. The signal to go ahead had a certain grim Gestapo humor to it—*Konserve*, "Canned Goods."

If the signal was the expected *Konserve*, they were to drive their two cars to the station, pulling up at the front and side doors at 1930 hours precisely. They would storm the station, but Naujocks did not anticipate much opposition.

Then Naujocks, Fritz and Hermann would head straight for the studio, while the other four kept guard. Fritz, the radio expert, was to open the line to Breslau which would be waiting to relay the signal. While the announcer was reading the speech denouncing Hitler, Naujocks would fire three shots into the ceiling to indicate the excitement that was going on and to do some damage that would remain as "proof."

"The entire operation should take no more than five minutes," said Naujocks. "While we are inside the station, a car will draw up outside. Do not be alarmed. A body will be deposited on the steps. Ignore it. Any questions?"

"What if we meet serious opposition? Suppose we are stopped by the police?"

"Kill them" said Naujocks. "If there are no more questions we will prepare to check out of the hotel, and meet in the lobby at 6:30. Good luck."

Naujocks left the men and suddenly felt weak. He went to the bar and ordered a stiff schnapps, and then a second. The liquor did not make him feel any better.

At 6:30 the men assembled and went out to the two waiting black Opels. They left town at high speed and drove to their rendezvous in the forest, almost on the Polish border. From now on, silence was the order of the operation. Without speaking, Naujocks opened the trunks of the two cars and took out of one a loaded Luger and a uniform. Following his example, the others armed themselves and changed clothes. Polish license plates were hung on the cars. Fritz, the radio operator, tuned in to Berlin on a special set in the trunk of the second car. At 7:27 precisely a firm voice came over the air: *"Konserve. Konserve. Konserve."* The signal for action.

The two cars revved, and sped through the night.

The men's faces were cement-gray, taut in the unique, exquisite agony of irreversible action. On the stroke of the half hour, Naujocks' car screamed to a stop outside the front entrance to the station, and he and his two companions tumbled out. He heard the doors of the other car being flung open. Naujocks, gun in hand, cigarette between lips, raced up the half-dozen steps of the station and pushed through into the lobby. A commissionaire stood there alone, suddenly astounded, his eyes bulging wide. He opened his mouth to yell a warning when Hermann sprang at him and hit him with the full punishing momentum of a straight right to the face. Blood squirted from the man's nose like water from a wet sponge. He staggered back against the wall and took another brutal blow so that fist and wall made a nutcracker for his face. He slid down to the floor unconscious.

He was a German like themselves, an innocent and no doubt patriotic German, perhaps a Nazi. No matter. A second employee of the station had rounded a corner, and Naujocks clubbed him to the ground with his Luger. From elsewhere in the station he could hear shouts and the thud of bodies. Naujocks' encounter had made him fall behind the others, and when he got to the studio, Hermann was at the microphone, panting, the speech in his hand, and Fritz was in the glass control booth behind, his hands darting like a semaphore from switch to switch.

But now, where everything had gone right, everything suddenly went wrong. Naujocks and Hermann turned impatiently from the dead microphone to Fritz, who was fiddling desperately with switches. Fritz shouted something through the glass partition, but from the soundproofed room it came out only as dumb show. His eyes were wide in panic.

Cursing, Naujocks rushed into the control room. Something ghastly had happened, ghastly and ludicrous at the same time. Fritz was in a state of high-pitched terror. "I can't find it!" he screamed. "I can't find the land line! I can't switch the damned thing on!"

Naujocks felt his own nerve shriveling under the terrible impact of this disaster—such a tiny grain of sand to have ground the whole beautifully designed machine to a halt.

"You *have* to find it," he screamed back. "It must be the same as any other German transmitter."

"I *can't* find it! *I can't find it! I CAN'T FIND IT!*"

In the studio, Hermann, his face gaunt as a death's head and as white as the paper in his hand, was grimacing soundlessly at them through the glass, pointing a shaking finger at his watch.

Sick to his stomach, Naujocks leaned against the wall and said to the technician, whose nerve had completely gone, "Can you get on the air at all?"

"Yes," said Fritz, sobbing, "but only to Gleiwitz and the surrounding area. Breslau is too far away."

Naujocks was soaking in a dreadful sweat. He could see Heydrich, Himmler—Hitler himself—the whole weight of the German Army—all waiting for the broadcast which would never be made. He forced himself to speak calmly.

"There is no hope of our getting through to Breslau?"

"Not unless I can find. . . ."

"But we *can* get through to the village?"

"Yes."

"Well, do so."

Fritz, still weeping, turned on the switches, and Hermann, in the studio, jumped nearly a foot as he heard a splurge of static. With the microphone alive, he began to gabble his speech. Naujocks raced back into the studio and fired his Luger at the ceiling. Although this was part of the prearranged plan, the deafening blast in the confines of the padded room made Hermann cry out and lose the thread of his speech. Wildly, Naujocks motioned him to keep talking, and fired twice more. The room filled with the reek of gunpowder, and it looked a wreck. The broadcast over, the three men ran on rubbery legs back to the entrance, where their comrades were waiting and the two battered station employees were now beginning to groan and stir.

The raid had run two minutes over time, and every second Naujocks expected to see police vans pull up and policemen running in to trap them.

"Let's get out of here," he said.

As they dashed for the cars the men saw a sight that was the most nightmarish of the whole evening. A body lay face downward in front of the station. Naujocks has given two conflicting accounts of the sight, in one of which he states that the man wore civilian clothes, and in the other that he wore a Polish uniform. In either case, bright red blood still welled out. Obeying instructions, the other six looked away and ran on. Naujocks stopped. His curiosity surpassed all the terrors of the adventure. He could see Heydrich, his bloodless lips moving, "We will provide a body or two for you." He saw Mueller's handsome face creased in suppressed laughter. "We will make sure it is good and fresh."

Like ghosts the Gestapo had come. They had left their mute message, and like ghosts they had gone. Naujocks turned the body with his foot. It was that of a young man, and good looking. The eyes were open and they were blue. Naujocks wondered what terrible crime had been committed against the Third Reich to require payment with this eerie posthumous atonement. In the depths of his cold, mercenary soul he felt a pang of compassion.

"*Du lieber Gott,* Alfred!" one of the men screamed from the car. "What are you waiting for?"

Naujocks joined them, and the two cars left in a cloud of dust. He looked behind. The radio station was still and silent, and there was no sign of police. But had it all been for nothing? Back at the rendezvous in the forest he looked at his watch. It was 1945 hours. The operation had taken 15 minutes from beginning to end. The men changed back into their civilian clothes, packed the uniforms into the trunks, and drove through the night to Berlin, which they reached at midnight.

"Go and get some sleep," Naujocks told them, and they dispersed.

There was no sleep yet for Naujocks. He drove to S.D. headquarters on Dellbrueck-Strasse. He was exhausted, his head ached, and reaction had left him drained dry, suicidally depressed by the feeling of failure. The officers on duty looked at his haggard, unshaven condition, and shrugged. They knew nothing of his exploit, but the S.S.—of which the S.D. was its intelligence branch—was used to strange, unrecorded, nameless adventures, and knew it was better not to ask questions.

Naujocks went to his little office and called for black coffee. He pulled his typewriter toward him, took a couple of drags at his cigarette and began to type his report. By 3 in the morning when it was finished, a noisome pyramid of ash and cigarette stubs was piled on his ashtray. His head hammered and his mouth felt foul. He went over to his couch and sank into a black sleep, fully dressed.

He was awakened roughly, but rose only slowly to consciousness. Blearily he saw an S.S. officer leaning over him.

"What time is it?" he mumbled.

"Six-thirty in the morning. S.S. *Obergruppenfuehrer* Heydrich wants to see you immediately."

Naujocks staggered to his feet. His chin was spiky, his finger nails were filthy, and he dearly longed to brush his teeth, but Heydrich would be angry if

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he were late, and he was in a fever to know his fate. He put his report in a folder and drove to Heydrich's headquarters on Prince Albrecht-Strasse. How much of a fiasco had it been, he wondered. Was this the end of the line for him?

Heydrich was disconcertingly immaculate. His uniform was pressed, he was newly shaved, and he smelled of talc and after-shave lotion. He rose to his feet when he saw Naujocks and held out his hand. "Congratulations," he said.

"Did the broadcast get through?" Naujocks stammered.

"No, and there was a little panic in Breslau and Berlin. But we had a reporter from the *Voelkischer Beobachter* in Gleiwitz and he had quite a scoop. One of the Polish vandals was shot dead on the steps, but the others got away. The studio was shot up. There is a picture of it in the paper. The German nation is up in arms, and the Fuehrer's patience is exhausted. If you can stay awake until 10 o'clock, you may hear Hitler addressing the Reichstag on the subject. It is September the first, 1939, my dear Naujocks. A date that will be remembered by history."

The *Abwehr's* Canaris had a different view. It was a date, he said to a friend, which "means the end of Germany."

The *New York Times* and the rest of the United States press took up the story of the Polish attack at Gleiwitz. Ribbentrop made a speech denouncing the aggression. So did Baron Ernst von Weizsaecker, head of the German Foreign Office, an honorable man who should have known better. To German diplomatic missions abroad, von Weizsaecker cabled: "In defense against Polish attacks, German troops moved into action against Poland at dawn today. This action is for the present not to be described as war, but merely as engagements which have been brought about by Polish attacks."

The master liar himself came to the microphone. To the German people, who had proved themselves capable of believing anything, Hitler thundered, "I am wrongly judged if my love of peace and my patience are mistaken for weakness or even cowardice . . . This night for the first time Polish regular soldiers fired on our own territory. Since 5:45 a.m. we have been returning the fire, and from now on bombs will be met by bombs."

In the deafening tumult of protests, pronunciamentos, warnings and military communiqués, the Polish denial of any attack was lost. Everywhere border patrols crumpled before the massive advance of the German Army. Gallant Polish cavalrymen, their lances horizontal, made valorous counterattacks, but the German tanks shot the legs off the horses, and German machine guns converted Polish infantrymen into neat, withered rows of corpses. The Luftwaffe reduced Warsaw to rubble. In Berlin, all was quiet. There were no demonstrations, no parades, no brass bands; so different from 1914.

The nine principal actors in the weird drama of Gleiwitz were Reinhard Heydrich, Heinrich Mueller, Alfred Naujocks, and his six accomplices. The last six were never heard of again. At the Nuremberg trial, General Lahousen of the *Abwehr* stated flatly that they were "put out of the way."

Heydrich was assassinated. He had been appointed Acting Protector of Bohemia and Moravia, and on May 29, 1942 he was driving in an open sports car from his country villa to his Prague headquarters. Two Czech agents of the British lobbed a couple of bombs into his car, shattering his spine. He died in agony five days later. In reprisal, the Germans razed the town of Lidice to the ground and slaughtered its inhabitants.

What happened to Mueller is one of the most intriguing mysteries of the war. He was in the Berlin bunker with Hitler at the end of the war. Presumably he fell into Russian hands, but the Russians have never made any reference to him, and he has never been heard of since. Reports have since filtered through that he cast his lot with the Russians. A former policeman and head of the Gestapo, Mueller would obviously be a considerable addition to Russia's own special élite of secret murderers.

Alfred Naujocks moved on to one other classic deed of wartime derring-do. He was responsible for the curious "Venlo Incident." In November, 1939, during the "phony war" period, before the invasion of the Low Countries, German Intelligence learned that two British secret agents, Capt. S. Payne Best and Maj. R. H. Stevens, were operating in Venlo, Holland. Naujocks led a group of a dozen disguised S.S. men across the neutral border and kidnaped them.

Later he fell out with Heydrich, who sent him to the Russian front, hoping he would get killed. Naujocks was merely wounded. In 1944 he gave himself up to the Americans, but subsequently escaped, and for many years his whereabouts fascinated historians almost as much as the whereabouts of Adolf Eichmann.

William L. Shirer, in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich,* reported that "at the time of writing, 1959, he has never been apprehended or heard from."

Professor Gerald Reitlinger, in his definitive work, *The S.S.: Alibi of a Nation,* also mused on the fate of Naujocks: "He is a more picturesque figure than Skorzeny, and his memoirs, published perhaps in Buenos Aires, would be a gift to history."

What, in fact, happened was something of an anti-climax. Naujocks merely faded away. He was not on Israel's list of criminals. Although some token war crimes were marked up against him, nobody particularly wanted him. So he drifted for years through Latin America and into oblivion. He is nearly 60 years old now, and penniless. Some years ago he authorized a German journalist to write his life story, in the preface to which he wrote: "Today I live from hand to mouth . . . I know no other life well enough to live it, and in peace I am a failure."

Such is the fate of the man who started the war. —**Geoffrey Bocca**

TRUE

"Pop, I got a girl in trouble."

Hollywood's $40 Million Crapshooter

[*Continued from page* 20]

are as long as the scripts themselves. He supplements his script reading by poking his nose into anything else printed that happens to be handy, and is fond of startling his friends with odd facts he just has read.

The passion for reading could not keep Zanuck in school. By the time he was 14 he was living with his grandfather all but permanently, visiting his mother only on vacations, and the trips gave him the urge to see more of the world. Accordingly he stripped the braces from his teeth (which are still slightly protruding; the front two have a gap between like that of the comedian Terry-Thomas) and went off to join the Nebraska National Guard, a group that must have been as hard up for recruits as the *Sentinel* was for printable prose, for Zanuck was only a little over 5 feet tall and could claim 115 pounds only when filled with water and food.

The 6th Nebraska Infantry was sent into service on the Mexican border. When Zanuck can find the time these days, which is not often, he likes to reminisce about his experiences down there, especially about a time when he lay low in the mesquite while four Mexicans took turns shooting at him. Only his small size saved him, he declares, and adds that it also served him well in France, the following year, when he arrived there with the 163rd Division. They made him a runner. He was at the front for nearly a year, usually under fire. One afternoon during the Lys-Scheldt attack he crossed the river seven times under battering shellfire. He has lost none of his youthful courage, those close to him say. "I was on a plane with him once, a charter out of Rome going to Rhodes," says Robert Jacks, Zanuck's son-in-law. "Dickie Zanuck and I were sitting next to each other, and D. F. was up behind the pilot. Twenty-five minutes out, an engine started smoking. A top had burned out of a piston and oil was shooting into the cylinder and black smoke was pouring out. The pilot made a sharp bank to turn around and go back. Everybody else was pretty scared . . . Zanuck looked up once from his newspaper, then went on reading."

The war was unable to stop his hunger to express himself in print. His grandfather continued to publish his letters home in the local paper. Armed with a few of those clippings, Zanuck persuaded the editors of the *Stars and Stripes* to appoint him division correspondent. He also found time to box as a lightweight in 26 bouts, and on one occasion sent the *Stars and Stripes* a story about a fight he won. "Zanuck remained cool throughout the match," said one line. Discharged and back home in Wahoo, he went on writing furiously. O. Henry was his master and model. When he learned that O. Henry had written a story a week, he made himself write two. He was 17 when he returned from France, and soon after his 18th birthday he finally sold a story to a man's magazine. This was followed by a sale to *Physical Culture*, a story called *Mad Desire*. He continued to scribble away, and magazines continued to buy for the next three years. One day a letter came from Fox Film Company in Hollywood, expressing interest in one of his published pieces as a vehicle for a star named William Russell. Zanuck promptly moved to the coast for good, and except for one brief visit to honor the town on Darryl F. Zanuck Day in the mid-30's, he has not been back since. Wahoo has not forgotten him. A sign erected by the Wahoo Chamber of Commerce proclaims it as his former home.

The Fox executives could not have known that the Wahoo boy would buy them out within a decade. If they had, they perhaps would not have turned down the story they originally had expressed interest in buying. Zanuck was not discouraged. He got in to see William Russell, outlined another story he had in mind, and was paid $500 for it practically at once. Later he learned that the man who adapted it for the screen got $1,400. Zanuck at once decided to give up writing for adapting, but he found the going hard. The studios were not impressed by the fact that he had been only 21 when he made his first sale. Everything he submitted was turned down. He took a job as a riveter in a shipyard but was fired for dropping a hot one. He opened a window-decorating service which promptly closed. He fought a couple of pork-and-beans bouts, and in one was knocked out. Presently he began selling hair tonic from door to door.

Hollywood, at this time, had discovered big-name writers. Zane Grey, Harold Bell Wright, Rupert Hughes and Elinor Glyn, to mention only a few, were selling everything they wrote to the movies. "Write a book," Raymond Griffith advised Zanuck. The young man was far too ambitious to write a book in the conventional way, and he could not bear to wait the time it would take for an established publisher to bring it out. He thereupon made a proposition to A. F. Foster, manufacturer of the hair tonic he had been peddling, Yuccatone Hair Restorer. His book, which he proposed to call *Habit*, would contain four stories, one of them a fictionalized plug for Yuccatone. Foster was delighted with the idea. It did not matter to him that the other three items consisted of a short story that had been turned down by all the magazines in the business, and two scenarios that all the studios had rejected unanimously. All he was interested in was the Yuccatone epic. Its plot, according to Alva Johnston, "started with a murder in a New York night club, moved on to the effort of a broken-hearted Wall Street broker to reform his gilded wastrel of a son, vaulted from there to a forgotten city of the Southwestern desert, worried its way through more murders, conflagrations, kidnapings, bad men, greasers, and half-castes, and wound up with the arrival of the U.S. Cavalry and the discovery of Yuccatone." Foster thought it was just fine.

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Incredibly enough, so did the studios. All three stories *and* the Yuccatone testimonial were snapped up and bought for pictures. The first three were converted to celluloid, but the Yuccatone defied all efforts. A. F. Foster was disappointed, but Zanuck was beyond caring. *Habit* landed him a job as a contract writer with Warner Brothers. The company's two stars were Rin Tin Tin and Al Jolson. Zanuck was assigned to devise scripts for the dog. He rapidly developed a reputation as one of the greatest dog-story writers of all time. More important, he developed his own knowledge of how pictures are made. He was all over the lot, asking questions, pestering technicians, learning everything he could. The Brothers Warner and their father soon realized they had a potential Boy Genius on their hands. Pop Warner used to refer to him affectionately as "Our Goy." And meanwhile he continued to write. In one year he wrote 19 pictures. His name appeared on so many films that exhibitors of Warner films wrote in and demanded to know why the company could afford only one writer.

The potential Boy Genius became a full-fledged one at 25, one night in 1927 when the Warners called him in and announced they were making him head of all production at the studio. His salary was $5,000 a week. This gave him the financial status he felt he needed to marry Virginia Fox, an actress he had met about the time he published *Habit*.

The Warners' association lasted until 1933. Zanuck left on a matter of principle. During the banking emergency of that year, everyone at the studio took a 50 percent cut in salary. When time came for it to be restored, the Warners wanted to extend it for two more weeks. Zanuck had promised his employees the restoration. When the Warners held fast to their decision, he tore up his contract—he was then earning around $10,000 a week—and walked straight to the apartment of Joseph M. Schenck, head of United Artists. Schenck wanted out of that company; he too wanted to start a firm of his own. He and Zanuck formed Twentieth Century, aided by some backing from Louis B. Mayer, head of M.G.M., who was looking for a spot for his son-in-law, William Goetz. Goetz became No. 3 man at the studio. In Twentieth Century's first year Zanuck made 18 pictures, 17 of which were profitable at the box office. He then went off bear hunting in Alaska. While he was gone, Schenck negotiated a merger with Fox Films, and Twentieth Century-Fox thus was born.

Within a short time Mayer must have had reason to regret his decision to invest. Schenck was mainly a glad-hander and front-man type. Zanuck was the commander, and he went about making his factory one of the foremost in Hollywood. He built a stable of stars, among them Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Alice Faye, Betty Grable, John Payne, Linda Darnell and others who brought in huge sums during the 30's. He hired the best writers and directors he could find. He made money.

Twentieth Century-Fox earned $1,500,000 in its first year and $16 million in the next two. It continued to prosper until 1941, when it lost $500,000. "I wasn't giving it enough time," Zanuck once said. While he was away at war, the New York office, headed by Spyros Skouras, who had started out in the exhibiting business, gradually began to dominate the studio. Skouras became president in 1942. Zanuck was still production chief, but Skouras' influence continued to grow. When Zanuck came back from the war he went to New York and had a showdown with Skouras, then returned to Hollywood and, again by working 18 hours a day, restored his company to the eminence it formerly had held. By 1949 it was grossing $94 million over production costs of $43 million. That year Zanuck made *Pinky*, *Twelve O'Clock High*, *No Way Out*, and *A Letter To Three Wives*. As it turned out, it was the last really big year for the studio. Along came television—and the film industry was never the same again.

Skouras gained more and more power in the management of Fox affairs. Zanuck found that he had to contend with a board of directors, stacked by Skouras, who knew next to nothing about making films. He also found that his zest for making films was waning. And on top of everything else he was beginning to feel that restlessness that often overtakes men in middle age. He no longer felt as comfortable in his marriage as he once had. Together, he and his wife had discovered a girl they named Bella Darvi; her last name was a combination of "Darryl" and "Virginia." Zanuck was determined to make her a star even though her acting ability was roughly on a par with that of his first star, Rin Tin Tin. Mrs. Zanuck soon decided that her husband's interest in their creation was not altogether professional. The two of them effected a legal separation and a property settlement, and Zanuck moved out of his many houses (he had a Santa Monica beach house, a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, and his lodge at Sun Valley). Zanuck still wears what appears to be a wedding ring, but claims it is a Masonic ring.

In 1957 Zanuck went into independent production, with an arrangement for Fox to distribute his films. His first was *Island in the Sun*, a success as big as any he had had before. But then his fortunes began to falter. He made *The Sun Also Rises* that same year. It was a failure. So were *The Roots of Heaven* (1958), *Crack in the Mirror* (1959), *The Big Gamble* (1961). And he was having bad luck with his personal life, as well. After Bella Darvi he had discovered a French beatnik cellar-singer named Juliette Greco. He determined to make her a star, too, and succeeded just as he had with Miss Darvi, which is to say that he did not succeed at all. She was, to put it charitably, an even worse actress. She also was ungrateful. Some months after they parted she published a book in which she cast aspersions on his abilities as a lover. Zanuck filed a token suit for libel against her—"Just to stop pub-

lication," he told me in Paris. Later he said to a French reporter, "I got mixed up twice with very ambitious girls, and when you're stuck on a girl you do a lot of stupid things. Believe me, it's the last time I'm going to do it." But there must be a strong streak of moth in his spirit. Just before beginning *The Longest Day* he discovered a girl in Paris named Irina Demich. He gave her the only female role in the picture. In April, when I last saw him, she had arrived in New York for a visit with him. Although he did not go so far as to claim that he was going to make her a star, he said he had plans for her.

In 1961, when Zanuck started *The Longest Day* in Europe, he must have realized that this might be his last chance. Skouras, then solely in control of the company, had been none too pleased about Zanuck's independent failures. Only Zanuck's powers of persuasion had pried loose the $8 million he needed to make the film. *Cleopatra* already was underway and already had cost nearly that much without having a single frame of film to show for it. The company was in more serious trouble than any other in Hollywood. Buddy Adler, whom Skouras had brought in to take Zanuck's place, had died suddenly. In his place Skouras had put Peter Levathes, who had never been in films before (he had been a television executive). All these factors made Zanuck determined to make *The Longest Day* the biggest hit of his career. (Which, by the way, it just might turn out to be; although it still is showing only in road-company, or high-priced-ticket, engagements it has very nearly earned back its cost before going into general-theater release and now looks like it may gross $30 million.)

But midway in the making of the film he began to hear more and more disturbing reports of trouble in the New York office. Skouras had demonstrated that he was better at functions like welcoming Nikita S. Khrushchev to Hollywood than he was acting as head of the studio. As soon as Zanuck finished *The Longest Day* in Paris he flew to New York and confronted the man who had forced him out. It is a pity that no transcript of their conversation ever will be released; it would no doubt be as melodramatic as any scene in the movies Zanuck made when he was fresh out of Wahoo. Zanuck informed his boss that he had no intention of letting his 104,000 shares of stock flutter away in the wind of losses that was sweeping through the studio. What he said in effect was, "Give me command, or I'll fight you for it." He was prepared to call a special meeting and stage a stockholders' fight. And he unquestionably would have won, if only on his previous track record. Even the Wall Street men whom Skouras had put on his board were tired of the losses. Skouras skipped upstairs to become chairman of the board, Darryl Francis Zanuck was riding again.

Zanuck's moves were immediate and dramatic. He closed down what was left of the Hollywood operation (and there was not much left, for Skouras and his men had sold off so much of the studio property that in the future Fox will have to rent space to make outdoor scenes). He moved the story department to New York, where it could keep up with properties being published and buy them for future films. He fired all staff producers and directors and announced that in the future men would be hired for special jobs only.

Then he turned his attention to *Cleopatra*. The original producer, Walter Wanger, already had left after an argument with Skouras. Joseph L. Mankiewicz, whom Zanuck had used many times in the old days, was the writer and director. What Zanuck saw in the rough cut led him to believe that Mankiewicz was not the man for the job. To the astonishment of the film colony—Billy Wilder sent him a wire of indignation—he fired Mankiewicz. "We didn't see eye to eye," he told me, "and I had to operate on my own instincts." Later he relented and allowed the director to participate in the final work on the film. But Zanuck took personal charge of a whole new sequence of scenes to be shot in Spain. He flew there and directed them from his usual perch in a helicopter.

When it comes to Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, Zanuck is tolerant. "I don't know what they're doing," he says, "but whatever it is, I just hope they keep it up until the movie opens." Zanuck was never one to undervalue publicity and the success of *Cleopatra* is unquestionably the most important thing right now in his life and that of the company.

The company's balance sheet is already beginning to inch back into the black under Zanuck's leadership. In the first quarter of 1963 it made a profit of almost $2,300,000, not counting a reported $16,500,000 advance on *Cleopatra*. But *Cleopatra* has to gross $62 million to break even and if it doesn't Zanuck may have to go back to peddling hair tonic.

Nevertheless, Zanuck strives to give the impression that *Cleopatra* is only one of many projects he is inaugurating in order to put his company back in a competing position. This year he will make 10 films in Hollywood and four abroad. By 1964 the company will be in active production of television series. "I don't know a goddamned thing about it, but I'm going to learn," he told me. He said this in his command post in the St. Regis, a luxury hotel in New York, where he has a suite piled high with scripts. He was wearing a bathrobe and striding about in shower slippers, smoking his cigar, spouting his plans for the future. "You've got to spend money to make money!" he cried, brandishing the cigar. "You've got to give them entertainment they can't get on television—and that's exactly what I'm going to do." He ran a hand restlessly through his thick gray hair. His moustache seemed to turn up defiantly. Zanuck has 12 grandchildren—two by Dick, three by one daughter, seven by another daughter. And sometimes, when his face is in repose, this 60-year-old does look like a grandfather. But he almost never acts like one, and as I sat listening to him blare forth, I had a strong feeling that the Boy Wonder of Wahoo may just do it again.

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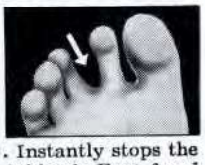

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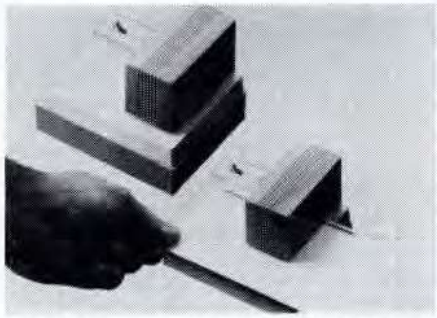

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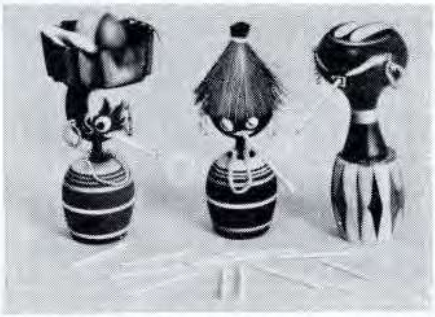

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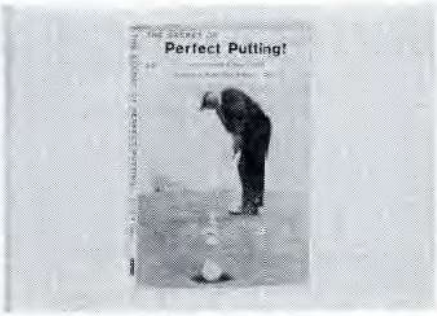

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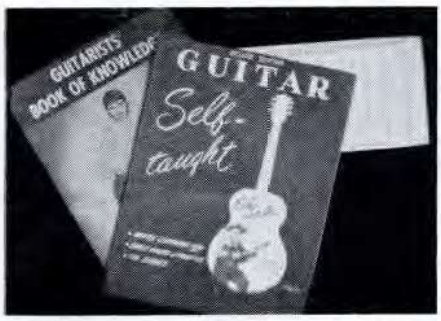

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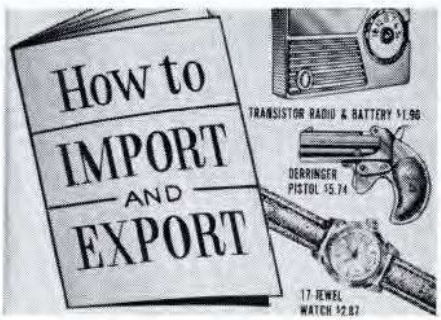

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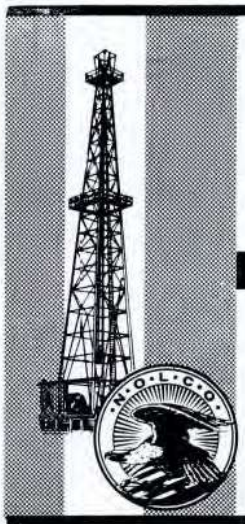

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BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

[*Continued from page* 34]

macher for a head of lettuce without requesting that it be "firm" and Mom's occasional order for a quart of mixed chocolate and vanilla always went to Mr. Weinecke with "and please pack it tight." In this friendly relationship many a bill went unpaid for months without a complaint when other demands had accounted for Pop's cash.

After passing through P.S. 70 and P.S. 85, I attended Manual Training High, not, I think, because Pop considered the compulsory courses in blacksmithing and carpentry would be of use to me in later life, but because the principal, Horace Snyder, was one of his close friends and would keep an eye on me. (Pop was by this time assistant superintendent of schools.)

At Manual, my record on the football field far overshadowed my academic record. During our senior year, a friend, Cal Calvosa, and I were accepted by Brown University; Cal on the basis of his marks, and I on the recommendation of one Dave Fultz, a Brown alumnus now practicing law in Brooklyn. Brown would not directly subsidize an athlete, but it would grant an academic scholarship on a suitable recommendation. When I learned from my sponsor that the scholarship was for one year only but might be renewed year to year if my marks warranted it, I had a sensation of going to Rhode Island under a handicap.

A realistic account of my four years at Brown sees the material falling neatly into two large divisions; the serious academic side and what you might call the other side. I'll deal with the other side first, then take up the serious academic side—that is if I can remember any.

To support myself, I took a number of odd jobs; one with a burglar alarm company, another as a bouncer in a dance hall, another as a hat checker in the Masonic Hall in Providence—until they found out I was a Roman Catholic.

One of my part-time professions very nearly led to disaster. There was, in the depths of Providence, a quite repulsive hangout called the Green Lantern Tea Room. With the help of a pal at the Delt house, I started a sideline there. My ingenious friend was a chemistry major and had a mind like a cash register. After field work along Atwells Avenue, he advised me that he could safely and almost instantly produce virtually any alcoholic beverage for $4.80 a gallon, including the bottles and attractively printed labels. All he needed, it seemed, was water, ethyl alcohol, certain elementary flavoring agents, and a quiet place in which to combine them. Since the going rate for the stuff was three dollars a pint, it was obvious that this could be a splendid operation.

We went to work in the cellar of the fraternity house, and the good news quickly spread through the Green Lantern's clientele. My partner never appeared at the Green Lantern. I quite understood why. He came from a respected New England banking family and naturally wished that no hint of scandal should ever touch him.

At the Green Lantern, in the pockets of my tuxedo, I routinely carried four pints; one each of our Scotch, rye, bourbon, and gin. When a guest would stroll up and say casually, "Can I see you for a minute, Red?" I would suggest a retreat to the men's room. Once there, my client would state his preference, produce his cash, and a moment later be back with the crowd. One night my friend Cal witnessed one of these transactions. "If your distinguished father," he said thoughtfully, "ever knew you were peddling rotgut in the gents' room of a fleabag, he would drop dead."

For two months my partner and I cleared a gratifying $60 a week. Then the blow fell. Through a fraternity brother who clerked in the dean's office we heard that a self-righteous Brown alumnus had tattled. We were to be summoned, he told us, the following day. There followed a dreadful hour during which the chemist and the salesman tried, without success, to figure out a reasonable defense. "You'll have to make one hell of a speech," my partner said gloomily, putting the onus on me.

With the thin-lipped face of Dean Otis Randall already seeming to loom before me, I thought of Pep Weinstein—you may know him as Nathanael West, the late, great novelist. He might see a way out for us. Hurrying to his dormitory, I told him what had happened. As one of our good customers who bought at a discount, Pep got the picture at once.

"The dean has ice water in his veins," I said miserably. "We'll never be able to soften him."

"I'm not so sure," Pep said. "Here—take some notes." Handing me a pad and pencil, he began pacing. "You will start by telling Randall of the stroke your father had which has kept him from working for two years. Your sister is still in the hospital recovering from her serious operation—"

"It'll never work," I said.

"Just take the notes," Pep said coldly, continuing to pace.

An hour later I had filled the pad. It was such a heart-rending tale as I read it back to Pep that tears almost came to my eyes. The author, listening critically to his work, seemed pleased.

"Take it home and rehearse it till you've got it cold," he ordered. "And keep this in mind—you want a degree from Brown so badly that you'd lie, steal, even sell bootleg liquor to get it. It has always been your dream. Things finally got so bad at home that you had to send something to your parents every week, and that's why you risked everything by engaging in this despicable activity. And wait—here's a nice touch. Tell him that only yesterday you went to confession and told the

priest all about this. He made you promise to give it up, and you agreed. Now, get the hell home and study it!"

Next morning came the expected summons. I went through my speech for the benefit of my panic-stricken partner. He was properly impressed, but also perplexed. "What's *my* excuse? Randall knows there's no privation at my house."

"If I can save myself, you'll be saved," I said, echoing what Pep had told me. "You, out of the kindness of your Baptist heart, simply lent me the money to get started."

The two most nervous college boys in Rhode Island entered the dean's office. We found him alone.

He waved us to seats and began the ceremony with a recital of the indictment. It was quite a speech, covering not only our disgrace of the university and two fine families, but also, rather obscurely, the American flag. But the dean's lines, unlike mine, had not been written by the man who would, within a few years, adorn American literature with *The Dream Life of Balso Snell, Miss Lonely-hearts, The Day of the Locust,* and *A Cool Million*. Closing with the expected announcement that he had no alternative but to expel us, he asked almost perfunctorily, "Have either of you anything to say for yourselves?"

My partner sadly said he had not.

"Yes, Dean, I have," I said shakily, rising to my feet. "Of course we had no idea you were going to call us in today, so naturally we are not prepared with any defense worth your attention, but if you would give me just a few minutes I would like to say—" And I launched into my tale of woe. After five minutes I knew that I had the dean hooked. Within 10 I myself was almost believing the lies I was uttering, and my partner was sobbing.

On the deliberately lame note written into the script, I finished and groped for my seat. The dean looked searchingly at me but could find no guile in my well-controlled eyes. Then he took out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. I noticed that his hands were shaking. Leaning back in his chair, he said in a strangely hollow tone, "I don't want to ruin your lives. You both have good marks and I'm going to give you one more chance."

"God bless you, Dean!" my associate murmured.

For the moment I was too overcome to speak—the first honest emotion I'd had since entering the room. When we went out of the building, feeling as convicted murderers must when reprieved at the last moment, we were too dazed to show our happiness. Our savior, who had been waiting for us, asked in some anxiety for the verdict.

"It went well," I answered humbly, "Thanks to you, Pep."

That evening we solemnly closed out the operation in the Delt house cellar, with Pep as guest of honor. "Gentlemen," he said, raising a beaker of our rye, "to graduation."

If you gave Brown half a chance, the old university could provide you with an education. The trouble was, I consistently gave Brown less than the required half. Except for my English courses, I merely went through the motions and when, in my freshman year, I failed a horror called Integral Calculus, the scholarship I had obtained via the good Mr. Fultz was not renewed. From then on I had to pay tuition.

Aside from my English courses, what I remember of my Brown experiences is my undistinguished football career. The game we played, to be sure, resembles the game seen today about as much as the horse and buggy resembles the jet airplane. We were all committed to a standard offense, usually a single or double wing. We played the traditional 7-2-2 defense or occasionally, when we felt that a forward pass was inevitable, the six-men line, and we crouched inflexibly in our positions.

At Brown we had three coaches, and the head man, gentle old Ed Robinson, had been on the job for 20 years. Only age finally retired him. But if the football we played was sometimes unimaginative, it was always exciting, and it had one great virtue that has almost been lost: on the whole it was an amateur sport. Only someone wearing blinkers could say as much of today's game.

As a player, I was neither best nor worst, but I was accident prone. In my senior year, despite an impressive record of physical mishaps in practice, I was picked to kick off in our first game. In practice, I had booted the ball an average of 40 yards. I did it again—but this time the damn ball went straight up. It was perhaps the worst kick off in Brown's history. In addition, I put so much strength into it that a Charley horse forced me out of the game and kept me limping for two weeks.

But I had my moments later in the season—or perhaps I should say that not all my accidents were unlucky. When we played Rhode Island State, a game supposed to be a breather, the field was unadulterated mud. None of our backs could do any running, and to pass the soggy ball was out of the question. With about five minutes to go we were faced with the humiliating prospect of a scoreless tie. The ball was at mid-field—Roy Clayfield kicked. It landed on our opponent's five-yard line and dropped dead. They tried unsuccessfully to move out of the shadow of the goal post and then were forced to kick from behind the goal line. Beside me at guard, Jim Barrett, a really great player, somehow managed to keep his footing and rush into the Rhode Island backfield, where he blocked the kick. Me? I managed to lumber as far as the goal line before slipping and falling. I heard the thud of the ball as it hit Barrett's chest. Then it bounced into my arms. I was just over the line, so it counted: the first touchdown I had ever scored.

I wasn't so lucky in our game against Harvard. It was a tradition for Brown to beat Harvard—for the reason that when we played them, the week before they played Yale, they kept most of their first-string players in reserve. Two of our ends were injured early in this game that meant nothing to Harvard, and in desperation Coach Robinson put me in at end. We were then ahead by two touchdowns. We had the ball at mid-field and in the huddle Roy Clayfield asked doubtfully, "If I throw a pass, Red, do you think you can catch it?"

"If you can hit me in the belly with it, I can," I told him. And I caught it on the 25 yard line. There was only one man between me and the goal—the umpire. I took one step, crashed into him, and we both went to the ground—taking care of my dream of making a touchdown against Harvard.

During the third summer of my college career, I worked for Pep Weinstein's father, a contractor, who was building an apartment house and had a job for me as hod carrier.

Climbing a shaky ladder with a load of bricks or mortar was fun the first few times. After that it was drudgery even though the $40 a week seemed like riches. Theoretically, I hodded from 8 to 4, but I could never seem to make it from my boardinghouse on time. Pep, working as timekeeper, took care of that by always checking me in. And if I disappeared at 3:30 in the afternoon, looking for some of the finer things in life, Pep checked me out at 4. The foreman was a good-natured Irishman who had the proper respect for the boss' son.

Most evenings would find me, not at my boardinghouse, but at Pep's home in the Bronx, where his parents were always happy to feed and entertain their son's friends. Another regular visitor to the Weinstein household was Brown's other gift to American satiric letters, the Brooklyn-born Sid Perelman. I won't say that he was the dour type, like a lot of humorists, but he possessed a certain reserve. Quite a while passed before Pep and I realized that Sid was not coming up to the Bronx to see us. The attraction was Laura, Pep's beautiful sister. They were married soon after Sid graduated from Brown.

The Bachelor of Philosophy degree I carried away from Brown, though I flashed it hopefully around Manhattan, opened no promising doors, nor did my Uncle Jerry when he wrote letters of introduction to the heads of several advertising agencies. These men—polite, patronizing, and formidable—all told me to come back when I'd had a couple of years' experience.

So I took on two unrelated jobs; playing with the Newark professional football team and working on the *Newark Press*, a paper into which Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was sinking his money with a lavish hand. I signed on as a rewrite man, assuring the managing editor that I had done quite a bit of this work for the *Providence Journal* while at Brown. For three days I got away with it. Then the boss called me in.

"Don't tell me you ever were on rewrite," he said icily. "To begin with, you can't spell. Second, on the tabloid, you condense. A fight in a speakeasy on Market Street isn't worth a hundred words. You've given it a thousand."

He said I could stay on as a reporter if I wanted to, at a suitable reduction in salary. I wanted to very much—at least until the football season began—and so found myself attending Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions Club luncheons where I listened to interminable speeches that had to be fine-combed for anything worth reporting.

About two months later, Mr. Vanderbilt wisely closed his dreary little paper. Happily, my severance coincided with the start of the football season. When the season ended and I went

home, Pop, by speaking to another of his many friends, found me a job as editor at the *Brooklyn Times*. All I edited, however, was the six-page contest weekly that the circulation department issued for the paper's 500 newsboys.

It was in the composing room that I became acquainted with one of the staff's real newspapermen. Nearly every night Jimmy Woods, a snub-nosed, dark-haired Irishman who wrote a sports column, would come up to get the proof of the page on which it would appear. One night Jimmy, who came from Williamsburg, mentioned that he had gone to school at P.S. 122. He then asked if I happened to be related to the Jim Reynolds who had been the principal. From that moment I was Jimmy's friend and protégé.

A sports writer was given two tickets to the events he covered and the only restriction was No Women in the Press Box. Going along with Jimmy, I not only got to know most of the leading sports writers of the day, but fell hard for Madison Square Garden. Having made me a Garden fan, Jimmy Woods badgered Len Wooster, the *Times* sports editor, into giving me an occasional assignment. For these I was paid space rates—$7 a column. Even though I seldom wrote anything worth more than a third of a column, I began to feel that I at last had my toe in the door. The Rotary luncheons seemed far in the past. I was now writing about what I loved.

On our way to the Garden, Jimmy and I would often eat in some restaurant where the steak could be accompanied by a glass of beer or the *osso bucco* by a glass of chianti. While the papers frequently carried grim stories about the gang wars led by Legs Diamond and Hymie Cohen, his partner in the Hotsy Totsy Club, or Dutch Schultz, Vannie Higgins, Arnold Rothstein and others, it was difficult for me to connect these practitioners of violence with the pleasant atmosphere I found in the eating places and speakeasies they supplied and controlled. Rarely did I have any personal awareness of danger, and like hundreds of thousands of others in the Prohibition era, I accepted things as they were, paid my money, and enjoyed myself.

But there were better reporters around than I, and the *Times* job folded under me. Next, at the goading of Sid Perelman, I became a sort of a writer. Sid, now living in Greenwich Village, had become a regular contributor to *Judge*, selling that weekly not only humorous articles but cartoons. Under his tutelage I concocted a sketch about a shopgirl named Mamie who described her adventures of the day to her roommate in pure Bronxese. The editors at *Judge* liked it and asked for more. I ground out another dozen stories about Mamie, then Sid decided it was time we made our mark on the literary scene with a novel. Convinced that it would be an easy matter, we fashioned a plot of sorts about a rich young man who lived in the Village and had limited interests: speakeasies and girls. My part was to type out the rough chapters; Sid's was to clothe them with his mad humor and decorate them with this sort of introduction:

> The storm at sea—In which our heroine breasts the waves and vice versa—Bertha writes Goethe a letter—Goethe writes Bertha a letter—They tear up each other's letters—Futility.

A respectable publisher, Horace Liveright, astonished us both by deciding to take a chance with our little monstrosity. His one suggestion—and it was a command—was that we produce a less alarming title than the one we had selected, which was *Through the Fallopian Tubes on a Bicycle*. Under the somewhat calmer *Parlor, Bedlam, and Bath*, the book was serialized in *College Humor* before it was offered in hard covers to the discriminating readers of America, who treated it to a good deal of inattention.

When I had been out of college about four years and still had no permanent employment in sight, Pop suggested with some force that a law degree might be a handy anchor against the day when I was no longer fast enough to play professional football. Conceding his wisdom, I enrolled in night courses at Brooklyn Law School in the winter of 1928, but my natural resistance to such subjects was too great and in the end I gave it up before ever taking the bar examination.

After a season of playing on Brooklyn's first professional football team I became a reporter for the *New York Evening World*. As usual, it was because Pop knew somebody. In this case the city editor, Jack Rainey, was the brother of one of his principals.

A short time later, however—without warning—both the *Evening World* and the *Morning World* were sold to the Scripps-Howard chain, represented in New York by the *Telegram*. I had done some sports writing at the *World*, and a few days after the sale, I had a phone call from Joe Williams, the sports editor and columnist of what was now the *World-Telegram*. He told me that the paper was taking on a handful of the men who had been thrown out of work. When I went in to see him, I found that he had read my columns and knew all about me. What he had in mind was that I should go to Florida at once and cover the Brooklyn Dodgers through their spring training, then follow them through the season.

"I'm no baseball expert," I protested, not too emphatically. Within me was a sense of excitement.

Williams replied that he had all the experts he needed. "What I want from you," he said, "is feature stuff about the players. There's a good story in every rookie who comes up. If you do this right, you'll get to know those players and their manager as if they were your brothers."

The next day I was on the train heading for Florida—having never seen a major-league baseball game, and come no nearer playing the game than playing stick ball on Jefferson Avenue.

That summer was one of the best I ever spent. The writing was easier than I thought it would be, and the whole experience was fun. When the team finally reached Brooklyn and I checked in at the paper, I found a basket of fan letters—the first I had ever received—waiting for me. The one that impressed me most was signed by a *World-Telegram* columnist whom I had not yet met. It read:

> I am playing with the idea of writing a novel on ball players but it's been many years since I was a baseball writer. I have read your stories and the Dodgers seem a colorful group. Could you bring a couple of them up to my place for a drink (if they drink), so I can get to learn about modern-day players? I would appreciate it very much if you'd phone me.

It was signed: HEYWOOD BROUN.

The following evening, with Lefty O'Doul and center fielder Johnny Frederick in tow, I called on Heywood at his penthouse apartment on West Fifty-eighth Street. For me it was the beginning of a memorable friendship.

Fourteen years older than I was, Heywood was a big, slow-moving man with a shock of unruly curly hair, a slightly crooked nose, and a disarming smile. He stood six foot three, but for all his bulk, he had narrow shoulders, and his expensive custom-tailored suits usually appeared to have been put together by an inexperienced tent maker. He may have looked untidy, with a button or two missing, and his tie off-center (Alexander Woollcott, ever ready to sacrifice a friend for a quip, once likened his appearance to that of an unmade bed), but when Heywood started talking, you forgot sartorial defects.

At the time I met him, he was probably the most admired daily columnist in the country. Having come up as a reporter, rewrite man, baseball writer, drama and literary critic, and novelist, he was writing "It Seems To Me," a title that gave him a limitless range of subjects and perfectly expressed his approach. Heywood wrote as he pleased, and if his opinions on social or political or ethical issues didn't agree with those of his publishers, he couldn't have cared less.

A few days after our meeting, Heywood invited me to spend the weekend at the home he and his wife Ruth had at North Stamford, Connecticut, and not long afterward they lent me the small guest house that was on the place. I took to living there and commuting to Ebbets Field and my office. Mom and Pop, meeting the Brouns, were as smitten with them as I was, and one or both of them often came to North Stamford to spend weekends with me.

Saturday nights at the Brouns' were traditionally poker nights. Among the regular players were Heywood's neighbors Westbrook Pegler and Deems Taylor. Peg could be counted on to lose $40. All of us were so fond of him that we made no bones about calling him the worst poker player east of the Hudson.

All in all, it was a great year and it made me a writer. Then, early in 1932, Joe Williams called me in and gave me the bad news. The *World-Telegram* was embarking on an

economy drive. I had been doing a good job, he said, and he personally felt unhappy about the arbitrary order from upstairs, which was that the last men to be hired—those who had come from the *Evening World*—were to be the first to go.

For a year I had been having the time of my life. Overnight I was a bum out of a job.

As a two-time victim of the Depression—cast adrift by the *Evening World* and now by the *World-Telegram*—I spent a miserable couple of weeks at home. Until now I had thought of the Depression as some phenomenon in the distance that caused stock brokers and margin investors to leap from high places. Suddenly, it was close around me.

Then, one evening as we were eating dinner, the telephone rang. I answered it. The caller announced himself as Damon Runyon. "I think I have a job for you," he began.

"Very funny!" I yelled into the phone, and hung up.

Then the beau ideal of a sports writer, a man to whom stories and legends clung, Damon Runyon was hardly likely to be calling me up. We had never even met. I naturally assumed it was some pal of mine getting off a tasteless joke.

Mom was not so sure. Telling me that none of my friends would be so cruel, she suggested that I telephone King Features, the Hearst Syndicate, and find out if Runyon had just called me.

At that moment the phone rang again. "Listen," said the voice, sounding amused, "this really *is* Damon Runyon. If you doubt it, call me back at my office and ask for me." Then Runyon told me he had heard from Heywood Broun that I was on the street. On the strength of it had recommended me to Joe Connolly, the head of the Hearst Organization's International News Service, because Connolly was looking for a rewrite man. I was to go in and talk with Connolly—and, what was more, I was to ask him for $125 a week.

When I told Runyon I had been making only $75 on the *World-Telegram*, he laughed. "Don't tell Connolly that," he said, "or you'll make a liar out of me."

I went back to the dinner table in a daze. Mom was smiling complacently, as though she'd known all along that I was to be called.

Joe Connolly, a tall, good-looking, gray-haired Irishman, afterward became one of my best friends, but the morning I met him in the Mirror Building on East Forty-fifth Street, all he symbolized was top power in the powerful Hearst organization. He told me that he needed a rewrite man who could also go out and cover city or national stories, and sports, too, on occasion. "Damon thinks you can fill this job," he said. "What do you think, Reynolds?"

I passed up the chance to contradict Damon Runyon. My biggest problem, it turned out, was bluffing Connolly into paying me the salary Runyon had decided I was worth, but I managed it, and next morning I was sitting at the INS rewrite desk. With the typewriters and teletypes clattering, the writers crying "Boy!" and coffee served in soggy cardboard containers, it was almost like being back on the rewrite desk at the *Evening World*.

My associates were George McGurk, Jim Kilgallen, and David Sentner, and though I had known none of them before, they all welcomed me cordially. Connolly had bragged to me about all of them, telling me there was nothing in the newspaper business they could not do—which was chiefly write a better story and get it on the wires faster than their opposite numbers in the bigger and more powerful Associated Press and United Press. My immediate boss, editor Barry Faris, a stocky, forbidding-looking man, stressed the need for me to be both fast and factually accurate. So far as INS was concerned, he said, one ability without the other would be worthless. As for the speed part of it, our stories went to 27 Hearst and many non-Hearst papers. Since most of these papers also subscribed to the AP and UP, any time an INS story went on the wires even a minute later than those of our rivals, Joe Connolly would be sure to hear about it.

The Chief, as William Randolph Hearst was always called, apparently took pride in the objectivity of INS. Although he aired his personal opinions freely in his newspapers, he left us strictly alone. "We have only two sacred cows here," slow-talking George McGurk told me the morning I took my place at the desk. "God and Marion Davies. Never rap either one of them."

Though I saw him play only one game, it was baseball's great Ty Cobb who started me on a career of sorts as a short-story writer. In 1932, when he was just running out his string, I happened to be in Philadelphia doing a story for INS. Cobb was playing for the Athletics then, and I took the afternoon off to sit in the press box and watch him in action against the Yankees. Cobb was playing from memory but he got three hits and stole a base to put the last-place Philadelphia team ahead by a run. In the ninth, with two Yanks on base and two out, a fly ball was hit to Cobb. It should have been an easy out, but Cobb couldn't quite get to it. The ball hit his glove, bounced out, and both Yanks scored. The crowd laughed. They laughed at Cobb, probably the most talented ball player ever to pull on cleats. I felt sick. So did the others in the press box.

The *World-Telegram's* Tom Meany grabbed my arm and said angrily, "That's like laughing at God!" Then he thought it over. "Ty's over 40, and I guess there's the answer," he said. "Legs last just so long."

I returned to New York haunted by the picture of the mob laughing at Ty Cobb. During a dull hour at the rewrite desk, I rolled a sheet of paper into my typewriter and began to put down my feelings about an aging baseball star. As I wrote, my feelings were his; I knew the damage that laughter would have done to me. After a while what was coming out of the typewriter began to look less like an article than a short story. I did a second draft, gave it the title Meany had handed me—"Legs Last Just So Long"—and mailed it off to a pulp magazine. It promptly came back to me. After it bounced another three or four times, I took the hint and tossed it in a drawer.

That fall Barry Faris sent me to Chicago to cover the Notre Dame-Northwestern football game. On the train I ran into Bill Corum, and he introduced me to Grantland Rice and then to a young-looking, well-dressed, pleasant man named Charles Colebaugh. Like Corum, Rice had a madly overdeveloped instinct for friendship, and he instantly regarded me as someone he'd known for years. At that time he was the most widely syndicated sports writer in the country, and I found his interest in me quite flattering.

Colebaugh was a less demonstrative type. I learned that he was the managing editor of *Collier's* weekly.

In the club car Rice began grumbling to Colebaugh about his work load. "I'm doing my daily column and then grinding out a weekly piece for you. I love you, Charley, but I need more time at the race track. When I quit you, why don't you give my job to this fellow Reynolds?"

Colebaugh, who was the politest man since Lord Chesterfield, smiled and said, "Granny, you know we would give consideration to any man you recommended."

This was all Bill Corum needed. "Let me tell you about Reynolds, Charley. He does rewrite, features, news stories, sport stories, and I'll be damned if he doesn't even write fiction."

I felt like a fool. Bill knew as well as I knew—because I had told him so—that my one attempt at a short story had taken the count.

When Colebaugh amiably invited me to send him some of my work, I confessed that my only story had already been rejected several times. He suggested that I let him see it anyway, pointing out that *Collier's* might like what a pulp magazine would not—a story that went in for character development as well as action.

On my return to New York, still wondering if Colebaugh hadn't exceeded the demands of politeness in asking to see it, I sent him my story. The next day he telephoned me at work. "Very good, Reynolds. Just as I hoped, you made your man believable. We're taking it, and if you can do more as good, we'll want them, too."

While I gripped the phone to keep from dropping it, Colebaugh went on: "I'm putting a check for $750 into the mail for you."

I managed to stammer my thanks and get the phone back on the hook, but for the rest of the day I was no good. What really gave me a chill was to realize I might have taken a different train to Chicago and thus not met Colebaugh.

During the next 10 years I sold *Collier's* perhaps 40 short stories. Ty Cobb, the man who started me, remained my baseball idol until the night in the late 1950's when I was finally introduced to him. He had attended one of the annual New York Baseball Writers' dinners. When the affair was over, he and several dozen other present and former players, managers, team owners, and writers retired to Toots Shor's saloon on West Fifty-first Street. Every year that was the night that

Toots never closed, and anyone who tried to pick up a check would get his wrist broken.

It was Joe DiMaggio who introduced me to Cobb, and I'll admit that for some moments I just stared at him in awe. Cobb was in a good mood and was even gracious enough to say that he had read some of my books. I replied by telling him how he had inspired me to start writing short stories. I reminded him of the day in Philadelphia when he dropped the fly ball. It was the wrong thing to do.

"You lousy bastard," he spat at me, "I never dropped a fly ball in my life!"

Toots and DiMaggio moved between us. They knew Cobb.

I saw him around a few times after that, and found him to be a weird, filthy-mouthed, tight-fisted drunk. Ball players of his era, I discovered, respected him as a player, but they despised him as a cruel and humorless man. When he died in 1961 it was reported that he left an estate of $12 million. Not publicized was the fact that the nurse who found him dead in his hospital bed found a million dollars' worth of negotiable securities and a Luger pistol in his bed. He was trying his best to take it with him. While baseball people are notoriously sentimental and loyal, only three of them attended his funeral.

But I can never write Cobb off. He dropped that ball and gave me a real break.

My next break was given me by a dawdling waiter.

Down the block from INS was Gus and Eddie's, our favorite tavern. One day early in 1933, after lunching there, Barry Faris, Jim Kilgallen, and I played poker dice for the check. I lost. That much was easy. The harder trick was catching our waiter's eye. "Waiter!" said I, but apparently he was dreaming sweet dreams.

"The poor guy doesn't know English," I remarked. "I'll try another flavor." Then I rapped out, *"Herr Ober, die Rechnung bitte!"* The man snapped to attention, clicked his heels, and came running.

It seemed to me that Barry was unusually quiet as we walked back to the office. An hour or so later I saw Joe Connolly go into Barry's cubicle. They talked for a minute, then called me in. "Barry tells me you speak German," Connolly said.

I laughed. "Doesn't everybody?"

"The point is," said Barry, "our feature writer in Berlin has offended Hitler's press director and got himself kicked out of the country. We hired him from the UP over there, and because we don't know him, we couldn't go to bat for him. We want you to take his place. Then, if you get in trouble, we can back you up."

"Me?" I croaked. "All I talk is saloon German. I can order *Kartoffelpuffer* and recite *The Lorelei*, but that's about it."

Five days later I was on my way to Berlin.

Until late in 1933—when Grantland Rice made good his threat to quit *Collier's* and Charley Colebaugh hired me away from INS as his replacement—I lived in Germany: touring, educating myself in the ways of the German mind, meeting such functionaries as Goebbels and Count Felix von Luckner, filing countless stories to INS in New York, and watching the pyrotechnic political career of Adolf Hitler. When I took the boat home eight months later, I knew that Hitler was no longer only a news story. He was a threat.

Charley Colebaugh was on hand to make me feel at home when I walked into the *Collier's* offices on Park Avenue for the first time late in 1933. As an associate editor—meaning that I might be called on to produce an article on practically any subject of current interest—I was assigned a cubicle containing a desk, a couple of chairs, and a typewriter. However, Colebaugh immediately made it clear that I was not expected to occupy this cozy base if I preferred to work elsewhere. It appeared that the other staff men did much of their writing at home or on the road.

Quickly getting into the spirit of things, I traveled to Havana and did an article on Batista, later went on to the Dominican Republic for a piece on Trujillo. In the writing business you get to know interesting people. This is not only a great old cliché but a fact so solid that it used to be a potent argument for keeping reporters' salaries low.

At George Brown's gym, where I sometimes worked out, I first met Ernest Hemingway. Ernest would appear in the gym any time he came through New York on his way to or from Europe. He never wanted any part of paddle-ball but he would punch the bags, heavy and light, for half an hour, and then box. He sometimes wanted my pal, John McClain, and me to go in the ring with him but George wouldn't hear of it.

"Ernest knows only one way to box," he told us. "For keeps. You and John might jab him silly and make him bleed. Then he'd start to fight, and the two of you'd end up hating each other. I wouldn't allow any fighting in here."

The only man who boxed with the novelist was George himself. George never hit him or any of his other clients a solid blow. He would jab effectively, cross light rights to your chin, and clinch and tug you around a bit, but his working theory was that gym boxing was a conditioner, not a contest.

But don't get the idea that Ernest was no fighter—or that his writing was the cover-up of a synthetic he-man. He was no Fancy Dan but he had the courage of a bull and he could hit like a mule. His belly was like a washboard, and it was just about as vulnerable to a punch. Usually, he and George would go four rounds. George's hair wouldn't even be mussed at the end of it, but again that's no reflection on Ernest—George was one of the most skillful defensive fighters I've ever watched.

In the late 1930's Ernest and his wife Pauline lived in Key West, and once when I happened to be in Miami doing a story, I telephoned him and was invited over for a day and a night that stretched well beyond that. In those days Ernest usually got up to do his writing at 6 a.m. About 9:30 he would knock off and he and Pauline and I would have breakfast together. She and I had coffee and toast; Ernest doted on broiled fish. One morning I remarked that, though awake early, I had heard no typewriter.

"I write too damn fast on a typewriter," he explained. "If I use a mill I have to rewrite and rewrite. Writing with a pencil slows me down good."

During breakfast Ernest would read his mail, often aloud and with irreverent comments. One morning he took up a letter that made him boil. It was from two recent Princeton graduates who apparently hadn't learned much. With enough capital to start a small magazine, they wanted Ernest to send them a short story or an article for their first issue. Their pitch ran about like this: "Your name on our list of contributors will insure our success. Of course we can't afford to pay for material used, but we feel sure that you will be interested in helping us provide a new forum for the best in American literature."

Ernest crumpled the letter and fired it across the room. "Goddam these kids: What do they think I am—an *amateur?* Nobody asks the butcher for free meat or the grocer for free bread."

"Easy now," Pauline said calmly. "I'll answer that one and just say you're too busy."

"They must think I'm a goddam artist!" Ernest grumbled.

In all the years I knew Hemingway, I think that was the closest I ever heard him come to discussing his attitude about his work. For me he was first of all a nice guy to stay up late with, and after that a writer. Thinking about him, I think of another pro, Jack Dempsey. Jack never talks about the left hook that he could throw faster and more accurately than any other fighter who ever lived. Jack talks about his children or his friends or the charity he is shilling for. The Hemingway I knew removed the fat from English prose and discovered the simple declarative sentence as the basis of literary art, but I never heard him make speeches about these accomplishments.

When it came to his fishing, though, it took little to start Ernest talking, and I must say he bored the hell out of me any number of times with his tales of the big ones he had killed. (It was Ernest who explained to me that you "catch" ordinary fish but "kill" game fish.)

I can live without fishing. I will go further. To me, fishing is about as stimulating a pastime as golf or bird watching. As long as you can buy halibut or swordfish for less than a dollar a pound, cleaned, I see no reason to take chances with the sun and the vicious rolling of the Gulf Stream. And from the fish's point of view the alleged sport seems so one-sided. Once the poor fish is hooked, I don't see how he's going to get away, or maybe even want to get away, since it's a cinch he's going to leave half his profile.

The first morning Ernest took me out in his beautiful 30-foot power boat, it was with his guarantee that I would kill a sailfish. Sitting beside me while I occupied the fishing chair, a contrivance that swiveled like something in a barber shop, he fed me extensive instruction:

"When the big one strikes, let the line run out. The sail will

think he has killed the bait. He will back away. Then he will rush for it. He will swallow it. You count 10. Then you jerk your rod high to hook him good. Then you begin to work him in. Understand, Quent?"

I nodded.

"You'll lose the first few," Ernest added complacently, "but you'll get the hang of it."

The ice chest of Ernest's boat contained not only beer but conch salad marinated in lime juice. He carried this as a precaution for guests who might get seasick, and he made quite a point of putting it aboard the first morning he took me out. For all I know, conch salad may be the perfect antidote he said it was, but since seasickness is one of the few afflictions that never bother me, I can only report that Ernest's salad and beer made a happy combination.

We were about 15 miles off shore, and mighty rough it was too, when the promised sail took my hook. Forgetting all the briefing, I worked the reel and in a couple of minutes there was the fish, six feet long, gasping in the boat.

Hemingway frowned. "That's no way to kill a sail," he said.

"Well, I caught him," I said. "Will we eat him for dinner?"

"You don't eat sails," he said.

"Then what the hell do you do with them?" I asked.

"You can have it mounted," he said sourly. "It'll cost you $10 a foot."

One of the crew baited my hook and tossed it overside. Presently, there was a jolt.

"A barracuda!" Hemingway screamed. "A big one! Take it easy. Don't get excited. Play him—play him!"

I reeled as before, an operation that seemed simple enough, and had the poor fish in the boat in all of 30 seconds.

So it went. That first morning we knocked off 10 barracuda, several kingfish, six mackerel, one wahoo, and my one sail. Actually I killed more fish than Ernest, but that was only because he spent most of his time giving me unnecessary instructions.

As we went back to port, Ernest was very excited about the wahoo I had caught. "You don't get them often," he said. "They're great eating."

"We'll have it?" I asked.

"I always give the kill to the crew," he said. "We buy what we eat."

I went out with the big fisherman every day for a week. Ernest was then finishing *To Have and Have Not*. When he killed a lot of fish, he went home happy, in a good mood for writing the next morning. If the killing was poor, the genial Ernest turned morose. This accounts, I am sure, for the unevenness of the last chapters of *To Have and Have Not*. The passages that flash across the pages like meteors were written on the good mornings. The duller sections, my hunch is, were ground out after we had killed nothing but mackerel.

My *Collier's* office small as it was, was often shared informally by Heywood Broun and John McClain.

One afternoon Heywood invited everyone in sight to a cocktail party Sinclair Lewis was throwing at the Essex House. John and I had nothing better to do, and the price recommended it.

By the time Heywood and John and I reached Lewis' suite, the party was in full cry and the host was looking and acting like a rewarmed cadaver. Sober, he may have been a companion of qualities, as many have maintained, but since I never saw him except this once, I can only report him as a completely obnoxious man. When he greeted Heywood as "you fat son of bitch," there was nothing in it but meanness. And when he rolled his eyes at me and added obstreperously, "Who in hell are you?" I was ready to take my trade elsewhere.

Another of Lewis' guests was also getting the treatment, and though he was a large man physically, he was visibly wilting. "Fat boy," I heard Lewis snarl at him, "do you think anyone but your editor ever finished reading a book of yours?"

I watched Heywood, who seemed to know the big man, detach him and lead him to the bar. John and I followed. The big man downed a bourbon with a trembling hand, then said quite unhappily that he would like to escape. When Heywood suggested that we all go to the Stork Club, he brightened immediately. Then a shy smile spread over his face. As though confessing a mortal sin to a priest, he said, "I've never been to a night club in my life. Do you think we can get into one?"

"I think so," Heywood said gravely. "These boys and I know Sherman Billingsley pretty well."

A few minutes later the four of us were in a cab, fitting rather snugly, when the big man said apologetically to John and me, "We really haven't met, have we? My name is Tom Wolfe." He said it humbly, as though sure that the name would mean nothing to us.

At the Stork we sat at Billingsley's Table 50, in the middle of things, and Tom, a real country boy, reminding me of some of the rookie Dodgers I had known, was entranced with the music and the beautiful women. When Heywood ordered champagne, Tom was aghast at the extravagance. He felt better when Billingsley was also able to produce a supply of Jack Daniels.

As our party broke up, Wolfe asked us where to find his subway. Heywood, who would sooner have walked on hot coals than ride a subway train, ordered a Carey Cadillac for Tom and had Billingsley add it to his bill. We saw Tom into the limousine and watched it drive off.

"There goes a great man," said Heywood, almost reverently.

I'm lingering over memories, of course, but it's because all these friends helped make wonderful years for me—the last careless, casual years of my life. I couldn't foresee it then, but soon I was to be writing about man's inhumanity to man, about the death of a French city named Beauvais, about the heroic spirit of the English during the Blitz. Life was not again to be so simple and full of fun as it was in the 30's, and today it seems constantly harder to find replacements for a Hemingway, or a Heywood Broun.

Then, suddenly, I was struck by two crushing blows. My mother—whom I had always considered the world's most selfless individual—died. I found her death almost impossible to accept. Several times during the next week Heywood Broun took me to lunch. He had recently finished his instruction with Monsignor Fulton Sheen and had been baptized. I continued to be a sullen companion, but Heywood was not much impressed by this. One day he said sternly, "Quent, listen to me. You can't live with a ghost—even with the ghost of someone you loved. Get hold of yourself."

I thought that over and it began to make sense.

Then, a month after Mom's death, Heywood himself was dead, struck down by pneumonia. Those who knew him could hardly believe it. Heywood had seemed indestructible. He was the man who could stay up all night singing the Harvard songs he loved so much, and then without sleep, hurry to Newark to march on a picket line. He was the man who could spend a day writing columns to get ahead of his deadlines, then attend a dinner and without any preparation or notes, make a magnificently witty or emotional speech.

Heywood was a man of many talents and interests, but it was the quality of his friendship that counted most to those of us he left to mourn him. Writers, ball players, actors, cabinet members, labor leaders, businessmen, night club owners, cab drivers, waiters, doormen, ex-convicts—all had known and loved him, and sat elbow to elbow in the vastness of St. Patrick's Cathedral, listening to Monsignor Sheen's eulogy. I sat with Heywood's second wife, Connie, and with his son Heywood, Junior.

Connie's grief for the man she had affectionately called the Commodore had shattered her. As we left the pew, she suddenly sagged. Mayor LaGuardia, seated just behind us, slipped out of his pew to walk on Connie's other side, and together we supported her on the seemingly endless walk up the long aisle.

I rode to the cemetery with Connie, young Heywood, and Monsignor Sheen. As Connie sobbed quietly, I tried to comfort her. "Connie," I said, almost hearing Heywood's voice, "you can't live with a ghost."

Monsignor Sheen patted her hand. "Quent is right, Connie," he said gently. The sedative Connie's doctor had given her finally took hold and she slept all the way to the cemetery.

It was a long time before I could resign myself to Mom's death and, to a lesser degree, to Heywood's death. Not even my work could fill the void. The war in Europe had begun, but I wasn't much interested in it even if *Collier's* was. It still seemed remote to me in March, 1940, the day Charley Colebaugh suggested that I go to Europe and get accredited to the Allied armies.

In the succeeding months I had my first taste of war at first hand. After setting up headquarters in Paris, I moved on to

Beauvais, where the bombing had been severe and the casualties heavy. The leveling of Beauvais did not help the German cause in the slightest, unless the cruel demoralization of innocent people could be called a military objective.

Back in Paris, I heard the sad news of the German breakthrough at Sedan, the smashing of Huntzinger's army at Montmèdy, and the retreat of the British army from Dunkirk. I had never really believed that the British Army would be overwhelmed. Then there was always the faint, unexpressed hope that America might enter the war. The question now was: "Would the French defend Paris in a last-ditch fight?"

Finally, even the French who had sat the war out in the Paris bistros realized that the handwriting was on the wall. They stormed the railroad stations trying to get on any train that was heading south. Gasoline stations began to close—no fuel was reaching the city. Automobiles began to disappear from the streets.

When the French government abandoned Paris and went to Tours—virtually offering northern France and the capital to the enemy—I and the other correspondents followed. Later, we moved on to Bordeaux, normally a city of 250,000 people; now it was jammed with more than 2 million. I left Bordeaux on an old freighter called the *Benekom*. The captain followed an evasive route of his own choosing, and it took us four days to reach England.

Once the shock of our recent experiences had worn off, we began looking for answers to the question, Why had France fallen so quickly? The supposedly invincible Maginot Line, for some inexplicable reason, had proved weakest where one would have supposed it would be strongest; in the Ardennes Forest region where the German ground forces had broken through. But it was also easy to see that even the impregnable sections of the line had been no deterrent to the *Luftwaffe's* bombers. The French General Staff, infused with overconfidence in defensive positions, had for years underrated the role of air power. Later, I learned that as late as 1939, when Germany was producing 10,000 planes a month, France was producing less than 50. It was obvious that the French had been reluctant to spend the huge sums required for offensive weapons like tanks, heavy bombers, and adequate fighter planes.

With France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Norway fallen so swiftly into Hitler's hands, and Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin dividing up the corpse of eastern Europe, where would the next action be? We were reporters, not second-sight artists, but there was no doubt among us that England would be the next Axis target.

In London, I discovered an astonishing calmness about the war. In a way it was inspiring to find people going about their business and pleasure in normal fashion, but it was also a bit frightening, a month after Dunkirk, to see them behaving as if death might not drop from the sky at any moment. That an improvised fleet of tugs, fireboats, motor launches, yachts, and fishing vessels had crossed the Channel to rescue some 338,000 Allied troops from annihilation was a magnificent achievement, no doubt, but it seemed to me that too few Londoners realized the ominous truth about Operation Dynamo, as it was called. This greatest single action yet achieved against the enemy was, after all, a retreat, and it had been carried out not by the military forces, most of which were helpless, but by civilian volunteers. To call Dynamo, as the Admiralty did, "a triumph of Allied sea and air power," seemed to me dangerous. What worried me even more was that the British appeared not to realize the true extent of their loss at Dunkirk, which was much more than the 40,000 troops captured by the Germans. In addition to abandoning the Continent itself, the British had left on the French shore the equipment needed for the protection of Britain.

Despite the fact that in July, 1940, there weren't enough antiaircraft guns in London to hold off a squadron of Piper Cubs, Robert Low of *Liberty* magazine and I and the rest of the American correspondents developed a strong faith in England's ability to fight back and survive. I'm afraid this was at first an emotional rather than a rational conclusion, especially when American military, naval, and air spokesmen were not hiding their opinion that England was going to be overrun.

On Sunday nights the BBC had a forum often used by Churchill or other national figures. Called the "Postscript to the Nine O'clock News," it was listened to on every ship at sea, in every army encampment, and in every home in the country. The Prime Minister was a virtuoso when he sat before a microphone. If he said something funny, you could hear him chuckling, and the chuckle was infectious. When he referred to Hitler, there was loathing and contempt in his voice, and always there was his dogged confidence that communicated itself to the millions of listeners. One Sunday night I was in a noisy Fleet Street pub as the "Postscript" came on. The place fell silent as Churchill began to speak. I watched the faces of the listeners. It has been said that the man in the pub is England herself. At that moment, certainly, the idea did not seem strained. All eyes were glued on the loud speaker, almost as if the listeners believed that by concentrating, they could see Churchill's face. "Little does Hitler know the spirit of the British nation," the familiar voice rasped, and each man seemed to tighten his jaw. One of Churchill's secrets was that he never talked down. He often used extraordinary language, but only to create verbal images that anyone could understand.

When Colebaugh got a story from me entitled "England Can't Lose," he cabled: YOU ARE PROBABLY CRAZY BUT CALL SHOTS AS YOU SEE THEM. WE WILL PRINT EVERYTHING YOU WRITE. And *Collier's* continued to do so, in spite of the sometimes abusive letters it received from its readers.

Despite appearances, all had not been going well for the Germans in the air. During the week of which the great air attack of August 15 was the climax, the *Luftwaffe* lost 256 planes to the RAF's 130. It was this magnificent effort on the part of the RAF fighters that inspired Churchill's statement in the House of Commons: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

But Hitler had smashed Warsaw and Rotterdam from the air, and he saw no reason why he should not succeed in the same way with London. His effort began shortly after 5 o'clock on the evening of Saturday, September 7, when approximately 320 bombers hit a dozen important installations, badly damaged three railroad terminals, and started serious fires in the East End dock area. At first, the reaction of many Londoners was curiosity. Thousands stood on the roofs of hotels and apartment houses to watch the show. I was among them, on the roof of Lansdowne House, where Bob Low and I lived. We couldn't know, then, that the show would go on, more and more horribly, until the end of June, 1941, with the only intermissions those enforced by bad weather.

In the next raids a hospital was hit, then a school, and one began to hear bitter talk of the Germans' inhumanity. Had we been thinking more deeply, we would have realized that London was a legitimate military target, crammed with docks and warehouses devoted to the transport and storage of weapons of war and food. We would have remembered that most rail lines passed through London. Quite literally, London was the heart of England, and if that heart stopped beating, its arteries stretching out everywhere would wither and die.

Ironically, it was the increasing efficiency of the English antiaircraft fire that made the Blitz worse. The German bombers were seldom able to get through to specific targets, and so dropped their death and terror indiscriminately. This was especially true when the city was blacked out. The Thames, pointing the way to London, was easy to find. After that, the bombs rained down anywhere.

Living in London became as exciting an ordeal as I imagine living in the Athens of Pericles must have been. The constant threat of death seemed to make people really alive. Every person you passed on the street had a story that he was living. They would take their beatings, and in the morning shake the noise of the night from their heads and face the new day with a calm display of fortitude. The growing terror Hitler hoped for never appeared. In its place there developed an implacable anger against the Germans and a determination in the face of disasters that never failed to astonish me.

The Sunday-night "Postscript to the Nine O'Clock News," when it did not present Winston Churchill or a Cabinet minister, usually offered a combat hero telling of his experiences. It was Sidney Bernstein, Deputy Director of the Film Division of the Ministry of Information, who suggested to his superior, Duff-Cooper, that it might be a good idea to vary the flavor by introducing an American correspondent, and he suggested me.

The 15-minute broadcast was a responsibility I did not take lightly. It seemed to me that my best hope would be to disregard the usual format of a talk. I therefore composed an open letter

to Dr. Goebbels, ridiculing his boss, whom I called Mr. Schickelgruber. I was impressed by the comic possibilities in that unfortunate name.

I delivered my open letter on June 29. The only person in the small studio was the announcer, who sat across a table from me and listened with an expression of refined horror while I used every vocal trick I knew to create the effect of a prosecutor summing up his case against a murderer. When it was over, the announcer, master of himself, said nothing. No one else came around to say if I had sounded effective or if it might have been better, or even to shake hands or say good night. I walked out of the place through deserted corridors.

While I was having breakfast early the next morning my secretary, Betty Marais, came bounding into the suite, her eyes gleaming with excitement. She showed me the morning papers. Every one had a page-one article about the "Postscript," and the *Express* had printed the text in full. Then we went through the 50 or so telephone messages that had been gathering at the desk: calls from Lord Beaverbrook, Brendan Bracken, Duff-Cooper, and others.

Then the BBC began forwarding letters. Seven thousand were delivered over the next few days, and Betty had to hire help to handle them. "God bless you, Yank," said one. "You had the whole Elephant and Castle Underground Station roaring. It seemed easier to face the rest of the night after you finished off Mr. Schickelgruber." Another—and Betty shrieked when she discovered it—read thus:

> My Dear Sir,
>
> I should like you to know how admirable I thought your broadcast last Sunday. I know that I was far from being alone in my enjoyment of it and that your words have given real pleasure and encouragement to a great many people in this island.
>
> Yours faithfully,
> Winston Churchill

Like all the American correspondents in London I had sought to have an interview with the Prime Minister, but Brendan Bracken, his Parliamentary Secretary, had put me off, like all the rest, with the word that he was too busy. He also argued that Churchill was being interviewed to the limit already.

Giving up the frontal attack, I approached Averell Harriman, who happened to be in London on a mission for President Roosevelt. Harriman had been one of Heywood Broun's pals, and I knew him well. He said he would do what he could for me. It turned out to be quite a bit.

On July 24, Commander Charles Thompson, Churchill's aide, telephoned from Downing Street and told me that the Prime Minister was going out of town the following morning to observe some tank maneuvers. "He has invited you to go along and spend the day with him," Thompson said.

I was at Paddington Station at the time stipulated, and Thompson, a dapper, pleasant, but constantly worried-looking man, took me past the Scotland Yard inspectors to the platform where the special train was waiting. Two large black cars drove up. Harriman climbed out of one, Churchill out of the other. Besides Churchill and Harriman, there were seven in the party I was joining: General Sir Hastings Ismay, Commander Thompson, Major John Churchill (the PM's brother), two American generals in England as observers, and Churchill's two personal secretaries. I was the only one not yet known to Churchill. Harriman gave me a satisfied smile as he introduced us.

Churchill eyed me closely: "So," he said, "you're the lad who did that 'Postscript.' You have a style, Mr. Reynolds."

With this, he waved us all toward the train. "In with you!" he cried. He himself boarded last of all.

Playing the perfect host, a role he obviously enjoyed, Churchill saw to it that everyone had cigars and drinks. Then he said, "It's awfully hot. Let's take off our coats." He then excused himself and with his secretaries at one end of the car went to work on the morning mail.

When we reached our destination, at least a thousand soldiers were drawn up waiting for us. The general and his staff saluted smartly. As we stepped off the train, each one of us had to be introduced to the officers. Then the Prime Minister nodded at the ranks of soldiers. "I supposed they've been waiting for us a long time," he commented. "Let's walk along and say hello to them."

The general in command could not conceal his delight. We all trailed after the Prime Minister who, apparently unaware of the wilting sun, chatted with many of the soldiers as he walked past them. Somehow, he gave each man he spoke to the impression that he had come down from London especially to see him. We then climbed into cars and drove to Salisbury Plain to watch the maneuvers. Now, I can take a tank or leave it alone, and one, to me, looks and acts much like another. Not so with Churchill or Harriman. Harriman had become an authority on the subject, and we were watching American-made tanks in action.

Later, in the station, as I was thanking him for my day's experiences, he shook my hand and said earnestly, "You'll come to Chequers and have lunch with us tomorrow, I hope." Before I could stammer an acceptance, Churchill added, "I have an American visiting who I am sure can use your help."

I assured the PM that I would be on hand. Next day, Harriman picked me up and we drove to the Prime Minister's official country seat. On the way I learned the name of Churchill's American visitor: Harry Hopkins. It appeared that Harry was working on a "Postscript to the News" speech and Churchill thought I might be helpful with the phrasing of it.

The next day, Mrs. Churchill and her pretty 18-year-old daughter, Mary, greeted Harriman and me at the door. She led us into the big, high-ceilinged drawing room. Harry Hopkins, though it was summer, was dressed warmly. He mentioned a touch of grippe, but it seemed to me he was looking quite fit. Later he told me he considered Chequers the coldest house in England. "If you want to read in comfort," he said, "the downstairs bathroom is the only place."

Churchill, smoking a cigar, was wearing what the press called his siren suit and what his staff called his rompers—a blue, one-piece, zipper-closing coverall. Many great public figures, I have found, seem to dwindle in stature when one finally meets them informally. Churchill was not one of these. It was impossible to miss his aura of strength and confidence, even when he was chatting about trivialities. At that time, when almost the only good news for the public was Britain's victory in the skies, the whole burden of preserving the free world seemed to rest upon Churchill's shoulders, and yet even in the privacy of his home I heard no word from him that suggested either weariness or exasperation.

After lunch, Churchill and Harriman went off for a discussion of their own and Hopkins and I went up to his bedroom, where a typewriter had been provided. Lying on his bed, Harry read me the mass of notes he had made for his talk, which was to be on Lend Lease. About the time Harry and I had finished revising and timing the speech, Commander Thompson, Churchill's aide, appeared with word that I was to stay on for dinner. I protested that I had no dinner jacket, but the excuse was disallowed. When I went down to the drawing room, I discovered that Harry was the only one of us who had dressed. Churchill had changed, but only to another siren suit. "It's easy to see," Churchill said, with an impish look in Hopkins' direction, "which of us worked all afternoon."

It was a family dinner. We talked of many things through the meal. Churchill spoke freely, as one who trusted his guests. Nor did he preface what he said with "This is off the record"—the stricture that we correspondents heard so often. I understood, without its being mentioned, that being the Prime Minister's guest called for self-imposed responsibility. However, this did not discourage me from later making a good many notes about what was said.

After dessert, Mary and her mother left us to our cigars and brandy. Mrs. Churchill could not resist cautioning her husband about a limit. Churchill was not impressed. "Always remember, Clemmie," he said affectionately, "that I have taken more out of alcohol than alcohol has taken out of me."

Churchill spoke again of the war—at first of the dark days of Dunkirk, now a year in the past. His face clouded at the memory. "That was bad," he admitted. "We needed the Spitfires most of all. I said to Beaverbrook, 'Get those Spitfires into the sky,' and Max said, 'If God will give me three months, you shall have them.' Well, God gave him his three months, but there still weren't enough planes. I said, 'Max, we need more Spitfires,' and he replied, 'If God will give me two months more, I shall have them for you.' " Churchill smiled at us. "God gave him two more months, and when the Luftwaffe came over by day, we were ready."

"Now we are getting stronger," he went on, "and that evil man, Hitler, knows it. He knows his days are numbered, even at this moment when his submarines are sinking our vessels in the North Atlantic, even now when his planes are bombing this island."

It was noteworthy that, sitting with three Americans, Churchill did not directly refer to the possibility of the United States' entry into the war. "We have a long way to go," he commented at one point, "but with the help of our great friends across the sea, we shall get there." This could have meant our declaration of war; it could also have referred simply to our Lend Lease aid. None of us felt comfortable just then, and I'm sure our host sensed it. "I am not overoptimistic, I hope," Churchill said lightly, "but then at heart I am an optimistic person."

Later Churchill led us upstairs to a motion picture projection room where Mary and her mother were already waiting. The film we saw was *Target for Tonight*. Enveloped in his cloud of cigar smoke, Churchill was as tense as any movie fan when things looked bad for the bomber that was over Germany. He chuckled when its bombs hit their target.

When the picture was over it was time for Harriman and me to return to London. We said our good nights, but Churchill walked on to the door with us. "It's been nice having you, and you must come again," he told me, for a moment sounding like any country host bidding a casual guest farewell.

I looked back from our car. Churchill, disobeying the blackout, was standing in the doorway, silhouetted in the light from the hall, rocklike, his cigar projecting from his mouth at a jaunty angle. As our car began to move, he drew a hand from his rompers pocket and waved.

When Hitler turned on his partner and invaded Russia on June 22, 1941, I hurriedly began preparations to switch headquarters to Moscow—at least for a time. Getting accreditation to the Soviets was the biggest problem, but through Averell Harriman, it was accomplished. I traveled to Moscow with Harriman and Beaverbrook, whose mission it was to work out the details of Lend Lease with the Russians.

At the end of our first week in Moscow, Stalin invited the entire mission to a state dinner at the Kremlin. We stood around, a bit self-consciously, with Lavrenti Beria, Marshal Voroshilov, Molotov, Vishinsky, and other high-ranking Russians. Then the hum of talk faded.

The big boss was approaching. This was the first time I had seen him. I was amazed. In all his pictures, and on the thousands of posters around Moscow, he had seemed to me huge, forbidding, surly—though of course any Russian would have told me the term I wanted was "inspiring." The rather bowlegged little man who walked toward us, his face a broad grin when he caught sight of Beaverbrook and Harriman, was a shattering contradiction of the public image. I gathered that he wore elevator shoes. Somewhat later a British correspondent wrote this of Stalin: "He looks like the kindly Italian gardener you have in twice a week." It couldn't have been put better.

He shook hands with each of us, and murmured a pleasantry. I found his grip firm. His deathless remark to me was, "I hope you like Moscow." Stalin carried his atrophied left arm close to his body to minimize the defect. He wore the military-style tunic in which he was always pictured, but there was nothing sloppy about his appearance. The simple gray suit fitted him beautifully. Beaverbrook said he was the best-dressed man he had seen in Russia.

At the banquet table I was placed between a Russian admiral and a Soviet Foreign Office man.

No speeches were made, only toasts. Stalin led off by toasting Beaverbrook and Harriman. By the time we reached the borscht, halfway through the menu, there must have been 20 toasts, all of them applauded and cheered.

I would willingly have called it quits when we finally rose from the table at midnight, but Stalin now led us into the Kremlin's motion picture theater, a beautifully paneled room with seats for about 200. At each comfortable chair was a small table, and even as we sank wearily into our places, waiters began serving us champagne and sweet pastry. The first film, the heavy one, was an eerie number called *War of the Future*. Made in 1938, it showed the Germans invading the Soviet Union. While it was technically poor, the miniature battle shots being especially crude, the prophecy was everything. The Red Army and a rather large actor made up to look like our host predictably triumphed before the fade-out. I waited in vain for someone in our group to ask Stalin where this film had been playing between August, 1939, and June, 1941.

The second item on the Kremlin's double-feature bill was *Volga, Volga*, a boy-meets-girl number that seemed as long as the river it vaguely celebrated. At 3 in the morning, when we thanked our host for his delightful party, he still looked as fresh as he had at the start of the evening.

The big push was on against the Germans in the desert. There was a chance I could find some good combat stories for *Collier's*. So after leaving Moscow, I flew on to Cairo.

From Cairo I drove into the desert—to Sidi Omar—with Col. Desmond Young, press officer for the 4th Division, and a young captain named Clive Burt. The whole sector was under continuing German bombardment, and the three of us were in for one of the nastiest attacks that warfare had yet devised—dive bombing.

Late one night we heard the sound of a casually circling plane. Then moments later, the sound changed from a steady drone to a high singing whine as the pilot leaned against his stick and pointed his machine earthward. The whine changed to a scream.

The plane seemed to be coming directly toward my trench—which was suddenly far too shallow. It dived to what must have been 900 feet and then came the antipersonnel bombs. The world shook. Jagged bits of red-hot metal flew in all directions. Sand and rock covered me.

The plane flew off, climbing for another dive, I smelled smoke and heard a new sound, a crackling noise. Sitting up, I saw that a large supply truck, 30 feet away, had received a direct hit. It was burning brightly.

I heard the plane returning. This time it was not alone. Word had gone out that there was good hunting to be had here on the plateau—and that there were few antiaircraft guns to discourage a hunter.

There was a sharp explosion nearby. I stuck my head above the trench. The gas tank of the burning truck had blown up. The truck suddenly came to life: a fantastically beautiful cascade of flares and Very lights, blue, green and white shot out of the flaming wreckage.

This time five planes dived at once, strafing as well as bombing. Bombs dropped all over the plateau. The blasts swept around me. Bullets and hunks of steel tore into the sides of my trench. The planes climbed and dived again.

There were three- and four-minute intervals when the Nazis seemed bored with their sport. Then we took deep breaths and called to one another, checking to see who was still present, and the medics and stretcher-bearers scurried around picking up the wounded.

I had been through 50 nights of bombing in London, and like everyone else had had my share of near hits, but until now I had never known the demeaning fear that makes the mouth dry and ties the stomach into knots. Although there were 5,000 men on the plateau, I had the feeling that I was being attacked personally. Then, during an intermission, I raised my head and saw Desmond Young climbing out of his trench. "Still with us, Quent?" he called. He urged me to climb out, too, and stretch my legs. Then, from another trench, I saw Clive Burt emerge and light a cigarette. The spectacle of such nonchalance gave me the courage to face my fear for what it was—a purely physical reaction. I tried the cigarette routine, and was pleased to find that I could manage it with reasonable calm.

Then the bombers returned, and we went to earth. This time, rather than fear, I felt hatred for the attackers. Hatred seemed to hang in the air. We on the ground were sending up waves of hate, and the Germans were returning it. While smoking my cigarette, I had had a glimpse of the stars—brilliant in the desert sky, and incredibly serene above this man-made nightmare. Now, as I pressed myself closer to the bottom of the trench, trying to become part of the desert, a phrase occurred to me. Only the stars were neutral. It would make a good title—if I ever got to write the story.

In the east a turquoise strip brightened the horizon. One more attack remained, and it was the worst. When a plane dive-bombed it could not drop its heaviest bombs because it might itself be caught in the upward blast. What we had been living with until now were the Nazis' hundred-pounders—small, but each one capable of killing a great many men. Now,

without the steep dives, the high-explosive bombs came screaming down. These were the bombs I had heard in London so many times. Each one sounded as if a giant were tearing an enormous sheet of heavy silk.

After the planes left, I lay a while with my face in the sand, dazed and exhausted. Then I climbed out of the trench. I fell twice before I could stand upright. I noticed that the others were also having trouble with their balance. No one said anything for a time, and when the talk began it was disjointed and foolish. The smell of destruction hung heavily in the dawn. I was relieved to find that Young and Burt had come through it all without a scratch.

Then Burt said, "You're bleeding," and pointed to where blood was soaking through my uniform at the knee. For some time it seemed to me that I was looking at someone else's leg. My leg was without pain. Then I noticed that the backs of my hands were also bleeding. I had been cut by flying rock or bomb fragments. The wounds seemed quite unimportant compared to the fact that we were all alive. Young looked for a medic, but they all were busy with more serious cases. Not having any iodine to offer, Young poured a little brandy over my cuts, complaining of the waste, and applied bandages.

The next day I was back in Cairo—having written and filed the story of Sidi Omar. In the dining room of Shepherd's Hotel, I was enjoying a reunion with some newspapermen friends when we were approached by Capt. Douglas Williams of the Ministry of Information.

"What's the news, Douglas?" I asked as he sat down. It was a perfunctory question anyone would put to an Information man.

"We've heard little beyond the first reports," he said.

The three of us looked at him. Obviously, he knew something we didn't know.

"*What* first reports?" I asked.

It was Williams' turn to look at us in surprise. "You mean you boys haven't heard?" he asked. "The Japs made a sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, and like it or not, you're now in the war with both feet."

After the first shock, I was seized by an overwhelming desire to return to the States as soon as possible. A few days later, I was aboard a freighter in a large convoy headed for Halifax.

When I reached New York at the end of January, 1942, I had one thought—to get into the war effort. I had visions of becoming a bomber pilot or perhaps a marine or a naval officer. I went eagerly to my draft board and talked to the chairman, "Johnny" Johnston, who had been a great tackle at Brown in my time.

"Red," said Johnny, using my Brown nickname, even though it had been some time since there was much red in my hair, "we are not yet scraping the bottom of the barrel. Besides being exempt as a war correspondent, you're 40 years old. Get lost, you're holding up the line."

I left there feeling very old. In fact, I haven't felt that old since. After brooding for a couple of days, I went to Washington to see Harry Hopkins. We discussed my problem in his office in the new wing of the White House. He told me he could telephone Admiral King or General Marshall or Hap Arnold and any one of them would commission me immediately—but as a public relations officer. My contribution toward winning the war would be writing press handouts or ghost-writing speeches. "And you'll do it all sitting on your rump right here in Washington," Harry warned me.

I told him I thought all my experience with combat troops ought to make me more useful than that to the services.

Harry shook his head. "You shoot bullets with your typewriter," he said. "Keep on doing it, and forget the commission."

Then he suggested that I come back to the White House at the end of the afternoon and meet the President.

A couple of hours later Harry met me and took me upstairs to the big, comfortably furnished room in which the President held informal conferences with members of his official family. The President was already there, sitting in his wheel chair behind a desk. He greeted me with a big smile. He looked like his photographs: vital, happy, confident. Before him on the desk sat cocktail ingredients. "What'll you have?" he asked, and when I said a Martini, knowing of his reputation for this mixture, he nodded. "Even my political enemies admit that I make a good Martini," he said.

I had come into the room keyed up and nervous. In less time than it took the President to mix my drink and hand it to me, all my tension was gone. This man, with his warmth and charm, put you instantly at your ease.

While he went on mixing drinks for the others who were present—Robert Sherwood and Samuel Rosenman, in addition to Hopkins—he began asking me questions about conditions in England and Russia. I was at first flattered. Then I realized he was listening intently to my answers, even those that were general, and it struck me that this desire to hear from others was one big element in the man's magnetism. Though his questions were not about important matters, his attention to my answers was flattering.

We talked of Winston Churchill, for whom Roosevelt obviously had great respect and great affection.

"I wish I could give Winston the destroyers he needs to protect his convoys," he said ruefully, "but we ourselves are fighting a two-ocean war and we can't spread too thin. I have every faith, though, that England will hold out until our protection reaches its peak. What do you think, Quentin?"

He smiled and shook his head approvingly when I told him it was unlikely that England would ever give up under any circumstances.

Roosevelt began talking about the Japanese. "Those treacherous people!" he declared bitterly. "They used to come to me and say, 'Mr. President, we are a peace-loving nation.' They would smile and hiss through their teeth"—he treated us to an imitation of the hiss—"and all the time they were making their plans against us. Well, we'll make them pay. We're building the greatest navy the world has ever seen, and when it's ready, we'll take the offensive. Bob, your glass is empty. Let me have it."

"Thanks, Mr. President." Lanky Bob Sherwood took his glass to the desk, followed by Judge Rosenman.

Though Sherwood and Rosenman and Hopkins were all very close to the President, I noticed that even in the highly informal atmosphere of our gathering he was invariably addressed as "Mr. President."

Hopkins told me later that only Louis Howe, who had been Roosevelt's intimate adviser during his early presidential years, ever called him Franklin to his face.

An hour passed all too soon, and then Roosevelt said to me with apparent regret, "I suppose I have to get to work. I have to make a radio talk and Bob and Sam are going to tell me what to say."

"That will be the day, Mr. President!" Sherwood said, laughing, and a few moments later Hopkins and I went our way.

On March 30, 1942, at the age of 40, I got married. Ginny Peine was an actress. We had met several years earlier when I was in Hollywood writing a *Collier's* piece. Her letters to me had made many of my nights pleasanter in London and Moscow. Supporting herself and her 10-year-old daughter, Ginny was then appearing with Danny Kaye and Gertrude Lawrence in Moss Hart's long-running musical, *Lady in the Dark*.

Our wedding party at the Ritz Tower was quite a gala, attended by the whole *Collier's* gang, Toots Shor, Sherman Billingsley, Jack Dempsey, Averell and Marie Harriman, half the sports writers in town, several Navy and Army figures, and many of Ginny's Broadway and Hollywood friends. Joanie, the daughter I had acquired, a tall dark-haired child who even at 10 gave promise of the real beauty she would become, had learned to play *Here Comes the Bride*. She proudly sat at the piano and played it over and over until Ginny gently persuaded her to let Eddy Duchin take her place.

We even had an unmistakable Republican at our party, Wendell Wilkie, and he danced with every pretty girl there. Ginny and I received quite a wedding present from the Harrimans—the use of their house in Sun Valley, Idaho, for as long as we wanted it. We went out on the train and had two glorious weeks during which we both tried skiing for the first times in our lives. Ginny, who had once ridden jumpers in the Madison Square Garden horse shows, had the sense of balance that enabled her to sail down the slopes with confidence. My overconfidence soon reduced me to being a spectator.

Unfortunately, *Collier's* knew where we were, and one morning Charley Colebaugh telephoned to say that some big, though still secret, operation was about to start in England. It might mean the opening of the much-discussed second front.

More abruptly than I dreamed possible, I was back in

England, and weeks after my arrival there, was aboard the destroyer *Calpe* participating in the Commando raid on Dieppe—the raid that came to be known as the dress rehearsal for an invasion.

When the *Calpe* was off Dieppe's beaches, I heard ack-ack guns firing and went topside for a look. Three Dorniers were above the town and our guns were trying for them. As they came over the harbor at about 8,000 feet, our Spits took over, diving from 15,000 feet. One Dornier died in a huge orange flash. Another, trailing black smoke, dived sedately toward us, its crew parachuting. The plane struck the sea with a mighty splash and broke apart. The third plane was also a sitting duck for the Spits, but just before it was knocked out, it dropped its bombs. Some landed close enough to make the *Calpe* quiver.

From then on the *Luftwaffe* was all over us, not only the Dorniers and Junkers 88s, but the new and deadly Focke-Wulf 190 fighters, carrying 500-pound bombs. It was not easy to see through the smoke that now shrouded Dieppe to a height of nearly a mile, but our observers estimated there were 90 to 100 German planes above us. They had nice targets—our 200 craft. They didn't have to score a direct hit to sink the smaller boats: a near miss would open their seams.

I was standing on deck when a Focke-Wulf dived at us. The ack-ack gun near me went into action. Although there were black bursts all around the plane, it was not hit. At about 300 feet it leveled off and its eight guns raked us from bow to stern.

The plane dropped a bomb that struck our deck some 40 feet from where I was crouching. The concussion was frightful. It threw me several feet against a steel bulkhead, and left me numb, my ears roaring. I wondered if I had been hit. Then I bit on something hard and spit out a gold inlay. That seemed to be the extent of my injuries. I got to my feet with some effort, only to find that both our antiaircraft gunners were dead. Air Commodore Cole staggered past me holding a hand to his blood-covered face.

Now the *Calpe* swerved in toward the beach to begin picking up survivors. The Commando leader had reluctantly ordered the men on shore to evacuate. The Dieppe raid was in its last terrible moments.

A dozen Commandos clambered aboard us from a landing barge, grinning and jerking their thumbs up. Their mission at Varengeville had been one of the few successes of the day. Many of the men we picked up from the center beaches were ash-gray from shock, their eyes staring blankly. A great many of them collapsed on our decks and lay in a stupor. The walking wounded were helped below to receive attention. Among them was a correspondent I knew, Wallace Reyburn of the *Montreal Standard*. He, too, had the face of a man in shock.

"I'm hit somewhere," he mumbled as I helped him out of his bloodstained uniform.

Some 40 Canadians lay groaning or silent on the ward-room floor. For some, the shock had anesthetized the pain of their wounds. One man began loudly to recite the Hail Mary.

At last the order came to withdraw, but the *Calpe*, as command ship, would be the last to leave the scene. On deck I watched what was left of our flotilla head for England. Soon we were alone. We continued to race up and down the beaches, picking up the last few survivors we found in the water. All the while machine-gun bullets from the shore beat a tattoo on our bulwarks and found targets among the men on our decks. As the last ship, we had the complete attention of the shore guns.

The reports were not all in by the time I reached London next morning, but it was evident from the silence at Combined Operations Headquarters that no one was about to call the raid a success. Well over half the men who had landed, nearly all of them Canadians, had been killed, wounded, or captured—some 3,600 casualties. Further, 28 tanks had been landed and left on the beaches, and the RAF had lost 91 planes in downing 100 German planes. Appalled, I wondered how such losses could be justified.

In July, 1943, I was in Cairo, again, from which point I schemed successfully to get to Sicily, where I had my first encounter with Gen. George Patton. Sammy Schulman, a photographer for International News, volunteered to introduce me and Demaree Bess of the *Saturday Evening Post*, to the general.

Even though Sammy announced that he knew Patton quite well, I was not prepared for the action we got when our names were announced at Patton's office. The commander sprang from his chair to greet Sammy as if he were a three-star general, and then turned to Bess and me with effusive cordiality, saying he would be glad to do anything he could for us.

Sammy let the general know that Bess and I wanted to go forward toward Thessina with the Seventh Army, and that we were counting on having a Jeep and the freedom to move where we wanted. All of this was news to me; I had discussed no such plans with Sammy.

Patton nodded. "I think we can fix that," he said.

Sammy had another suggestion. "General, these boys just got here, why not bring them up to date on what the picture is?"

"Of course, Sammy." Patton strode to his wall map, picked up a pointer, and gave us a dramatic description of the landings and the subsequent developments. His pointer lingered on Gela, where the American First Division, under Gen. Terry Allen, had landed.

"Terry Allen had worse than the onshore wind to contend with at Gela; he had the whole goddam Hermann Göring Division, tough sonsofbitches loaded with tanks." At the mention of tanks, the tank expert's eyes sparkled. "Two of our cruisers, the *Savannah* and the *Boise*, opened up on them and added something new to military history—the first engagement between tanks and cruisers."

I was astonished to see Sammy Schulman yawning and not even bothering to conceal it.

"You were there, Sammy," Patton said. "It was touch and go for a while, wasn't it?"

"Right," Sammy agreed. He then asked Patton for a cigarette.

Patton put half a carton on his desk. Sammy took a pack and urged us to do likewise, warning us that American cigarettes were scarce in Sicily.

Patton went on with our briefing. He tapped Ribera with his pointer. "Palermo to Ribera is 72 miles. The 3rd Division made it there in two days. That would have been a hell of a feat in maneuvers. They'll be studying that one in the goddam textbooks when we're all dead."

This was Patton, the man who, all too soon, would come close to finishing his career by his impulsive slapping of a GI. I found there were at least two views of Patton in the field. His military successes gave most of the men of the Seventh Army an intense pride in their service and his leadership, but the famous "Patton discipline," which saw even advance patrols wearing neckties, infuriated many.

Our briefing went on and on, and it was ended at last not by General Patton but by Sammy Schulman, who rose to his feet saying it was time he took Bess and me back to the hotel for a cold lemonade.

"On the way out," said Patton, "tell my PR man to give Bess and Reynolds PX cards and a Jeep and driver."

"Will do, Bossman," said Sammy.

Outside, I almost felt it my duty to salute Sammy. "Where's the body buried?" I asked. Sammy looked at us innocently. "You boys don't understand," he said. "He just loves to have his picture taken."

Early in September I was in Algiers. We heard that General Montgomery and his Eighth Army had crossed from Sicily and established a toehold on the Italian boot. Obviously it was now about time for the United States Fifth Army to move. Studying maps of the Italian coastline became a favorite indoor sport. Would we go ashore on Monty's heels, we wondered, and work up through the mountain valleys, or would we land farther north, independently? And if the latter, how close to Rome could we land and still have air cover from our land-based planes? Everyone had his hunch, but we were not to know the answer until we were on our way with the invasion force.

Through the good offices of a former INS reporter, Navy Cmdr. Charles Duffy, I was placed aboard the *Ancon*, Gen. Mark Clark's command ship, as the representative to cover the naval part of the operation for both the American and British press. With me were two more correspondents, Reynolds Packard of the UP and Lionel Shapiro of the *Montreal Gazette*, and photographer Sammy Schulman. The rest of the correspondents were on other vessels of the 300-craft fleet. When we were 12 hours out of Algiers, the four of us were summoned to the *Ancon's* command room. Here, General Clark and Naval Cmdr. Richard English revealed that our destination was Salerno, 45

miles south of Naples. They also told us that negotiations for Italy's surrender had been going on, and that she would probably be out of the war by the time we landed.

Clark went on to say that the Italian surrender would have little practical effect on the forthcoming operation, inasmuch as the Germans were determined to hold onto Italy. It was known that the garrisons in the Salerno area had already been replaced by Germans and strengthened.

An hour before dawn on the morning of September 9, I stood on the forward deck of the *Ancon* and watched the spectacle of nearly a thousand men of the 36th Division tumbling into landing craft. Still untried in combat, they were boys rather than men. Those who survived a week of what was to come would be veterans, but just now the nervous laughter, the clearing of throats, the hands wiping on shirts as if they had just held snowballs, all proclaimed that these boys were trying to beat fear.

"All wars are childish and are fought by boys," the novelist Herman Melville once wrote. To me, the GIs in the barges looked pathetically young, and the carbines they carried, the grenades hanging at their belts, even their heavier automatic rifles, looked like toys. What would such children be able to do against the battle-hardened veterans of the *Afrika Korps* who were awaiting them? As the barges shoved off, I could not help feeling a bitter anger against all the illustrious statesmen who had, by their failure to act effectively in the years following World War I, allowed this senseless war to come about.

By September 15, the Salerno beachhead was well established, and I said good-by to that part of Italy without any real reluctance. I hopped a night ride south on a British motor launch that was carrying dispatches from Mark Clark to General Montgomery. Another correspondent, Cy Peterman of the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* made the trip with me. Montgomery and his Eighth Army were then in the Italian hills back of Pizzo, but Peterman and I assumed that other transportation would be available there to take us on to Sicily.

At dawn we entered a picture-postcard harbor and found a command car waiting for Monty's dispatches. When I told the staff officer that I would like to meet Montgomery, he saw no reason why we should not go along with him to headquarters.

Some four miles back from the harbor we drove into an ancient olive grove and pulled up near two large trailers and a dozen tents. The officer disappeared into one of the trailers with the dispatches. A few moments later Montgomery came out and greeted us warmly.

He was the Monty of his photographs—though a smaller man than I had expected—wearing his familiar desert costume of shorts, shirt open at the neck, and black beret set at a jaunty angle. Prepared to meet an arrogant man, I was disappointed. Monty led us to comfortable chairs beneath one of the olive trees.

When an orderly brought three tall glasses of lemonade, Montgomery, looking closely at us, said unexpectedly, "How about a drop of gin in yours? I feel it would do you both good." Being invited by a notorious abstainer to have a drink was a pleasant shock.

Talk turned to the recent campaigning in Sicily. Monty expressed admiration for the American generals, especially Omar Bradley, who had been on his flank. Eisenhower he called "magnificent."

"I made a little bet with General Eisenhower," Monty told us, chuckling. "I bet him I'd be in Catania within 10 days of our landing in Sicily."

Peterman and I knew the reason for this bet. It was common knowledge. The year before, Africa, Monty's cautiousness had been much criticized. The story of how he had defied Churchill's wishes at El Alamein was a case in point. Monty had spent the whole summer of 1942 planning his strategy, training his men, bringing up supplies. In August Churchill had practically ordered him to attack. The reply had been that an attack in September would surely fail, while the delay of one more month would guarantee the destruction of Rommel's Army. There was little Churchill could do with such a commander. Meanwhile, of course, Monty lured the Germans off guard with a faked build-up in the southern sector, preparing for the stunning attack of October 23 that ended Hitler's dream of conquering Egypt.

"Of course I won my bet," Monty continued gaily. "Ike had to give me a Flying Fortress. I was told that a Fortress could land on the downhill strip at Palermo, so we tried it. Benson, my American pilot, almost killed us. I told Ike I'd have to have something that landed a trifle slower. He gave me a C-47 and I'm tickled to death with it. I drive my Jeep aboard her, and off we go."

We asked Monty how soon he expected to move north to meet the operation at Salerno. He told us that since the Italian terrain was utterly unlike anything his men had experienced in Africa, he was giving them a few days' additional training.

As he walked us to the car that would take us to Reggio, where we would cross to Messina, Monty asked shyly if it was true that girls in New York were wearing Montgomery berets. He had read this in an American magazine. When we assured him it was undoubtedly true, he laughed with pleasure.

Then he told us to notice that we were no longer shouting at him, as we had been doing when we arrived. The guns at Salerno had made us deaf without our realizing it. "Possibly that gin helped you," Monty said. "That's why I served it to you."

We left him standing among the olive trees, a slight figure who should have looked comic in his shorts, but who somehow carried it off.

Two days later, after filing my stories in Sicily, I was in Algiers. I found a 12-day-old cable from Colebaugh telling me to come home. With two Salerno stories on the wire and material for three or four more, I felt I could go home with a clear conscience. I didn't know it at the time but I was saying good-by to World War II.

I was in the States on June 6, 1944, when Normandy was invaded. One of the biggest regrets of my life is that I wasn't on hand to cover that action. Except for a short trip to the Pacific Theater, I remained in the States until the end of the war.

In the postwar years, I continued at my craft, only rarely feeling that I had a message. A minor part of my trade was reviewing other writer's books in the Sunday *Times Book Section* and in the Sunday *Herald-Tribune.* A review I chanced to write in 1949 precipitated me into five of the most difficult years of my life. The book was Dale Kramer's biography of Heywood Broun, and I liked it. However, I made the mistake of quoting some passages in which Kramer discussed Westbrook Pegler's dim views of Heywood's liberalism, in particular his part in the founding of the Newspaper Guild. While it was Kramer, not I, who was taking Pegler to task for his unfairness to Heywood, it was I, for some inexplicable reason, who became the fresh object of Pegler's wrath. I still don't understand why he didn't pick on Dale Kramer.

The obscene 18 inches of column this man turned out for the 12 million readers of the Hearst papers simply sought to destroy me. I was an "absentee" war correspondent, a coward, a war profiteer, a member of the "parasitic, licentious lot" that had surrounded Broun, a member of an interracial nudist group that had consisted of Broun and his friends, in which "a conspicuous Negro Communist of the present day seduced a susceptible young white girl." Crowning these sickening charges was Pegler's assertion that I had proposed marriage to Connie Broun, Heywood's widow, while accompanying her to Heywood's funeral.

Bewildered by the publication of this incredible filth, I stayed in seclusion for two days trying to figure out a sensible course of action. There were moments when I felt like hunting the man out and killing him with my bare hands. Instead I sought advice from some lawyer friends and they were unanimous in telling me to see Louis Nizer.

Sitting behind his large desk, Nizer listened to my story politely but without, it seemed to me, genuine interest. Ginny and I had been told that Nizer was one of the most feared cross-examiners in the business. We found it hard to believe, that day we met. Nizer's manner seemed too mild, his voice too soft. At length he picked up the column and asked me to show him precisely where I thought it libeled me. We prepared a list of 15 separate libels. Nizer then asked me how I could prove that the statements were false.

Possibly some of the charges would call for getting affidavits from my friends in London, but others clearly involved historical fact. Pegler's ridiculous assertion that I had covered the Dieppe raid from the relative security of a battleship would fall as soon as a jury heard that there had been no ships larger than a destroyer at the scene.

Nizer listened impassively while I explained how easy his work would be. Then he tried to discourage me from suing. "Like sickness," he said, "libel comes on horseback but leaves by foot." What this meant, I learned, was that years might pass before the suit came to trial. Gathering the evidence would take months, court calendars were crowded, the other side might resort to delays. My present determination was all very well, Nizer said, but what would count was my staying power.

There were other matters to ponder. The defendants would ransack my personal life, and we would have little or no warning of what might be brought up in court. Further, we would be opposed by the Hearst Corporation's libel lawyer. "You can be sure of one thing with Charles Henry," Nizer said. "If you succeed in bringing Pegler down from his perch, it will not be before you have turned yourself inside out, factually and emotionally."

And there was the matter of expenses. Aside from the routine costs, there would be those connected with the trips abroad to take depositions. But beyond the outlay of money loomed the possibility that Pegler and the Hearst organization would find ways to exert economic pressure against me. "You will have to prepare yourselves for financial hard times," Nizer warned. He saved his biggest dose of cold water for the end. "Even if we win," he said, "the jury's award may be nominal. They could give you six cents."

It had all seemed so much simpler before I consulted Nizer: a quick little trial, a contrite Pegler, a retraction by the Hearst papers, and an award sufficient to cover my expenses and loss of productive working time. The future that Louis Nizer was charting for me was frightening.

Perhaps I was overlooking something. I asked him what the legal alternative to suing would be. There was none, he told me.

"You have been maliciously libeled by a character assassin and by a powerful publishing corporation," Nizer summed up. "I feel you have a good case. I have warned you of the pitfalls. The decision is up to you. If you wish me to represent you, I shall be happy to do so."

I looked at Ginny, sitting beside me. There was no doubt about how she felt. "We'll be in this to the finish," I told Nizer.

As predicted, economic hardship soon developed. Mark Hanna, my agent, had been dickering with two advertising agencies, both of which wanted me to host television shows. Pegler's column took care of that. Hanna tried to soften the bad news: "It's not that anybody really *believes* Pegler's charges, Quent, but they've made you controversial. You know what that means in radio and television. You're dead."

This was bad enough, but nothing compared to the blow that *Collier's* handed me. Charley Colebaugh, the man for whom I'd worked some 17 years, had died. Bill Chenery was retired as editor emeritus, and Tom Beck, once the big boss, had become a figurehead. When the magazine advertisers let it be known that they were not eager to publicize their floor finishes and sandwich spreads in a periodical that carried my by-line, that was that. Things began to get rough around the Reynolds' place.

Many of our friends offered their help. Toots Shor called up to growl, "You can have half of anything I got." Sidney Bernstein, my London friend, borrowed in the United States so that he could help me with my immediate legal expenses. Furthermore, when Nizer went to see Sidney in London, he declined to give a deposition, saying he would prefer to testify in person.

While preparations for the trial went slowly ahead, I did my best to concentrate on other matters. One of the magazines that came to my rescue after my virtual rejection by *Collier's* was *The Reader's Digest*. One day in 1952 the publisher, DeWitt Wallace, proposed that I do an article for him on a remarkable Canadian who, as a British secret agent during the war, had lived a fantastic life in France and Germany. The man's name was George DuPre. With kindling interest I listened to what Wallace knew about him. After arriving in England as a member of the Canadian Air Force, he had been transferred, given a year of special training, then dropped into France near St. Lo. Assuming the identity of a halfwit garage mechanic in a nearby village, he had become the leader of the local underground and a vital link in the chain of agents that rescued downed British airmen and conveyed them to points on the coast where they could be taken back to England. Twice he had been picked up by the Gestapo, but even after boiling water had been poured down his throat and his right hand had been crushed in a vise, he had not given himself or his associates away. The answer to how the man had survived was that he possessed a secret weapon—a profound faith in God.

But this dramatic story was only the beginning. After helping to blow up troop trains and bridges in France, DuPre had gone into Germany and worked in a submarine yard near Hamburg. Here, until suspicion of him had forced him to flee, he had sabotaged Hitler's U-boats. Later, British Intelligence had placed him in a prisoner-of-war camp to ferret out Germans who were attempting to masquerade as Canadians. When the war was over, I learned, DuPre had spent months in English hospitals undergoing surgery for the injuries resulting from his torture.

DuPre came to New York and we began our work. My part was to ask questions. I asked hundreds. With unfailing patience, George went over and over his experiences, pinning down every detail for me. He had a remarkable knack for describing people. Then he flew back to Canada and I put his material in final shape. For the better part of a week I worked with time off only for meals and sleep. When I handed *The Man Who Wouldn't Talk* to DeWitt Wallace it was about 10 times longer than it should have been. I told him I saw no way to boil it down.

Wallace had met George and had been as captivated by him as Ginny and I were. He read the script overnight, then telephoned me. "You're right about the length, Quent. This has to be a book. I've already talked to Bennett Cerf about it. He'll publish it and we'll condense the book."

The next step was checking the facts. Besides wanting to be sure that they were accurate, the *Digest* wanted assurance that DuPre had not inadvertently violated any security secrets. The simplest way to prove this, it seemed to me, would be to airmail a carbon of the manuscript to British Intelligence. When I got in touch with a man at the Embassy in New York about it, he suggested that we cable before sending the manuscript.

Next morning he telephoned me the answer to his inquiry:

IT IS THE POLICY OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE NEVER TO REVIEW, AFFIRM, OR DENY BOOKS WRITTEN BY FORMER AGENTS. TELL REYNOLDS WE WISH HIM WELL WITH HIS BOOK.

The cable was signed by a man I had known well in London.

To Hobart Lewis, the senior editor working with me and to myself, this amounted to at least partial confirmation. Still cautious, Lewis was not entirely satisfied. DuPre himself had not checked over my manuscript. He suggested that I fly up with a copy.

Two days later I was in Calgary. While George was reading the manuscript, I talked with many of his old friends, all of whom had the highest regard for his character.

When George handed back my typescript, it bore on the last page his signature and this statement: "The story you have written is a true factual story of my war experiences as I told them to you."

My book and the magazine's condensation of it appeared in October, 1953. The reviews were excellent and the sales of the book were so good that Bennett Cerf had to rush through a second printing. The reception was also good in the magazine, with the newsstand sale in Canada 'way above normal.

Then the blow fell.

It came in a phone call from Calgary. DuPre's story, Allan Bill, editor of the *Calgary Herald*, informed me, was a fabrication from start to finish. A former RCAF member had just walked into Bill's office and told him the real story. In 1943 this man and DuPre had been intelligence officers at an airbase in the north of England. Here, their job had been to interview airmen who had gone down in France and then escaped with the help of the underground. DuPre had learned all that he knew about life under the Nazis from such men. When Bill had sent a reporter, armed with this story, to confront DuPre, he had immediately confessed.

I could hardly believe it. "Sorry I have to let you down so hard," Bill said. "Just remember he fooled us all."

DeWitt Wallace soon phoned me. The AP had picked up Allan Bill's story and called him for a statement. He had told them the truth, he said, emphasizing it was the *Digest* who had discovered DuPre and then called me in to do the writing.

The next man on the phone was Bennett Cerf. Like Wallace, he tried to buck me up. "I've always wanted you to write a novel for us," Bennett had said. "Now you've done it, and it's a good one."

Though I dreaded to pick up a newspaper, I found that most of them let me off lightly, accepting Wallace's explanation in full. Several of them used imperturbable Bennett Cerf's line about my writing a work of fiction for him.

A few days later, while I was still feeling pretty low about it all, a pitiful letter arrived from George DuPre. He gave me what explanation he could. The deception had begun in 1946 when he had started speaking to church and Scout audiences on religion as a force against tyranny. He had soon discovered how to make his own ordinary war experiences into something that would grip a listener. "Now that the truth has come out," he wrote, "I feel that a huge burden has been lifted from me."

I found myself reliving my several days with DuPre, trying to recall anything he had said or done that should have made me suspect. My reluctant conclusion was that he was an almost perfect fraud.

No man deserved the loyalty Ginny gave me during those dark years. Lou Nizer had warned us to prepare for a long war. In May, 1954, nearly five years after the case began, we began our day in court—the United States District Court in Foley Square.

I sat at the plaintiff's table with Lou and two of his associates. Behind us, at the defendant's table sat Charles Henry, and the tall, now somewhat flabby man who had been my ideal of a sports writer when I was learning the trade. Fleetingly, I thought of the days when Peg, as a slim, sandy-haired, good-looking Irishman, had been a member in good standing of Heywood Broun's poker circle. The old days seemed very distant now, as Peg and I sat, one in front of the other, in the stark setting of the courtroom, neither speaking to the other, avoiding even the chance to meet one another's eyes.

I listened closely to Lou as he made his opening statement. He spoke without notes and in a conversational tone, explaining the issue and what it was we wanted to prove. I studied the jury. It seemed to me that Lou had their respect from the beginning. Toward the end of his statement, his tone became solemn. "We don't mind putting Mr. Reynolds under a microscope," he told the court, "but we are going to take the same privilege and put Mr. Pegler under a microscope and find out what his reputation and character are."

Then Lou called me to the stand. Quietly, he began. He asked about my early life, my education, the first jobs I had held. I was led through my years with INS and then with *Collier's*. Lou put into evidence every article I had written during the war, reading excerpts that described my experiences at Montmèdy and Beauvais, during the London Blitz, on my convoy trips between England and the United States, in the Libyan Desert, on the Dieppe raid, in Sicily, and at Salerno. My answers to all his questions were spontaneous. Lou had purposely not rehearsed me, saying that my testimony would be more effective that way.

After I had told my story of the Dieppe raid, even to the loss of my gold inlay and the loosening of the rest of my teeth, Nizer put questions that covered Pegler's specific charges.

"Did you witness the raid from a battleship?"

"There were no battleships on the Dieppe raid. I was on a destroyer, the *Calpe*—the headquarters ship. The *Calpe* was never out of range of the German six-inch guns, and was subject to constant bombing. Our casualties were very high. About 50 percent of the crew—killed or wounded. When the raid was almost over, the *Calpe* went as close to shore as the depth of the water would allow to pick up survivors of other boats or men who had swum or waded out from the shore."

Another of Pegler's charges—that I had been a profiteer—looked pretty silly when Lou had me reveal that, when the war ended, I was $40,000 in debt to the Government. Mark Hanna, and Fred Rohlfs, the lawyer who handled my tax returns verified this later on.

At last we came to Pegler's ghoulish claim that I had proposed marriage to Connie Broun while riding with her to the cemetery. After denying the charge, I testified that Connie had been under sedation and had dozed most of the trip. I testified further that the other occupants of the car had been Heywood's 20-year-old son and Monsignor Fulton Sheen.

Putting all this information before the court required me to be on the stand for five days. Next, Henry cross-examined me. Then Nizer and I started our parade of witnesses, which included Edward R. Murrow, John Gunther, Sidney Bernstein (who had flown from London to testify), and Connie Broun.

After Pegler's own testimony had been heard, and that of a few witnesses for the defense, we rested our case—eight weeks after the trial had begun. Next came the summations—first Charles Henry, then Nizer. Reviewing Pegler's attempts to ruin me, Nizer labeled his actions "economic murder." Calling my suit one of the historic cases of the generation, and asking for punitive damages, Lou equated slander with assassination. "An assassin uses a gun and a slanderer uses his pen. When he destroys the most precious thing a man has, his reputation, it is time that one of our juries made a lesson of that man."

The jury retired to reach its verdict. After midnight word came that the jury was returning. Court was hastily reconvened. Again, Pegler was not present. Judge Weinfeld came from his chambers. As soon as he was on the bench, the jury filed into the box. Since Lou had told me that jurors usually smile at the attorney they have favored, I was alarmed by the sight of their angry faces. The only consolation I could derive from that picture was that no juror was smiling at Charles Henry either.

The clerk asked the formal question: "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman. "We find for the plaintiff in the sum of one dollar," he began.

This, I knew, was the jury's estimate of my actual loss of income resulting from Pegler's attack. My thoughts flew back five years to Nizer's warning that a jury could award me even less than a dollar. But horrid though the sensation was, we had won our case. I shook Lou's hand and tried to appear happy.

The foreman continued with the rest of his reply: "We also find for the plaintiff in the sum of one hundred and seventy-five dollars punitive damages."

Somebody grabbed my arm and said "Wait! He's correcting himself!"

In the tension of the moment the foreman had made a slip of the tongue, and now he was announcing punitive damages in the amount of $175,000.

By this time my nerves were so shot that I could hardly believe what I was hearing: $25,000 against Hearst Consolidated Publications, $50,000 against the Hearst Corporation, $100,000 against Westbrook Pegler. The formalities of dismissing the jury went by without my being aware of them. I tried to comfort Ginny, who was crying as brokenly as if we had lost.

We moved into the corridor, and there we were surrounded by the jurors. Several of them apologized for not having awarded us half a million dollars. We learned that eight of them had wanted to award this amount.

But even as a number of the jurors were expressing their disappointment over their compromise decision, Lou was pointing out to me that never in the history of libel actions had so large a verdict in punitive damages been associated with so small a compensatory award. Our victory was not only a personal triumph but a history-maker.

It was now long after midnight. One elevator was still running in the courthouse building. Lou gallantly suggested that we go to a night club and celebrate with champagne.

"Dear Lou," Ginny said, half laughing, half crying, "it's sweet of you to suggest it, but all I want now is sleep."

Lou understood; he, too, was exhausted. When Lou dropped us at our door, Ginny kissed him good night. I grasped Lou's hand. "You gave me back my life," I told him.

Next day, it seemed to Ginny and me that people no longer looked at us with questions in their eyes. Magazines and television producers soon let me know that they were again interested in having me work for them. Life became something greater than a trial, in its double sense. It became what it had been in years past—a privilege. **—Quentin Reynolds**

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---

this funny Life

The fire chief had completed his presentation to the local civic group on the mission and activities of his department and was participating in a question-and-answer period.

One of his audience asked him, "Chief, I can readily understand why your men are in such a hurry to get to a fire, but why are they in an equally great hurry to return to the station after the fire is over?"

The chief replied, "They might forget what's trump."

William Cummings
Wichita Falls, Tex.

When I was a Protestant divinity student two years ago in Pittsburgh, I needed to do some research on the Roman Catholic point of view on birth control. I went to a downtown Roman Catholic bookstore and, without mentioning my religious affiliation or the fact that I was single, asked if they had any books on the Rhythm Method.

The congenial clerk took me over to a bookshelf and showed me what he called the standard work on the Rhythm Method —priced at $6.75.

Disappointed, I replied that I did not have that much money with me, but that I would be back to buy the book as soon as I located the necessary funds.

"Well," said the smiling clerk, obviously thinking me a newlywed, "good luck while you're raising the money."

D. L. Holmes
Durham, N. C.

Desk sergeant over police radio: "Car 6! Go to vicinity of Third and Scott! Investigate report of a nude woman running at large!"

After only a moment's silence the sergeant added: "All other squads remain on your beats!"

Clarence Breitenfeldt
Marathon, Wis.

An executive in our office returned from a business trip to Hawaii with miniature orchids for each of the secretaries on the staff, and all of the girls proudly pinned them to their bodices.

One of the fringe benefits of our place of work (the Bureau of Labor-Management Reports) is a bowling alley next to the building. This makes it possible to bowl during lunch hour. One of the orchid-bedecked secretaries was a regular bowler, and in the course of her game someone made off with her bloom.

I got on the crowded elevator with her after lunch and inquired where her orchid was. "Wouldn't you know," she said naively but loudly enough to convulse everyone on the elevator, "I was deflowered in the bowling alley!"

Tom M. McBride
Washington, D. C.

While I was home for vacation from the University of Wisconsin Agricultural College, a neighbor dropped in, said she was thinking of raising chickens and asked my advice. I told her that chickens were a little out of my line, but I thought that 25 hens should serve her purpose.

Later in the summer I looked in on her project and saw, to my surprise, that she had not only 25 hens but just about as many roosters.

"Ma'am," I explained, "one or two roosters would have been enough for those hens."

She looked at me reproachfully. "Now, Roy," she said, "you know that's just a man's point of view."

Roy Brown
Astoria, N. Y.

During World War II a young Army doctor at a remote dispensary in the South Pacific was puzzled about the treatment of one of his patients. Since his facilities were inadequate the doctor radioed the nearest base hospital: "Have a case of *beriberi*. What shall I do?"

Some prankster at the hospital radioed back: "Give it to the Marines—they'll drink anything!"

Harlan J. Spalding
N. Y., N. Y.

I was seated in the waiting room of the Trailways bus depot when I saw a man enter the booth that dispenses three photos for a quarter. The curtain on the booth was not completely closed and from where I sat, I was surprised to see the man put his thumb to his nose as the camera clicked. As the next two photos were being taken, he made similar gestures. When he had got his photos from the machine, he came over to me. "Lady, I guess you're wondering what I'm going to do with these."

I nodded.

"I'm going to send them to my ex-wife," he grinned. "Makes her madder than hell."

J. Roberts
Portland, Ore.

The young recruit was so busy talking to his best girl that he failed to salute the passing colonel. The colonel stopped, called the soldier aside and reminded him of his lack of military courtesy. Disregarding the soldier's insistence that he had not seen the colonel, the officer gave out with this bit of wisdom: "The next time you're walking with your girlfriend and see an officer approaching, whisper to her, 'Watch me make this old S.O.B. return my salute!' "

John D. Boland
Bremerton, Wash.

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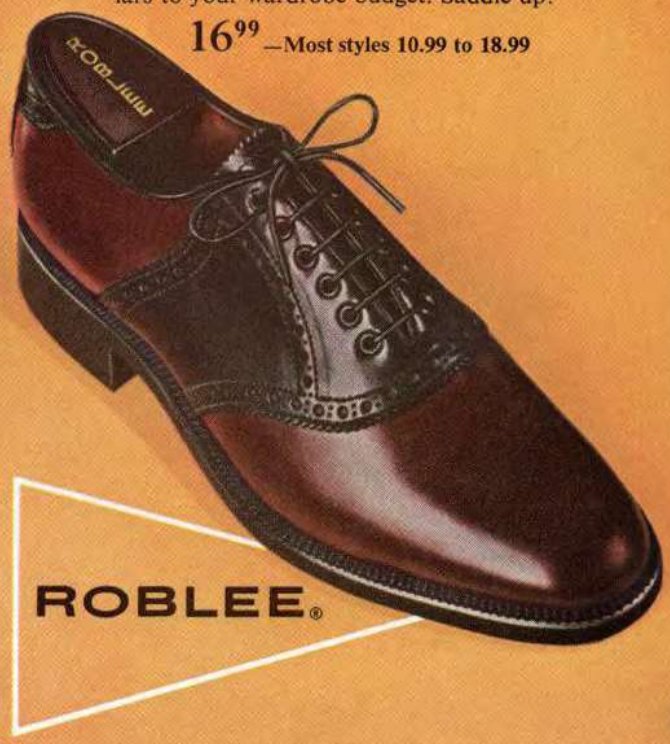

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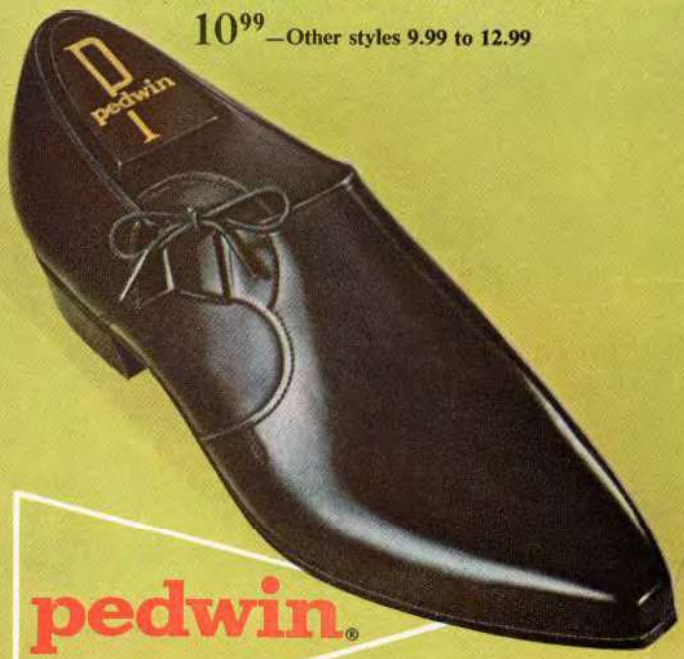

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